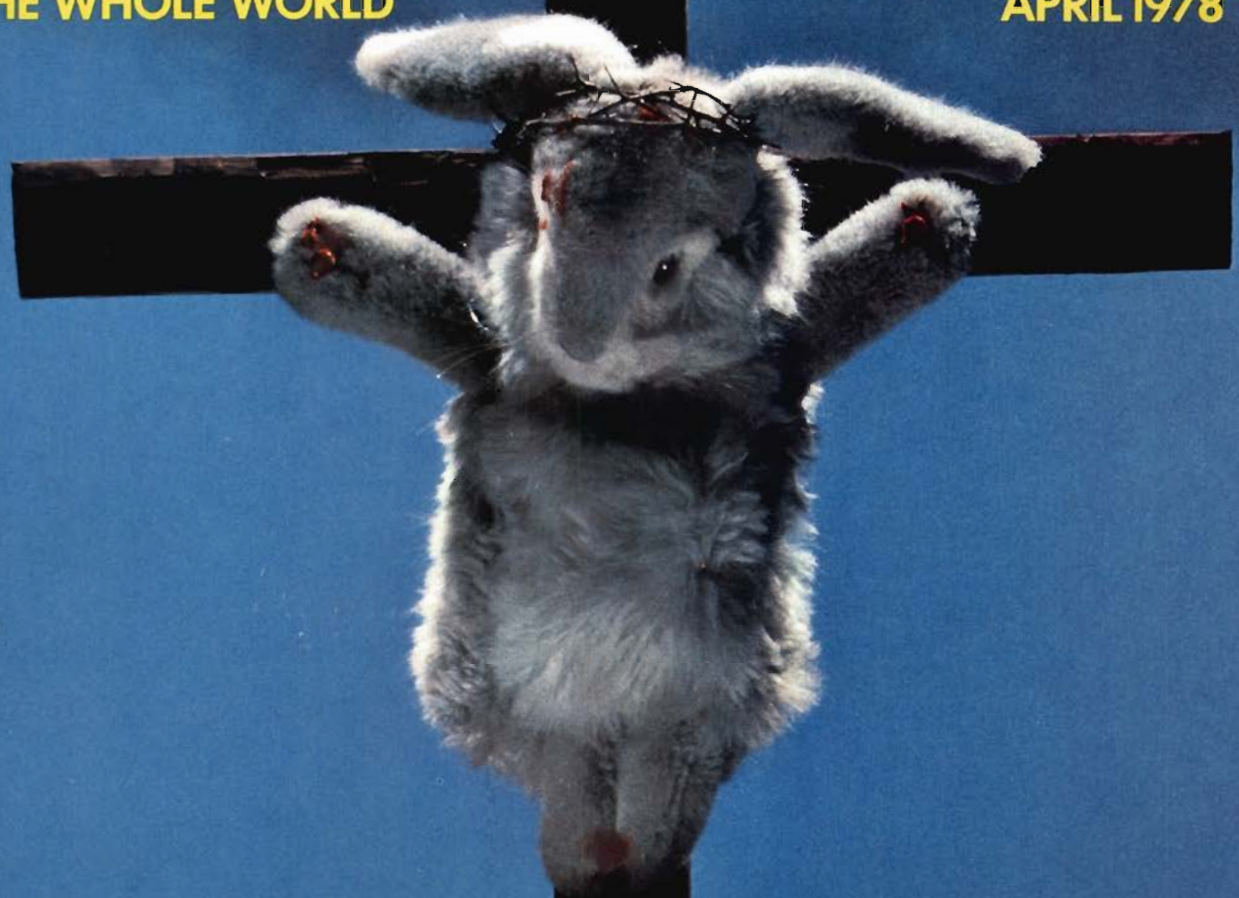


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- last digit (0 through 9) will determine the GRAND PRIZE WINNER. Example: If the score is 13-6 (for a total of 19), the GRAND PRIZE WINNER would be number 9 (the winner drawn from bin 9).
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5

**PUBLISHER'S
STATEMENT**

9

FEEDBACK

13

**WORLD NEWS
ROUNDUP**

15

ADVISE & CONSENT



56

JANET & KAREN
Blond-on-Blond

66

HUSTLER HUMOR

68

**INTERVIEW:
AL GOLDSTEIN**
The Politics of Porn

72

HOW TO MEET GIRLS
Shameless Ploys
by Bruce David

21

BITS & PIECES
Potatoes, Lobsters
and Bondage

30

X-RATED REVIEWS
Second Annual Erotic
Movie Award Winners

37

SEX PLAY
Love Letter of a
Dissatisfied Woman
by Veronica



77

THERESA
4-Speed Pickup

84

THE LAST SHIKSA
Nazi Nookie
Fiction by B. H. Litwack

89

LAURA
Fishing Around

97

BEAVER HUNT
Our Furry Friends

39

**COMMERCIALIZING
EASTER**
Nailing the Rabbit



42

CONNIE
Midnight Leather



105

KINKY KORNER
The Older Woman
by Etheridge Norris

109

HONEY HOOKER
Disrobing the Klan
by Mike Toohey
and Fred Fernandez

50

**WE ARE
WHAT WE ARE**
Sadomasochism
in Society
by Frank Fortunato

118

**MAIL-ORDER
FEEDBACK**
Sound-Track Sex
and a Penis Jell-O Mold

APRIL 1978 VOLUME 4 NUMBER 10



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HUSTLER APRIL 1978 VOL. 4 NO. 10

U.S. subscriptions \$22 for one year. Foreign \$28.
Direct subscription correspondence to **HUSTLER** Magazine,
40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.
Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at
additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A.



Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Lenny's Last Laugh

In 1958 I began publishing *The Realist*, a completely independent, free-thinking magazine of social criticism and satire. It was Lenny Bruce's favorite publication. In May 1974 I was presented with a plaque that read: "The Feminist Party Media Workshop Award—to Paul Krassner, publisher of *The Realist*, the longevity of which is a tribute to survival... with special recognition of his wit, humor and irreverence."

The honor turned out to be the kiss of death: *The Realist* was forced to suspend publication that same month. A long campaign of FBI harassment had finally succeeded. But, ironically, this setback gave me the opportunity to reach even larger audiences. I returned to free-lance writing, covering the Hookers' Ball for *Rolling Stone* and the Patty Hearst trial for *Playboy*.

I was assigned to write an article for HUSTLER about my dead friend, Lenny Bruce. I had edited the controversial comedian's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*. Now I've discovered that Larry Flynt has been tremendously influenced by him too. In fact, the name of this magazine was originally inspired by something Lenny once said: "We are all hustlers. We're each as honest as we can afford to be."

Then I was invited to HUSTLER's Christmas party. On my way to the airport, I mailed my predictions for 1978 to weekly papers in San Francisco, Los

Angeles, New York and Chicago. Here was the first one: "Since Larry Flynt has been converted to born-again Christianity by Ruth Carter Stapleton, the new HUSTLER Magazine will feature a special Scratch 'n' Sniff Virgin Mary."

At the party I met Larry Flynt for the first time. When he asked what I was up to, I replied, "Working on a few books, doing some stand-up comedy and getting ready to start *The Realist* again." Larry told me that when the band finished playing, he was going to speak first, Dick Gregory would perform and then I could go on if I'd like. Things were coming full cycle. Back in 1953 I had entertained at *Mad* magazine's Christmas party.

So Larry began his talk to all the HUSTLER employees. He announced that there would be a profit-sharing arrangement. He announced that there would be a free day-care center so working parents could have lunch with their kids. He announced that HUSTLER's publisher would be... me! Larry likes to spring these little surprises.

That very evening, as if to test the reality of my new position, I edited one inadvertent word in his *Publisher's Statement* for the March issue. Where the Deity was referred to as "He" I changed it to "God." As Robert Anton Wilson wrote in *The Realist* in 1959: "The Believer had better face himself and ask squarely: Do I literally believe 'God' has a penis? If the answer is no, then it

seems only logical to drop the ridiculous practice of referring to 'God' as 'He.'"

In other words, there is no gigantic cock hanging out from the sky above.

I also changed the cover of this issue to feature that crucified Easter bunny. However, my influence on the contents of the magazine will be a gradual process over the next several months. Consider HUSTLER as a woman you may have first been attracted to mainly because you were horny for that image of a juicy, pink cunt; but as you've gotten to know her in more than just the biblical sense, you have begun to appreciate the evolution of her other charms.

On New Year's Eve, Larry sprang another surprise on me. In addition to hiring me as HUSTLER's publisher, he offered to resurrect and distribute *The Realist*, with me as editor. I accepted. If you'd like to start your subscription with the 20th anniversary issue, send \$10 to *The Realist*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Media reaction to my appointment at HUSTLER has been fascinating. My favorite item was written by a syndicated columnist: "This publishing phenomenon... is approximately equivalent to *Reader's Digest* being taken over by the Mafia."

Somewhere, somehow, Lenny Bruce must be laughing with delight at these developments. As for me, I feel like a born-again weirdo.

—Paul Krassner



A GAG IS NO JOKE!

WHEN THE CRITICS SAY YOU'RE GREAT. BUT THE CENSORS SAY YOU'RE BANNED!

"A cross between Carly Simon and Lenny Bruce."
NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

"Barbara Markay maybe the first act to break big out of the new punk rock venue. She is funny and the effect is electrifying. Markay, one of Juilliard's more off-beat graduates has a firm sense of music, and it showed in her songs. It is done with such verve, spirit and (bad) taste that for the first two numbers the audience was stunned. Then it cheered!" *BILLBOARD*

"Barbara Markay's compositions are a true-below-the-belt hit." *PLAYBOY*

"Ms. Markay is an outrageous and very funny woman. Her material is rude and she somehow manages to offend everybody in the audience before she's through. She makes you laugh while she stabs you in the back. Her HOT BOX is really hot and makes the Broadway version of GREASE look and sound like kid stuff. Barbara's out of her mind and with a little exposure could drive you out of yours." *MICHAEL'S THING*

"Barbara Markay is lubriciously obscene and invariably funny." *AFTER DARK*

"Those of you who share my very affectionate remembrances of Barbara Markay's place, the all-time champion bizarre hangout, will be happy to know that Barbara's greatest hit's are

on sale. Still the funniest and grossest music I've ever heard. Don't miss the piano work as the lyrics catch you either. Barbara, of course, is a phenomenal pianist as well as a convincing singer." *WOODSTOCK TIMES*

"Nice, mellow, soft, sensitive stuff." *THE AQUARIAN*

"The vilest, dirtiest, filthiest record album we've ever heard." *SCREW*

"Barbara Markay, America's new female Lenny Bruce, is fast becoming the most talked about entertainer in the country." *GENESIS*

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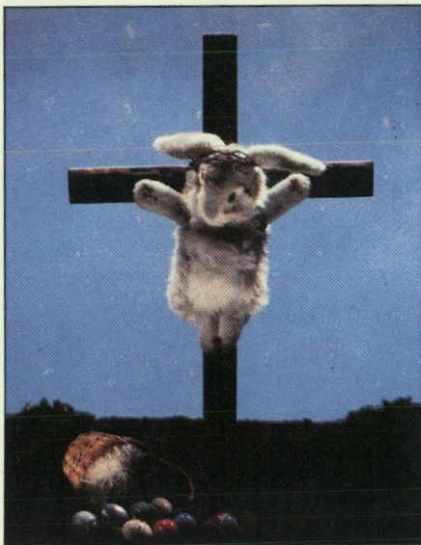
Cover by Frank DeLia

For most of us, April Fool's Day comes once a year, but it's a year-round holiday for *Screw* Publisher **AL GOLDSTEIN**, who granted us an exclusive interview, conducted by *HUSTLER*'s very own outspoken **LARRY FLYNT**. Time and again Goldstein has used his tabloid to lampoon the famous, and he has paid for his irreverence in cow-town courtrooms. Al feels it isn't sex that gets him in trouble, but politics. As the man who was brave enough to call J. Edgar Hoover a faggot in print, he's probably right.

Every so often we obtain an article of outstanding social significance that we think deserves close attention. **WE ARE WHAT WE ARE: SADOMASOCHISM IN SOCIETY**, a firsthand report on the Eulenspiegel Society, is nearly twice as long as most *HUSTLER* features. However, instead of cutting this important piece in half, we decided to run it in its entirety and drop another article, making this the second time prolific Contributing Editor **FRANK FORTUNATO** has forced us to do this.

Fortunato interviews the masters and slaves in this strange sexual underground. By facing their own preferences with honesty, these out-front fetishists have formed a mutually supportive union. **MICHAEL KANAREK** executed the artwork for this article. He also illustrated last month's fiction, "Little Skeeter's Gotta Learn," and has done work for *Viva* and our sister publication, *CHIC*.

For those who get cold feet at singles' bars, Executive Editor **BRUCE DAVID** has compiled a surefire guide, **HOW TO MEET GIRLS**. A veritable Don Juan himself, David has



fired off seven humorous tips that could make even Don Knotts an accomplished Romeo. **RALPH REESE**, who draws *National Lampoon's* famed serial "Two-Year Affair," illustrated David's article. Reese has also done work for *Playboy* and is a past president of the Academy of Comic Book Artists.

This month's fiction, **THE LAST SHIKSA**, is an excerpt from **B. H. LITWACK's** new novel of the same name. In this selection a Jewish GI fools a hot-for-Hitler blond into thinking he's an Aryan Adonis. Litwack served a hitch in Germany during World War II and took ten years to finish his book. Now, he says, he can quit his job with the Labor Department and move to the Riviera. **GENE WILKES**, who illustrated last month's profile of lawyer Richard

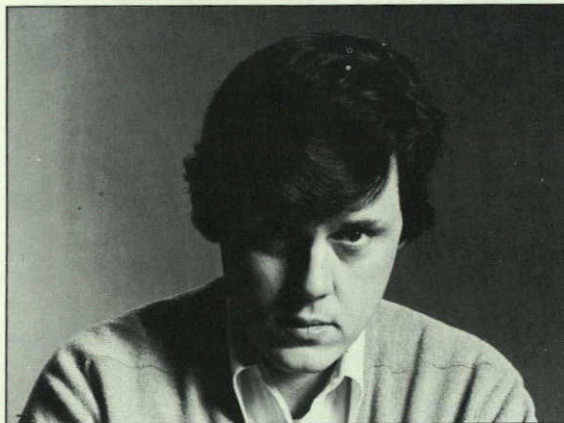
"Racehorse" Haynes, returns with the artwork for *Shiksa*. Gene recently designed the cover of a George Jones album for Columbia Records. He has also won a gold medal from the *Communications Art Annual*.

Finally, **SEX PLAY** features a **LOVE LETTER OF A DIS-SATISFIED WOMAN**. In a thoughtful introduction, *Advise & Consent* Editor **VICKI SCOTT** makes a passionate plea for sensuality, and calls for an end to the era of woman as a "seminal receptacle."

HUSTLER has just begun to head in a new direction. However, while we're in this transition phase we'll be using some of the excellent inventory we had purchased prior to our change. Over the next several months you'll see this change fleshed out dramatically and, we assure you, most entertainingly.



Frank Fortunato



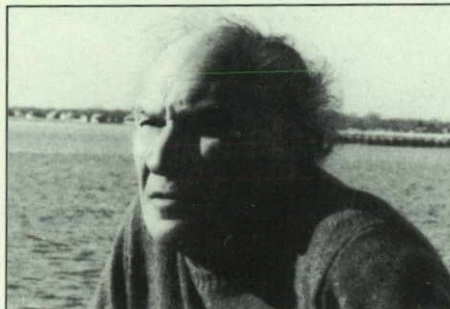
Bruce David



Ralph Reese



Michael Kanarek



B. H. Litwack



Vicki Scott

A collection of jewelry is displayed against a dark, textured background. On the right is a large watch with a metal link bracelet and a black face with the words "LET'S FUCK" in red, blocky, sans-serif capital letters. To its left is a smaller watch with a similar metal link bracelet and a black face with the words "I LOVE YOU" in red, blocky, sans-serif capital letters. A gold-colored chain with a hexagonal pendant hangs between the two watches. The pendant is black with the words "I LOVE YOU" in red, blocky, sans-serif capital letters. The background is dark and textured, possibly a wall or a surface.

When you're having trouble expressing yourself, do it with a digital watch and pendant—the elegant jewelry that will put words in your mouth.

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FEEDBACK

Close Shave: I am the head of a local bank, and one afternoon I was alone at work and found your February issue in an employee's desk. I quickly thumbed through the magazine until I came to the photo feature *The Naked and the Dead*.

I am a middle-aged man and have never before been so aroused. Seeing the young lady getting her head shaved excited me to no end. Now this is what I call something different and out of the ordinary. The next day I had my aide go to a local newsstand and purchase four copies (I can trust him with confidential matters). These are tucked away for my personal enjoyment.

I'd give anything if my wife would let me shave her, but I know she never will. Please continue to publish such photos for men like myself and others who may have to hide in closets for sexual excitement.

Name Withheld by Request
New Orleans, Louisiana

Bring your sexuality out of the closet. By being open and honest about sex—with yourself and with those close to you—you might find you had nothing to hide in the first place.

An American Tragedy: I have just finished reading Charles Raisch's report *The State of the Indian Nation* in the January HUSTLER, and I feel the title could easily be changed to "The State of the Nation." I say this because not only Indians are being screwed, but so are Negroes, Chicanos and every other minority—screwed by the government and its fat-cat bureaucrats and by the big corporations, banks, insurance companies and the like. Keep up the good work and keep exposing these injustices.

J. P.
Gahanna, Ohio

Through Charles Raisch's journalistic abilities and Bob Day's photographic prowess we have been given a factual, yet humane, look at America's number-one obscenity: its inhumanity to its true founding fathers, the Indians. For too long the rights of these "forgotten Americans" have been passed over in our country's haste to placate its more vocal minorities.

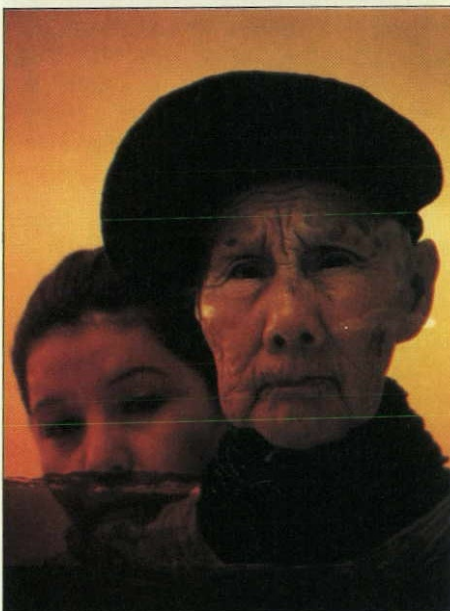
It is a sad day when we become so embroiled in so-called progress that we ignore the rights of our fellow man. Thanks for your informative report.

Jayme Carter
Springfield, Illinois

My compliments on *The State of the Indian Nation*. It is the most accurate article dealing with the Indian Nation and its major problems written in the past several years.

Since I encounter these problems in my work with the American Indian and the black American, I can assure your readers that the account is completely true.

Readers who wish to know more about today's Indian should write the American



Indian Movement, P.O. Box 339, Mahnomah, Minnesota 56557.

Joseph T. Gebauer
Pearl City, Hawaii

I found your January issue to be in very good taste, as usual. Although I was deeply moved by the article about the American Indian, I feel that the author should have mentioned how grossly Indians are mistreated physically, especially in Minnesota's Hennepin County.

HUSTLER is accused of being obscene, but the obnoxious way in which Indians and blacks are treated in this country is the real obscenity. I don't mean to use your magazine as a racial battleground, but it seems to understand the problems of the many people it serves.

Sam Yeager
Wayzata, Minnesota

Winning Praise: At long last, a *Beaver Hunt* winner (*Beverly: First Beaver Hunt Winner*, February). I thought you guys promised the Beavers a chance at the centerfold just so you'd get a lot of pictures of naked women. Of course, I didn't mind, but I figured I'd never get to beat off to a Beaver spread over several pages. Your choice was perfect. With real girls like Beverly around, who needs *Playboy's* unreachable chicks?

Ron Ferguson
Kenova, West Virginia

Shocking Treatment: I am writing to say you made a mistake including the "Crib Shocker" in the *Christmas Gift Guide* (January). What you did was show some nut out there a way to cure his kid of bed-wetting. I am studying social work, and so I've seen some of the stuff that people can do to a kid when they fly off the handle. In the future you should be careful not to dream up dangerous items.

Name Withheld by Request
Parkersburg, West Virginia

My boyfriend and I read HUSTLER every chance we get, and we usually agree that you have very good taste. But an ad in the January issue was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen in your magazine. It upset me so much that I can hardly write or spell. It was the ad for the "Crib Shocker."

I used to have respect for you, but any person who would allow such an ad in his magazine is a creep and very sick. You talk about child abuse! What do you call that?

J. K. Lacey
Des Moines, Iowa

The item was merely a parody intended to be a satirical comment on the sick attitudes some adults have toward child rearing. HUSTLER in no way condones or promotes cruelty to children.

To Each Her Own: So Roy Steig thinks that all white women who go out with black

FEEDBACK

men are "cheap, gutter-slime sluts" (*Feedback*, February). I go out almost exclusively with black men, and Steig's type of attitude is one of the reasons why. I wouldn't be caught dead with a racist white man.

Jo Anne Head
Montclair, New Jersey

Asshole Hef: I enjoy your magazine immensely, and I am only missing three issues out of the entire HUSTLER collection. I have almost written to commend you many times. I'm sorry that when I do sit down and write it is to criticize you.

The problem is your *Asshole of the Month* column, which I have always enjoyed, even when I haven't agreed with your selection. But your January pick was crazy. To refer to *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner in a magazine reaching 3 million people as "Asshole of the Year" is a little ludicrous.

HUSTLER is not the only men's magazine I read. I also read *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Penthouse Forum*. I have yet to see any of these publications refer to Larry Flynt as an asshole. On the other hand, I agree with your reviews of *Cheri* and *High Society* (*Third Annual Unbiased Guide to Men's Magazines*, January). They have tried to copy you, but *Playboy* and *Penthouse* have not.

You have made many breakthroughs in the men's magazine industry. Your girls are in the top three in the business. Your cartoons are the greatest. Your editorial policy is usually good. But don't jump to the con-

clusion that I am going to stop reading other men's magazines. Moreover, I think you owe Hugh Hefner an apology.

Name Withheld by Request
Lansing, Michigan

You have hurt me for the last time. You made Barbi Benton "Asshole of the Month" (February 1976) because she would not show her ass. Now you have called Hefner an asshole, and I know why. You're scared of him because he has more class than you. You have hurt people with your cartoons. If you don't do something about this, someday you'll be the asshole!

Ricky Reynolds
Irvington, Virginia

If you don't think we listen to our readers, then see page 21.

"Prayer" Answered: *The following letters comment on a full-page ad run in major daily newspapers before Christmas. In it HUSTLER's Larry Flynt asked Americans to join him in a three-day vigil to pray that we "find the answers to the problems you (the late Senator Hubert Humphrey) helped us understand."*

Peace to you, Larry! My sincerest thanks to you for being who you are and for expressing your beliefs as you did in the *Milwaukee Journal*. I'll join you in your vigil.

Sister Marie Gunder
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I believe that what you have done is something very special in God's eyes.

Brother Paul Crawford
Yonkers, New York

Who are you trying to bullshit?

Jerry Saslaw
Miami, Florida

Your ad about Hubert Humphrey in the *Chicago Tribune* gets the Horns, Tail and Pitchfork Award. You cannot serve two masters as you are trying to do. From one corner of your mouth you advocate prayer, etc., while from the other you spew pornography. That's not being born again.

P. Kach
Chicago, Illinois

I do not understand how it is possible for you to disregard Hubert Humphrey's overall record as a senator. His accomplishments pale into insignificance in the light of his record as one of the men who permitted the war in South Vietnam to continue on its tragic course for years.

Anton Mankus
Chicago, Illinois

Regardless of your personal feelings about Senator Humphrey as a politician, he was still a human being—one who showed tremendous courage in the face of a terminal illness.

Won't Get Involved: *Why Not a Whore Corps for Congress?* (December 1977) presented an interesting idea, but it invalidly assumed such a corps would have the support of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Our preamble states, in part: "A.A. is not allied with any sect, denomination, politics, organization or institution; does not wish to engage in any controversy; neither endorses nor opposes any causes."

Name Withheld by Request
Landsdale, Pennsylvania

Even if a whore corps doesn't receive official A.A. support, we still feel the proposition would be favored by many individual members.

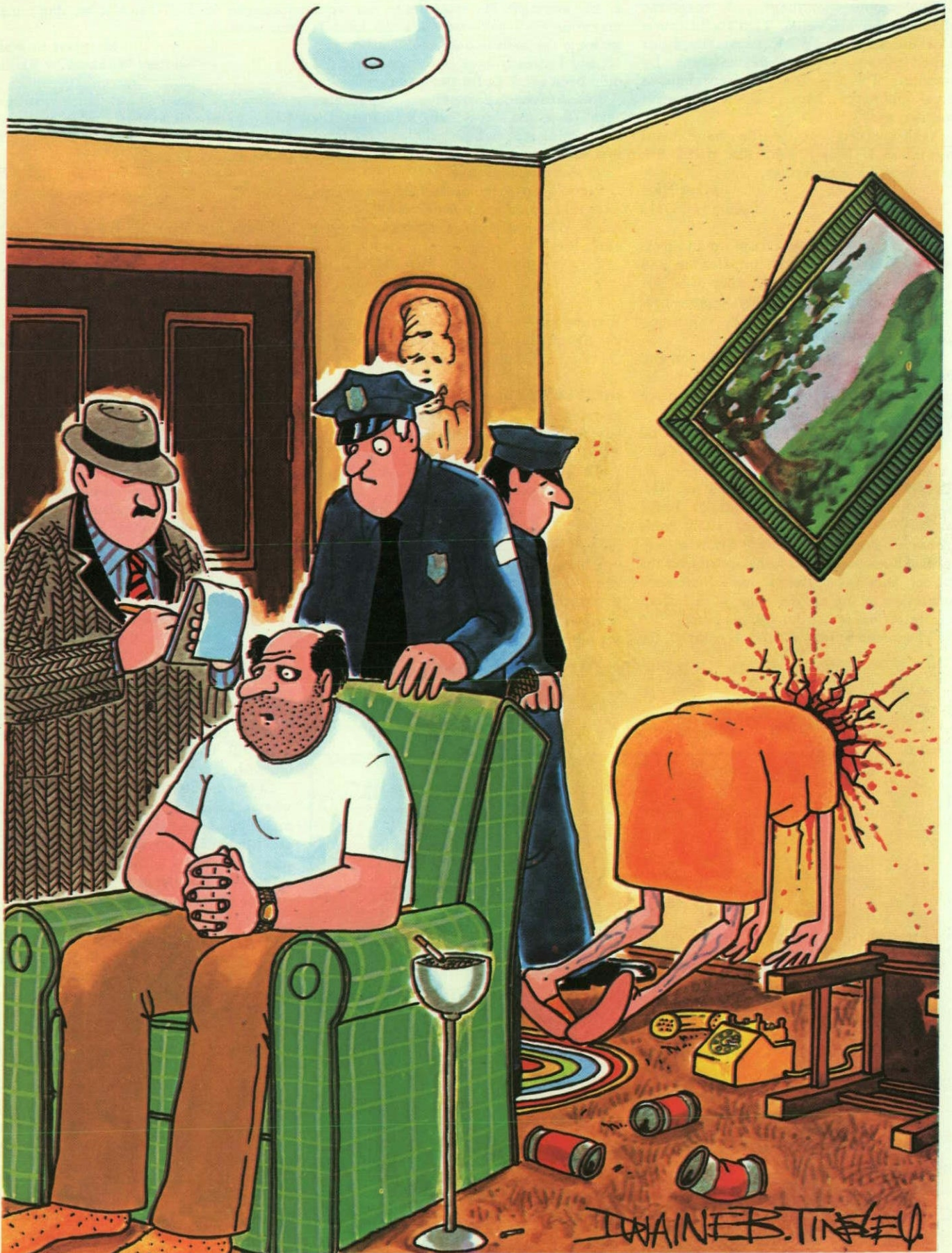
Social Comments: I had to spend many months in a mental hospital because of a childhood experience. When I was about five or six, I was sexually abused repeatedly by a man in the neighborhood.

The main topic at my group-therapy sessions was sex. Most patients had guilt feelings about past sexual encounters that they thought were abnormal or uncommon. But most of these were quite normal and common, and—as pointed out in publications such as HUSTLER—there is no reason to go nuts over them.

I truly believe that if HUSTLER and similar publications had existed years ago, I wouldn't have carried guilt feelings for nearly 30 years.

Richard Monroe
Minneapolis, Minnesota





"... And then she came in singing, 'You Always Hurt the One You Love.'
Quite frankly, I don't remember much after that."

FEEDBACK

The people who judge your magazine should watch television. That's what hurts kids' minds—fucking TV. Personally, I just watch cartoons on Saturday morning. By watching TV a person can learn how to break and enter a house, pull off the perfect murder, etc.

Your magazine, on the other hand, helps me relax. If people don't like HUSTLER, they don't have to read it.

Mark Hale
Columbus, Ohio

Our society is indeed mixed up and frustrated. Society frowns on prostitution and homosexuality. We expect brides to be virgins and men to be sexually experienced. But with whom is the man to get this necessary experience?

What it boils down to is contradiction and confusion, which result from sexual repression. And we all know that repression often leads to violence—and that is obscene!

Gary M. Farral
Cincinnati, Ohio

Clearing the Air: Awhile back I was leafing through some vintage HUSTLERS. I read an article in the February 1977 issue, *America's Biggest Pushers: The Cigarette Companies*. Back then I had just skipped over the piece, thinking "Here's some half-assed magazine telling me the same ol' shit about cigarettes being bad for me, etc., etc."

The second time around I realized the

article was right. My apologies to you. Your magazine isn't half-assed; it's the best! It gave me the balls to quit smoking. I'm only 18, but I already have emphysema, and I'd only been smoking for two years.

I want to thank Larry Flynt for publishing that article and Ray Schultz for researching and writing it. You both may have saved my life. At least when I die, I'll know it wasn't from shit like cigarettes.

Please keep up the no-bull articles on subjects that no other magazine would dare to touch. Who knows? You may save someone else's life.

Paige Harper, Jr.
West Palm Beach, Florida

Those of you who missed Ray Schultz's expose of the cigarette companies can find it reprinted in BEST OF HUSTLER #3, on sale now.

HUSTLER's Future: This morning I heard newscaster Paul Harvey say that Larry Flynt has found God and is going to change HUSTLER Magazine.

All I can say is: Fuck you, Larry Flynt! You've lost one reader for sure.

Sy Meier
Winona, Minnesota

I have never seen HUSTLER, but if it's worse than *Playboy* it must be awful. I hope you really mean to publish good and decent things in the future, as it may help other people realize that this nation is on a fast

toboggan to destruction if we don't mend our ways.

Margaret E. Walch
Address Withheld by Request

Here's a question for the reconstituted Larry Flynt: Now that you've been born again, do you bow your head and say grace before eating a cunt?

Dick Almy
Jacksonville, Florida

I have heard you are going to change the format of HUSTLER Magazine to make it more spiritual. The contents are good now, but I will bless you for arousing me more in the future.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Praise the Lord and pass all those pretty women.

Dick Kerekes
Jacksonville, Florida

I pray to God to forgive you for what you've done to women and men with your publication. I am neither a virgin nor religious nor particularly straight, but if I think you are disgusting, everyone else must think so too! Even a feminist such as myself will forgive you, Larry, if you sincerely admit your mistakes.

Name Withheld by Request
Boston, Massachusetts

You filthy pig, Larry Flynt! You have a lot of nerve having those dirty, degraded, filthy, rotten pigs of women pose in your magazine in nude and awful poses. They are no way beautiful. They are disgusting-looking women, with very, very low morals.

In fact, you and those low, degraded women belong in jail forever for distorting men's minds and leading them to sinful living. Men kill for sex on account of your dirty magazine. And I do hope you and all those women will be arrested.

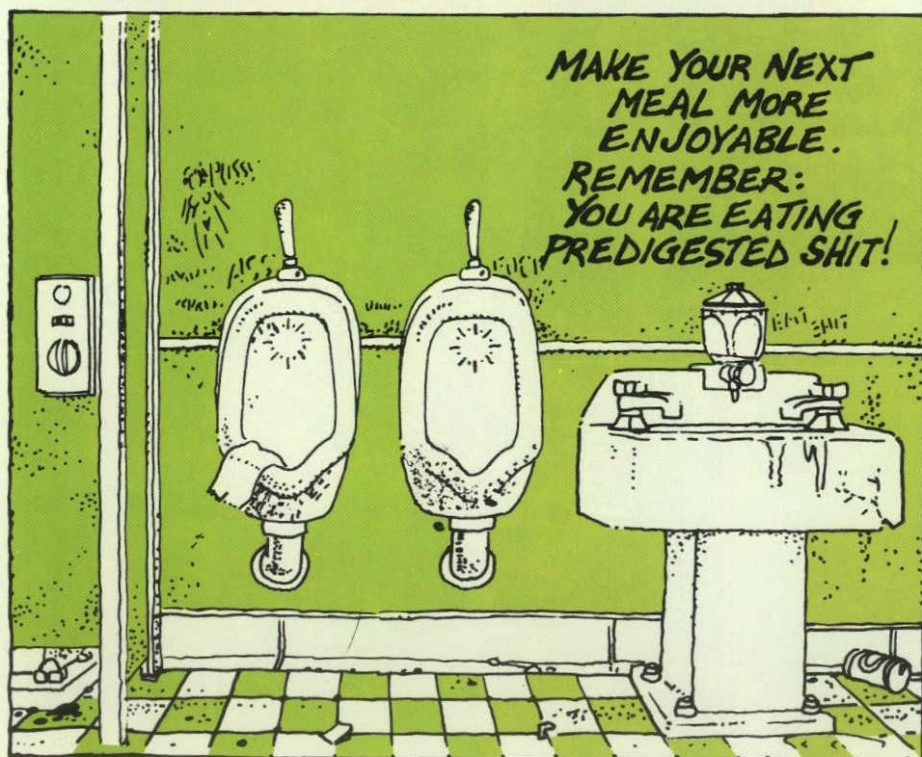
How would you like your wife or daughter or daughter-in-law to pose in those awful nude poses? In God's eye you and those women are a disgrace to the human race. You and those women will be punished for those awful pictures.

The women photographed in your magazine must smell like rotten eggs. Change your way of life by stopping those filthy pictures of those low, low degraded women. Sex was created by our Creator for a husband and wife to have children, not for pleasure.

Name Withheld by Request
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Although we no longer intend to portray women as mere sexual objects, we nevertheless believe that God created the human form to be appreciated for its beauty. We find it hard to believe that God would create anything as pleasurable as sex if we weren't supposed to derive any pleasure from it.

GRAFFILTHY



A TIP OF THE BEAVER'S HAT TO S. KRYSKO, NYC.

World News Roundup



2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor
Los Angeles, California 90067

In recent years the "environmental impact statement" has become common, and it seems to have spawned an offshoot--the "mental impact statement."

A mental-health director in northern California has prepared a report that warns of the possible psychological consequences of a proposed Walt Disney resort on the residents of Nevada County.

The mental outlook of the populace might be adversely affected by exposure to large numbers of resortgoers with psychological problems, the document contends.

According to the author, the 1 million visitors attracted to the resort would include 10,000 schizophrenics, 4,000 to 5,000 manic-depressives and about 900 suicidal persons, 100 of whom would someday take their own lives.

When a team of doctors in the Soviet space program recently toured NASA's facilities in Virginia, the visitors were asked what they most wanted to see in this country. The Empire State Building? Nyet. The Grand Canyon? Nyet. The Dumbo ride at Disneyworld? Nyet, nyet, nyet! The Russians wanted to see...an X-rated movie! Pornographic films are strictly forbidden in the Soviet Union.

NASA staffers obligingly took their guests to the Dream drive-in theater in Watts-ville for a double bill: "Black Socks" and "Grace's Place."

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has acknowledged that a radioactive explosion at the Millstone Nuclear Plant in Connecticut is similar to blasts that have damaged or closed atomic facilities on at least 23 other occasions. A Millstone worker was hospitalized as a result of the mishap.


The explosions occur when hydrogen gas is accidentally ignited in smokestacks. The commission explained that it had not commented on the previous incidents because no one had inquired.

The tests that match organ-transplant donors with recipients reportedly have another use. According to researchers at the University of California--Los Angeles, they also can be used to identify the father of a given child.

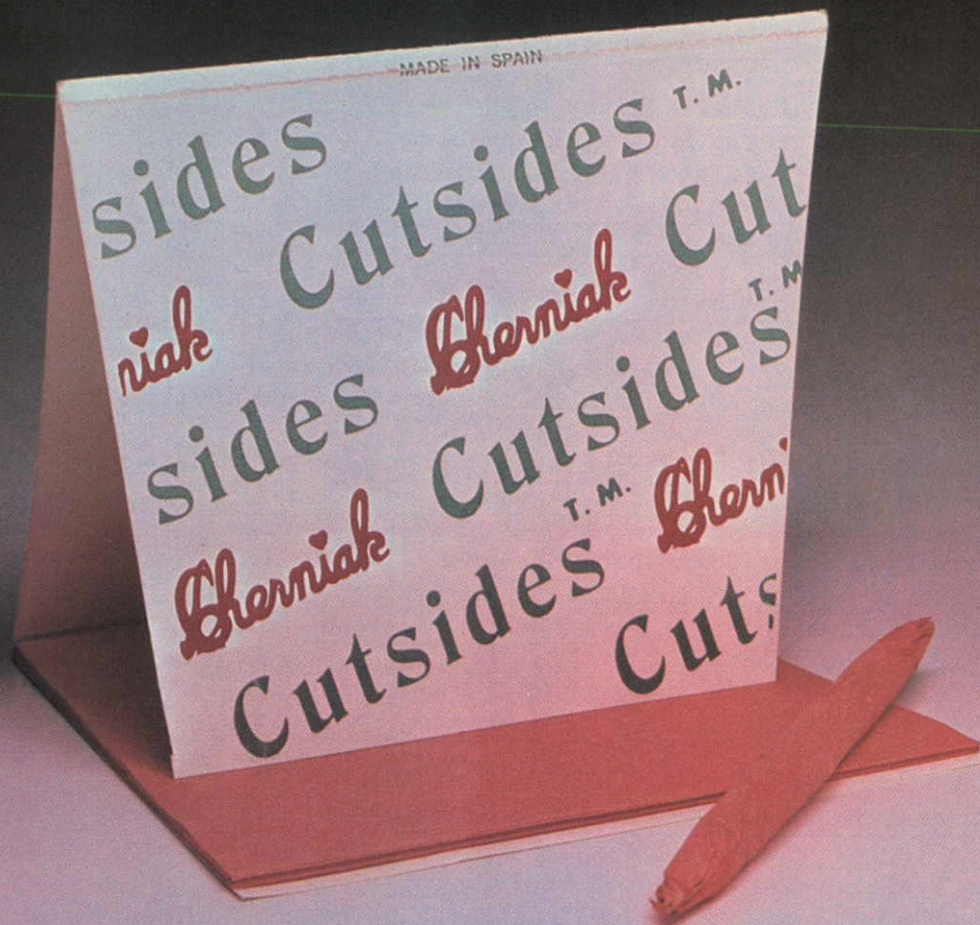
Formerly, the only way to ascertain the father was by a blood test, and even then the findings were conclusive in just 10 percent of the cases. The blood test could only prove if a certain man was incapable of fathering a certain child. The new tests, which identify a man's "genetic fingerprints," are accurate about 90 percent of the time.

Apparently, "Official UFO" magazine has scored something of a journalistic coup. It was the first and only publication to break the story of how "a fleet of alien invaders" attacked and destroyed Chester, Illinois, flattening every building along Main Street. "Official UFO" said a local TV station even filmed the carnage as it was taking place. The magazine went on to sum up the eyewitness account of Sheriff Luke Grisholm, who said the aliens destroyed homes, cars and even brought down an Air Force plane.

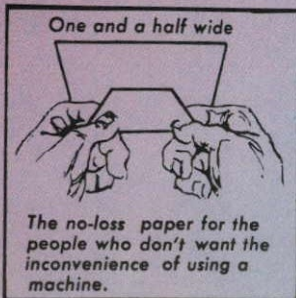
Something about the story must have sounded fishy to the "Wall Street Journal." In checking, the newspaper discovered that there is indeed a Chester, Illinois, but the town has no Main Street, no TV station and no sheriff named Luke Grisholm. The Air Force reported no planes were shot down.

"Official UFO" is sticking to its story, although it is now prepared to admit that the aliens may have returned to rebuild the ravaged town since the original incident and are inhabiting Chester at this very moment. 

The shape you'll never forget. (It's trapezoidal)



There has never been a rolling paper like Cherniak Cutsides. The trapezoidal shape wasn't designed just for looks, it makes rolling so simple, it's actually fun.



But that's not all the trapezoidal shape does. It automatically seals in your blend with no spill. That's right, no spill, and that means no waste.

And once you've rolled it, you'll notice how

quickly it starts. That's because of its unique flaring edge.

You can get Cutsides in four deliciously shaped flavors: Strawberry, Rice, Linen and Wheat.

But if you send us \$1. and a stamped self-addressed envelope, we'll send you a sample of four packets of Cutsides. So that you may test-fly this technological breakthrough in rolling papers.

Once you try it, we're sure you'll never forget the shape or the name.

Cherniak Cutsides™
The no-loss cigarette paper.

ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers to sexual questions regarding fetishes, hang-ups, maladies or other problems of a personal nature. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and treatment of a physician. If you have a question on any topic whatsoever, direct your correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

One and Only: I am a blond male who always tries to have more fun. But for some reason, after I come once, all of the feeling is gone. Instantly I want to get up and leave the bedroom. I love the women I pick up, I love long foreplay, I love to eat pussy, and I love to watch the women grimace and groan as I push all ten inches inside. But why do I always go so cold after the first load? I used to be able to fuck all day, until about seven months ago when my girlfriend Jackie died in a car wreck. Is it a guilty conscience or do you think I could still be in love with her?

T. B.
Springfield, Illinois

Possibly you have not gotten over your strong attachment, but it is also conceivable that you have not yet met another woman who responds to you in the same way physically or emotionally. Furthermore, you may be subconsciously resentful of all women since the woman you loved left you. If your problem is not resolved soon, consult a psychologist or therapist.

Ex-Pro's Woes: I've gone through two marriages and am now living with a guy. Our sex life is terrific and I can hardly wait until he comes home for more. However, he thinks he's not "good enough" for me. You see, I am an ex-prostitute. What can I do or say to help his ego?

K. W.
Ashland, Ohio

Your boyfriend probably thinks he can't "measure up" sexually to you because of your greater experience. First, find out why he feels insecure. Ask him if there is something you say or do to make him feel inadequate. Then reassure him that he is a good lover.

He could also have a mental conflict over having intercourse with someone who used to be a prostitute. Many men were taught at an early age that prostitutes are "bad" girls who are sinful. He may be unable or unwilling to admit that he has such feelings.

Venereal Warts: Like many other people, I've experienced venereal warts, which are quite painful. I was constantly going to the doctor and having them removed, only to have them reappear. Then my health freak, vitamin-popping mother rescued me. She had read in a magazine that zinc is a cure. I

rushed to the health-food store, bought some tablets and took 30 milligrams a day. It works! I feel it is my duty as a sex-lover to pass on this information.

M. K.
Gainesville, Texas

While recent medical studies link zinc deficiency with hair loss and even possible brain damage, there is no established proof that zinc kills the virus causing venereal warts. However, if taken in proper doses, zinc probably won't cause complications and might be worth exploring. Since venereal warts come and go, often without treatment, you could have had a temporary remission. The most promising antiviral agent is adenine arabinoside (ara-A), which is still being tested. Don't treat something as serious as venereal warts yourself. See a physician.

Premature Orgasm: My husband is a very sexual man, and we both love screwing. It seems, however, that I don't get the chance to enjoy more than a few minutes' worth because as soon as he touches me (either with his hand or his penis), I come. Then I get anxious for him to come quickly and get off of me. There is no way I can have sex with him twice in one night. We now have sex once every two or three weeks. We

would both enjoy it more often, if I only had the staying power. Are there any vitamins or medicines I can take?

G. G.
Bronx, New York

Few women complain about the problem, for premature orgasm doesn't usually interfere with a female's ability to continue sexual activity. As a result, little medical data is available on the subject. Premature orgasm in women is rare, but, according to Alfred Kinsey, some women reach climax within as little as 15 to 30 seconds after the start of petting or intercourse. Most women are able to maintain sexual interest after orgasm, but some women have very sensitive clitorises and find it painful or uncomfortable to continue. Others come before reaching a satisfactory level of arousal.

One sex therapist has described the problem as an unconscious desire to avoid sex due to inhibitions or misunderstanding of the techniques of stimulation. It is important that you not only try to delay your orgasm, but also try to control the timing of it. The trick is to use a position that allows you to control the pressure on your clitoris. For this, the female-superior (woman above) position is most effective.

Of course, you will have to become aware of what your body's responses are. To do this, first



of all increase your sexual sessions, because premature orgasm (even in men) is often caused by overanxiety. Once you have reached a comfortable frequency, choose a night when you are particularly at ease and have none of the hassles of a hard day on your mind. Wait a half hour or so after your first orgasm, using a diversionary form of sexual entertainment—reading erotic stories to each other, necking, petting or just lying side by side and talking. Then stage a second “performance,” and a third and so on.

If, however, sex once every two or three weeks remains the norm, you should see a counselor. Your problem may actually be much more serious than premature orgasm.

Sneakers in Bed: I am a 20-year-old male and I date a 16-year-old female. We have been going with each other for about six months and share a very good sex life. My only complaint is that whenever we fuck she never takes off her sneakers. I’ve asked her about this and she has no answer. What should I do?

R. M.
Pleasant Valley, New York

Since your sex life is otherwise satisfactory, don’t worry about her quirk unless she starts wearing football spikes to bed.

Masturbation: Since I jack off a lot, I am running out of ways to play with my cock. I have tried just about everything. Melons are particularly good, and when I pump my

organ in one, it feels just like a cunt. But I have never climaxed when I masturbate, and I’m sure I’m missing something. Can you suggest some wild ways to masturbate?

Name Withheld by Request
Canon City, Colorado

Some men we know are partial to mashed potatoes, but it sounds like you simply need to find new fantasies. There’s a whole world in your mind, and the possibilities are only as limited as your imagination. So, rather than looking for different fruits to “make love” to, let your imagination do some of the erotic work involved in self-gratification. You may need to work on your technique. Therefore, HUSTLER’s March 1978 *Sex Play*, “Male Masturbation: Coming to Grips With Ourselves,” might help.

As for your unfortunate inability to climax during masturbation, you are not alone. About 5 percent of all males have the same trouble. Since you don’t describe under what circumstances you masturbate, it is hard to explain what is causing the problem. Perhaps you are worried about being caught with that melon.

Addiction Dilemma: For over six months I was a heroin addict with about a \$200-a-week habit. I worked only for my habit and sold or pawned everything I owned. I even forced my fiancée into prostitution. I have been seeing a counselor for about a month, and I think I can break the habit. The problem is I have a bad credit rating, and there are three lawsuits against me to collect

the bread. Do you know of any loan companies that can help me get out of debt?

W. S.
Arlington, Virginia

The worst thing you could do now is to get yourself further into debt by taking out a loan. Although many banks offer debt-consolidation loans, you may want to check with your nearest federal district bankruptcy court to find out about filing for bankruptcy.

There are many different types of bankruptcy. One agreement allows you to gradually pay off a reduced amount of your total debts. Your credit rating will not be adversely affected any further because potential creditors know you won’t be able to declare bankruptcy again for another seven years. For more information, go to a public library. There are a number of books on bankruptcy written for the layman.

Marital Communication: I am 16 years old, married and have a one-year-old baby girl. I’ve been married for a year now, and throughout this time I have never really had a hard time getting off with my husband. But recently he just doesn’t get off with me. He never says, “Let’s go to bed,” or tells me that he loves me. I’ve tried every turn-on I know of, but no matter how hard I try, he rejects me. What should I do? Give up?

Name Withheld by Request
Baytown, Texas

It is a little soon to be giving up. You didn’t mention whether or not you had to get married, but your husband may resent having been “trapped” into marriage. Also, it is normal for a mother to devote a good portion of her time to her newborn child, and your husband may be jealous of the time and attention you are giving the baby.

On the other hand, he may have things on his mind—financial woes, trouble at work or even physical problems. One of the first steps toward marital happiness is opening a line of communication. Ask him what his problem is and if there is something you can do to help.

Depilatory: I can’t afford to pay for hair removal, and I certainly don’t have the money to buy the \$3,000 machine that professionals use. Where can I get an inexpensive, dependable hair remover?

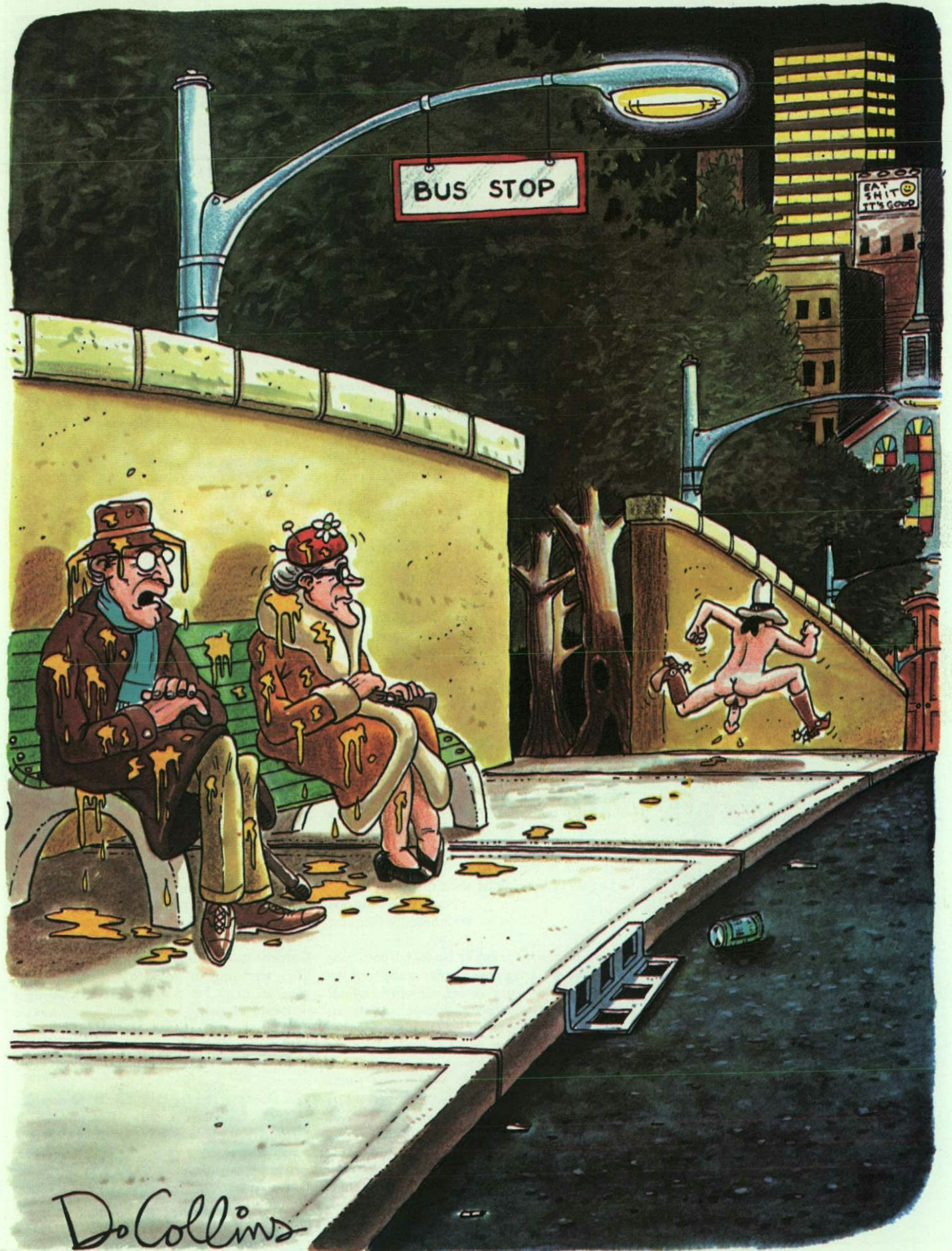
L. S.
Altona, Australia

One method you might try is the Perma Tweez electrolysis device made by General Medical Company, Department WD-61, 1935 Armacost Avenue, West Los Angeles, California 90025. The Perma Tweez costs \$19.95.

Tubal Ligation: I am 20, twice married and have two children from my first marriage, which was a total mistake. My first husband was a real prick. He would force sex on me without using any kind of birth control. I could not take the Pill for medical reasons. After the birth of my second child I had a tubal ligation [sterilization procedure in



“Grrrr. . .”



"Who was that masked man anyhow?"

Subscribe to HUSTLER and CHIC,

using the coupon on the inside front cover.

ADVISE & CONSENT

which the Fallopian tubes are cut].

Now I regret it because I want to have a child by my new husband. I know the tubal is classified as permanent and irreversible, but I am hoping a doctor can make it possible for me to have another child.

C. S.

Akron, Ohio

We are lucky that we no longer live in an age when doctors would only perform a tubal ligation if the woman's age, multiplied by the number of children she had, equaled or exceeded 120. That arbitrary formula has been dropped, and this form of permanent sterilization has become a viable choice for many women. The doctor, however, should give a full explanation of all the operation's consequences and options. The Pill is not the only alternative. Contraceptive foam or jelly, the diaphragm or IUD should all be considered first.

The physician should also warn the patient, as he apparently did in your case, that the procedure is essentially irreversible. When reconnecting the Fallopian tubes, even the best surgeons have a success rate of less than 40 percent. The rate of successful pregnancies without complications is about half that.

Following a tubal ligation the snipped ends of the tubes atrophy and become stumps. For this reason it is often impossible to rejoin them. Occasionally a form of transplant operation is tried. Although new sterilization techniques show promise of making reversal more successful, undoing a tubal ligation is not simple. The decision to undergo the operation is one most women will have to live with the rest of their lives.

Headaches With Orgasm: My wife of seven years has always been a great sex partner, but I have a sexual problem. My wife and I separated for a three-month period because of nonsexual troubles, but we got back together six weeks ago. Last week, during a great blow job from her, I suddenly got a terrible headache as I was coming. I ignored this at first, but now it happens every time I come. How do I approach a doctor with this problem, and what sort of specialist should I see?

Name and Address

Withheld by Request

There are myriad causes of headaches. Some food additives can bring them on. For example, if you eat just before going to bed, be careful of the amount of monosodium glutamate, sodium nitrate and nitrite you take in (these are found in lunch meats, sausage and hot dogs). If you are fond of late-night snacks, remember that the salt in such foods as pretzels, peanuts and potato chips can cause headaches. Going to bed hungry can also induce them, as the body's level of blood sugar decreases.

The activity of sex itself can also be the source of your difficulty. Stress on the jaws (clenching or grinding the teeth) causes muscular tension. Headaches also stem from a buildup of carbon dioxide and a reduction of oxygen; such anoxia is common at the point of orgasm. A change in blood

pressure (a normal occurrence during intercourse) is another possibility. In some cases the headache is the result of a pinched nerve, and even acupuncture has been used to alleviate the pressure. Of course, there may be mental factors involved. Your attitude toward your wife may have changed during your separation.

Check with a general practitioner or a specialist in internal medicine, and get a good physical exam. The honest and open approach is the best. Doctors have seen and heard it all, so don't be embarrassed.

Vulvar Varicosities: I didn't notice them until recently, but I have varicose veins on my vulva. (I just had my first baby.) They are ugly and they ache. What can I do to clear them up? They're ruining my sex life.

J. M.

Butte, Montana

Varicose veins are veins that are unnaturally and permanently stretched and enlarged. Your problem is caused by pelvic pressure, which is slowing the flow of blood in your vulva. Check with your physician. In some extreme cases the condition can be corrected by a surgical procedure commonly known as "stripping" the veins.

Meeting Other Gays: I live in a small town that has no out-of-the-closet gays. Since I am gay, this causes real problems. I've already gone to gay bars in Minneapolis, but they scare me because everyone is drunk and rowdy. Can you give me any ideas on how to meet other gays?

Name and Address

Withheld by Request

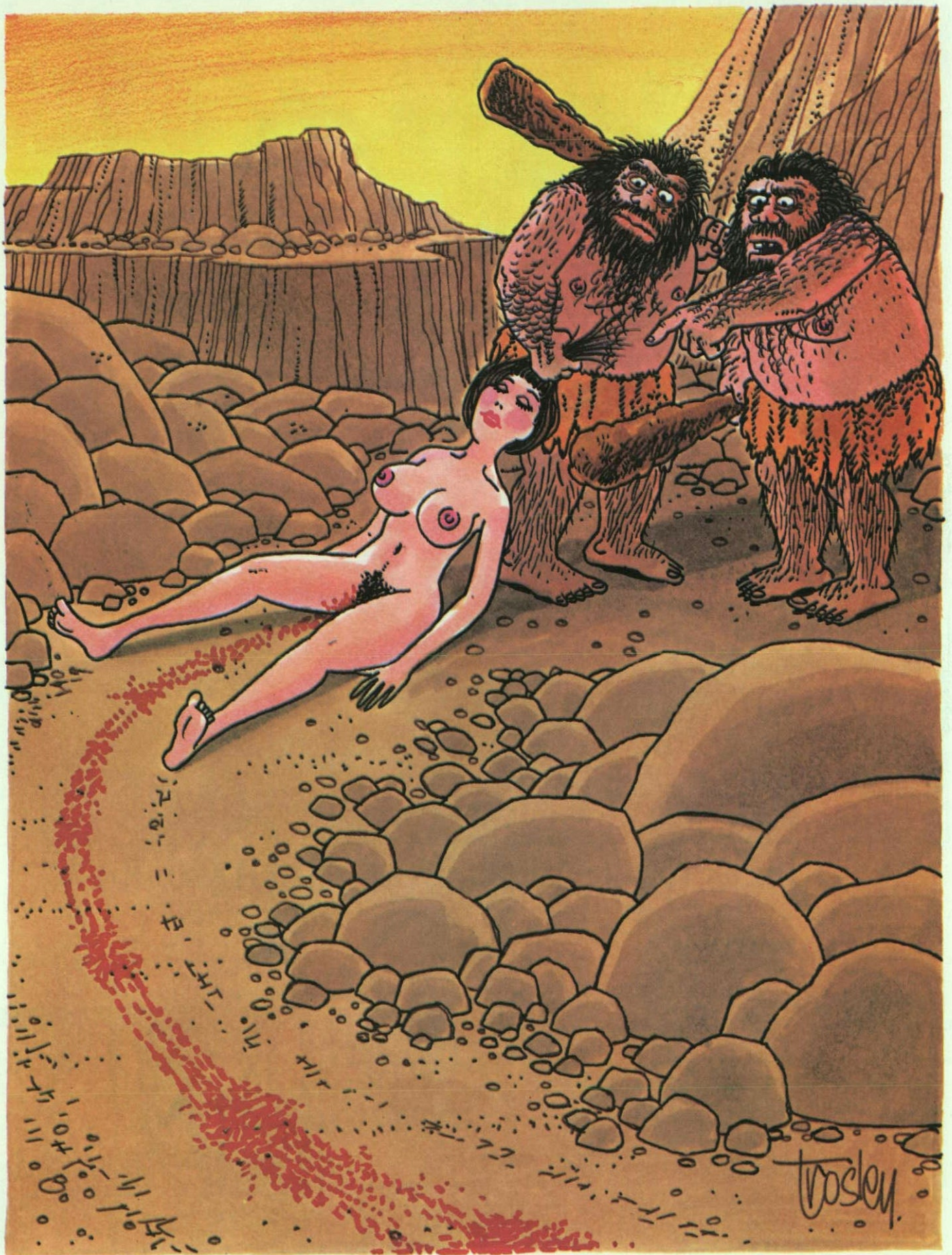
You don't have to go to bars to meet other gays. Write or call the University Lesbian/Gay Community offices at Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455. They should be able to direct you to social groups, sports clubs or political organizations run by or oriented to homosexuals. You should be able to meet people who share your intellectual and sexual interests. You might also place an ad in local papers (use a post office box and not your home address). This is somewhat risky, but at least you will be able to do some preliminary screening.

Communal Living: My question doesn't have anything to do with sex, but maybe you can help. For a long time I've thought seriously of going to a hippie commune to live. Could you suggest a good one?

L. M.

Gallup, New Mexico

*You should be aware that there have been few successful communes since they first gained great popularity in the late '60s. And, since most communes tend to be "private" in the sense that the members are often friends who join together to form a community, they rarely welcome outsiders. However, you may be able to find a commune through ads in magazines such as *Mother Earth News*, *Vegetarian Times* and *Well-Being*.*



"Throw it back, Gork . . . It's out of season."

Bits & Pieces

When you stop and think about it, the 20th century has had more than its share of assholes. So far we've suffered through Adolf Hitler, Herbert and J. Edgar Hoover, Richard Nixon, Richard Speck and Richard Daley, and the century is little more than three-fourths over.

Why, then, with so many outstanding candidates, has the HUSTLER readership named Larry Flynt "Asshole of the Century"? It's not just because the aforementioned persons are—for all practical purposes—dead. And it isn't merely that with a little less than 22 years left in this century—and Larry being as unpredictable as he is—he may yet be elected mayor of Chicago and invade Milwaukee.

Actually, our readers—who know Larry only through his monthly *Publisher's Statement* and appearances on *Sermonette*—feel he earned the "Asshole of the Century" award because of his widely publicized conversion to Christianity. One letter writer summed up reader opinion like this: "Be damned, Larry, you two-faced, lying son of a bitch."

HUSTLER readers weren't necessarily pissed off because Larry found the Lord. To each his opiate. They were irked because, as HUSTLER fan Lynn Owen put it, "Sex and the holy cloth do not make good bed partners," and the announced editorial changes smelled of high treason.

"Now you are selling out to the enemy, abandoning us all," wrote John Powell of Hannibal, Missouri. It seems Mr. Powell had been freed of his "Baptist attitudes" and inhibitions by publications like HUSTLER, and was finally able to enjoy fucking in positions other than missionary. He viewed Larry's conversion as John Wayne would view his son's undergo-



ASSHOLE OF THE CENTURY

ing a sex-change operation.

Some readers accused Larry of becoming a Christer as a ploy to avoid future legal hassles, or to smooth out existing ones. "If this is some means of trying to escape your present legal problems," wrote a disgruntled ex-

reader, "it is the most cowardly display imaginable."

Obviously, this person does not know the real Larry, who is far from cowardly and fears not even the homosexual mandingos that infest our prisons and prey upon cherubic in-



mates. No, the conversion isn't Larry's last-ditch effort to save his ass. It is genuine—and that's what is so disturbing to most people.

"When Larry Flynt starts presenting Sunday-school Gospel reform, the world will be a dreary place," Rick Hall of St. Louis lamented. J. L. Blask's prediction for HUSTLER's future echoed the sentiments of many readers: "Change your magazine's editorial and photographic policy and I'm sure you'll go down the tubes, just as all religious fanatics should."

Even the Christians have gotten into the act, denouncing Larry in letters scrawled on paper bags and Baby Ruth wrappers. Apparently, Larry had sinned too greatly to be welcomed into the fold by all "Christians." To some people, no amount of plastic surgery could ever improve HUSTLER. "Your magazine is still pure trash," commented one self-acclaimed Jesus-lover. "I will not buy it."

A lot of HUSTLER readers are expressing the same attitude nowadays. Many agree with Patrick Knowlen of Eugene, Oregon, who said that Larry has executed the "cop-out of the century," and so deserves a 100-year rectal reign.

When it comes to picking an asshole, who would know better than HUSTLER's readers? In fact, when Larry announced the changes in the magazine's editorial policy, there was a great deal of blasphemy heard from the staff as well.

But after several editorial conferences with him and our new publisher, Paul Krassner, we can assure you that all the changes will be for the better. Larry Flynt didn't get stupid. His new ideas demonstrate that he has expanded his spiritual personality and increased his humanistic concerns. But he's still an asshole.

UPDATE



**SHOWERED
BY
HOWARD
November 1977**

Celebrity-urine collectors, discussed in this article, would have a hard time getting a vial of liquid wastes from Morarji Desai, India's Prime Minister. He drinks six to eight ounces of it every morning.

"Urine is the water of life," said Desai in Charles McCabe's column in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Claiming that it is good to put back into the body some elements passed out with piss, the Prime Minister advised: "It is very important that the urine you drink is passed first thing in the morning." It is customary among devout Hindus to sip urine from cows, which are considered sacred.

If drinking piss isn't your cup of tea, Desai also mentioned that it can be used as a liniment for body rubs. He asserted that this gets rid of aches, and fights "many diseases." At least you don't have to go to the drug-store to get hold of some.

Anyone considering his advice should take this into account: Desai has not had sexual intercourse with his wife since 1928. It could be his breath.



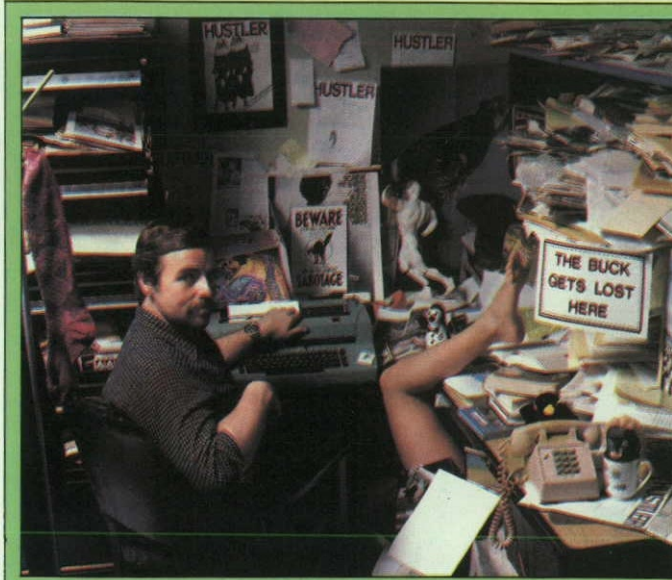
**ANDREW
KOWAL
INTERVIEW
December 1977**

The Drug Enforcement Administration may be given an additional two years of existence if a Carter Administration bill, introduced by Senator Birch Bayh (Democrat-Indiana), is passed.

The controversial agency, discussed in a sidebar to the interview with the publisher of *High Times* magazine, has been on the spot because of its tactics in drug-related investigations and arrests.

Bayh's measure would contain an amendment decriminalizing possession of marijuana on the federal level. The Senator claims that U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell supports the proposal.

How such an extension might affect the average "user" remains to be seen.



EFFICIENCY EXPERT

Caught here in an idle moment, Associate Editor Mike Sheeter shows the intricate filing system he helped develop. Mike likes to keep close tabs on the hundreds of unsolicited stories that pour into HUSTLER's editorial offices daily.

"We run a tight ship," says Sheeter. "Neatness is a must." Besides being a crack staff writer, Mike also takes care of all the little things that make an office function. We think other magazines could learn a lot from HUSTLER. Just give Mike a call. He'll help you out—if he can get to his phone.

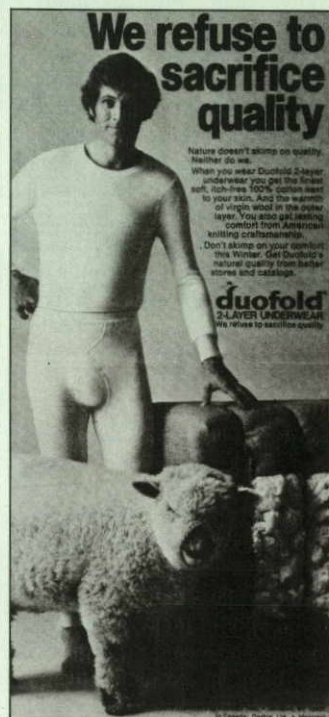
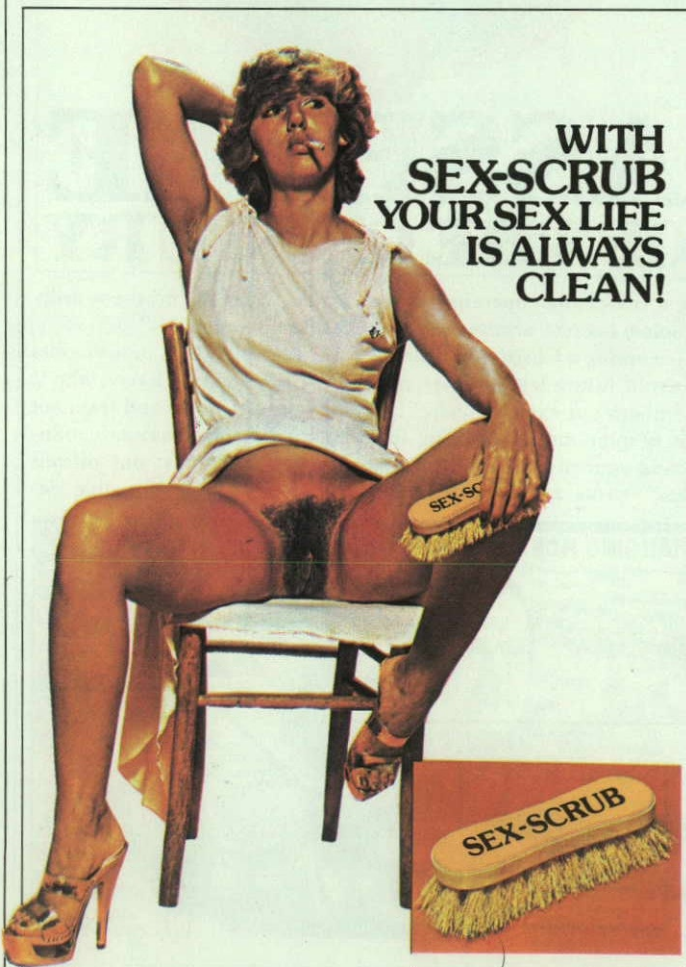
COMING CLEAN

If your girlfriend is still using one of those new candy-assed douches, we suggest that she take a look at the real thing.

A scrub brush gets those cooties out much better than all that chemical gunk. Grandma used a scrub brush, and we bet

you never once caught a whiff of her fish lips.

So make your honey lay off the Raspberry Surprise and get her back to bristles. Sex-Scrub cleans and freshens, and even takes care of those old Hell's Angels tattoos.



Sheepish Grin

Chances are if you walked in on a man in his underwear who was standing over a sheep, you'd think one of two things: either his barn burned down or the fellow had a short in his electric blanket. There are other conclusions, but who'd believe Madison Avenue's resorting to bestiality to sell a product? Ad agencies can claim they didn't see the animal sex connection. However, we know that if a yak in hot pants could attract buyers, we'd be seeing the furry critters everywhere.

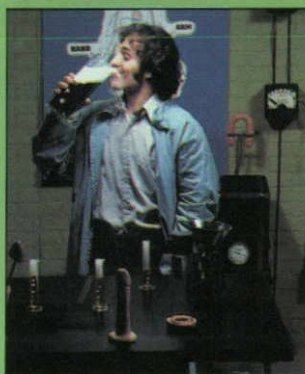
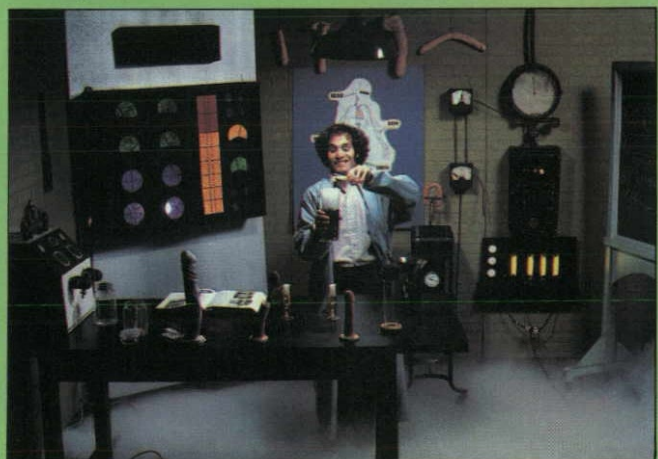
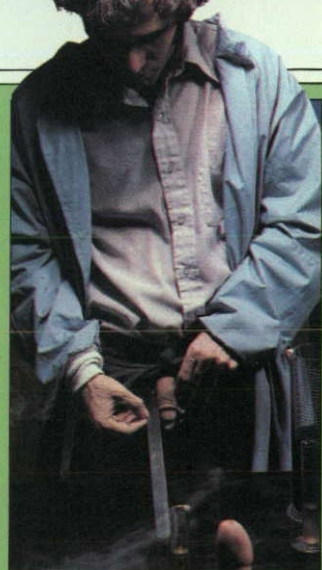
MR. POTATO COCK

How's this for an eye-opener? We bet you think this is a cock, but you're wrong. Despite appearing to be circumcised, it's not a loaf of rye bread either. It's a big red potato that is the pride and joy of the reader who submitted it. That's one way to get starch in your shorts.



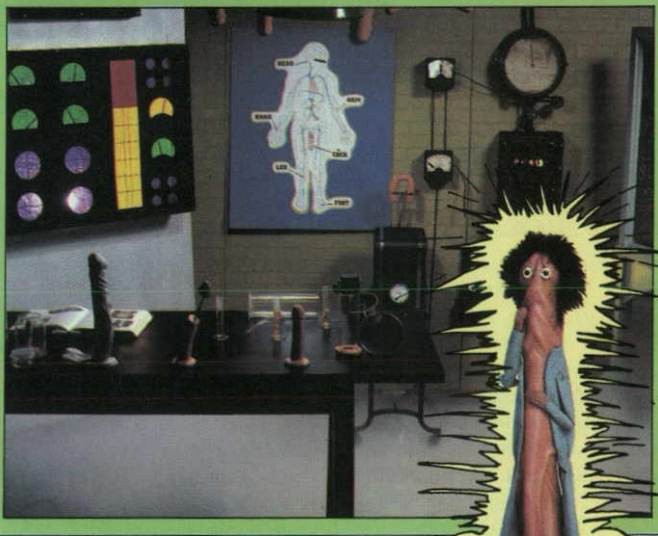
The Inner Scrotum

Many American men would go to any length to increase the size of their penises, from hanging bricks on them to eating exotic foods. *HUSTLER* Magazine was fortunate enough to capture on film one of the most bizarre attempts at cock lengthening, by the noted and deranged scientist Bernard (Toothpick) Dorkstein.



After weeks of careful research into the capabilities of penis growth, he finally came up with a formula for success. Even Dorkstein was surprised by his new look, and everyone involved felt the matter had grown out of proportion.

Efforts are being made to get a handle on the situation. Police have issued photos of Dorkstein. He can also be recognized by the giant jar of Vaseline he always carries.



Demon Seed

The Dalkon Shield, an intrauterine birth control device, was recently recalled after causing at least 17 deaths and hundreds of hysterectomies.

Manufactured by the A. H. Robins Co. even after their own research department noticed potential dangers, the device was launched on the market virtually untested with a massive ad campaign

boasting fraudulently low pregnancy statistics. Within 6 years, over 3 million women were using it.

The Dalkon's major problem is the composition of the string used to check its position in the womb. Rather than the standard monofilament used in most IUDs, the string is

twined together from several strands like the wick of a kerosene lamp. Bacteria from the vagina can creep up this wick and incubate in the uterus, leading to blood poisoning and sometimes death.

When the FDA became suspicious after hearing of several deaths and injuries, the Robins Co. quickly removed the devices from U.S. markets and palmed them off on unsuspecting third world nations.

Inconceivable though it may seem, over a million women are still host to this demon seed of modern medicine, the Dalkon Shield.



THE BUSINESS OF CRIME

If *Corporate Crime Comics* is any indication, the underground press continues to do what the straight press has failed to accomplish for years—to expose corruption and hypocrisy in high places.

Crime (\$1 from Kitchen Sink Enterprises, c/o Krupp Comic Works, P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968) contains 15 stories of actual corporate crimes told by respected underground artists Denis Kitchen, Trina Robbins, Guy Colwell, Jay Kinney and others.

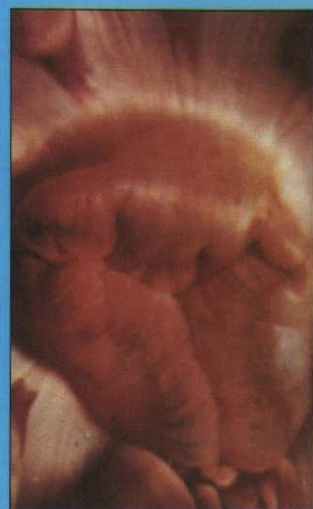
The work takes a look at Karen Silkwood's mysterious death after her inside investiga-

tion of the Kerr-McGee Company; the ITT-Watergate affair; the murderous pollution of Japan's Minamata Bay by the Chisso Corporation; and other incidents. The editor and chief contributor is Leonard Rifas.

Among the most shocking reports, from our standpoint, is that of the Dalkon Shield, an intrauterine birth control device manufactured by the A. H. Robins Company. The shield was recalled from the market after being blamed for the deaths of 17 women; and hundreds of other women have had to undergo hysterectomies.

The artwork isn't always the best, but the stories—some of which received little media attention—make *Corporate Crime Comics* a valuable reference and a scathing indictment of corporate malpractice.





SEA CUNT

A scuba-diving instructor in Edmonds, Washington, sent us this photo because he thought the subject looked like a cunt. We knew better, of course.

Associate Editor Michael Toohey, a California native, has been fucking these things for years. No, it's not the asshole of a pheasant. Rather, it's a sea anemone, and anyone who says differently must go muddling in stagnant ponds.

ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE #6



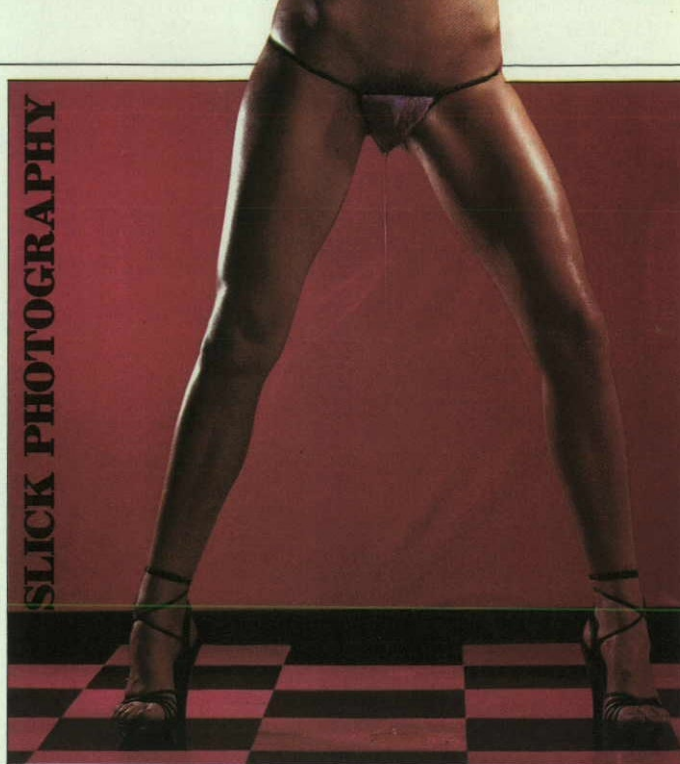
GOLDEN SHOWERS

What kind of girl shampoos with Prick? A natural girl, like Vicki here, who frolicked *au naturel* in the December 1977 HUSTLER (*Vicki: A Little Bit of Country*). Needless to say, after the photo session she washed the barnyard filth from her hair with Prick. For a Prick girl like Vicki, looking her best means having a bouncy, shiny, ammo-

nia-scented mane—and maybe wearing a new pair of Oshkosh coveralls.

Prick is pH-balanced, with just enough herbs, minerals and used beer to give a girl's hair that subway aroma. Put some whiz into your love life. Be a Prick "natural essence" girl. Available in the basement of your favorite outhouse.

SLICK PHOTOGRAPHY



Everyone knows that a woman's pussy is often referred to as a honeypot. So we had Contributing Photographer Suze Randall do a photographic rep-

resentation of a chick's love juices brimming over the edge. Suze decided to use honey. The session was sticky, but she got us this photo. How sweet it is!

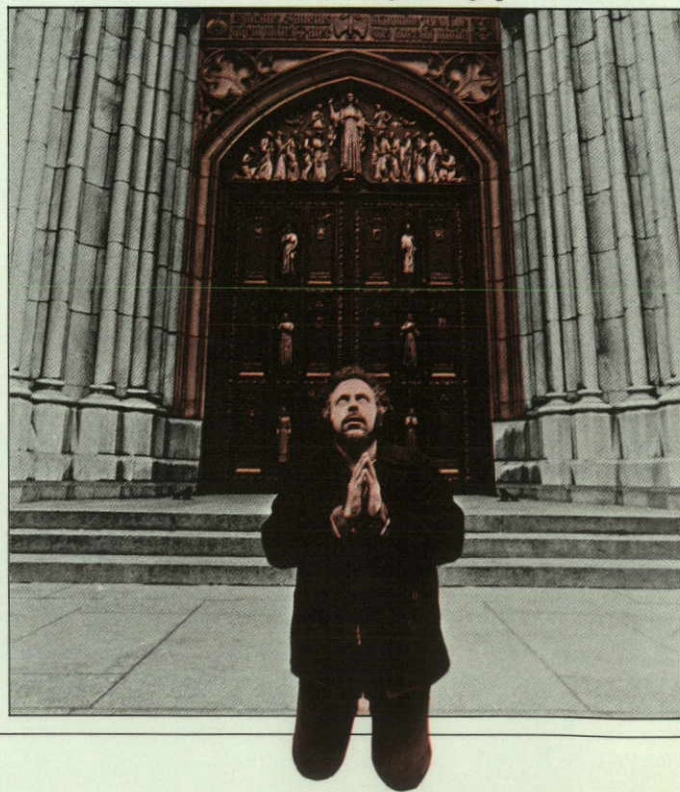
HOLY SMOKE

If we weren't aware that Al Goldstein already had a deal with the devil, we'd think *Screw's* publisher had gone straight. If he ever did that, his secretary, Paul, would hit him with his purse.

No, we've seen Al enough to

know he's just found a penny in the gutter and can now pay his staff. Goldstein knows that many churchgoers constantly lose change from their pockets. He'll even go inside a church to check the cracks in the seats. Besides, admission is free.

(An exclusive interview with Al Goldstein, conducted by HUSTLER's own Larry Flynt, begins on page 68).



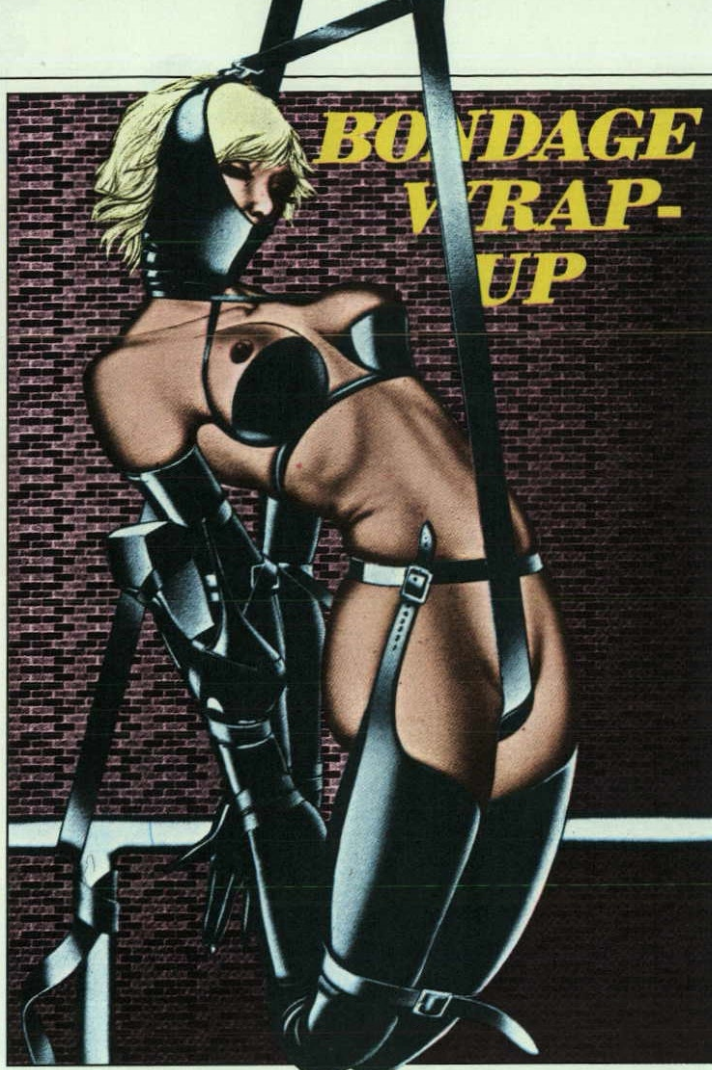


Judging by the number of publications dealing with the subject, we'd have to say bondage is one of the most popular sexual fetishes today. Still there are many people who claim bondage demeans women. While that may be true, we would like to point out that there are a number of women and men who enjoy watching bondage action or merely looking at books presenting the practice. In fact, many people who read B&D material never actually participate in that pursuit.

Besides the turn-on value, there are several things bondage publications provide, depending on the reader's attitude. Some B&D work is done well enough to be considered art. Older works present a historical look at the fetishes, social quirks and dress of a particular period, such as lingerie that might not otherwise be available to the artist or costume designer. In this light, bondage material provides a sociological look at things symptomatic of a given subculture. And it can be the stuff of legend.



For example, the most famous bondage model is Betty Page (above). For two years in the early '50s she was the favorite model of Irving Klaw, the first big-time bondage-photo king, who didn't like to hold shooting sessions without



her. But Betty dropped out of sight, and is now rumored to have given up her role as a pinup queen after finding religion. This legend is so interesting that HUSTLER is searching for her.

You can find out more about Irving Klaw, Betty Page and other models whose names bondagephiles can rattle off in the way most people can say, "Bogey, Cagney, Robinson and Gable." Two good works are *The Bound Beauties of Irving Klaw* (\$6) and *The Irving Klaw Years, 1948-1963* (\$8), both from Harmony Communications, P.O. Box 780, North Hollywood, California 91603.

Compiled by Robert Harmon, the volumes showcase the best photographs produced and distributed by Klaw. The books are important because the mail-order bondage impresario destroyed all his negatives when he left the business in 1963. Legal hassles had worn him out and broken his spirit.

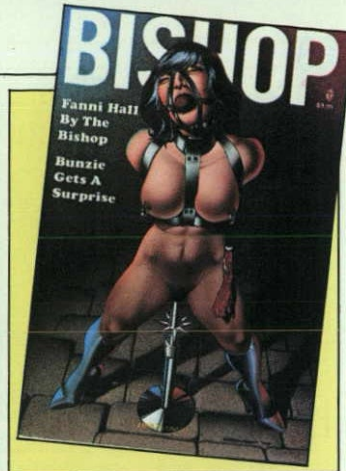
A contemporary of Klaw was John Willie, who did bondage

illustrations and photos. His most widely known work is the comic-strip character "Sweet Gwendoline," who many believe resembles Willie's wife. She appeared in some of her husband's photographs.

But Willie's excellent contour-line etchings are his greatest, best-executed contributions to the field. These pen-and-ink drawings portray realistic bondage situations, with attention to detail and the mood conveyed. *The Bound Beauties of Irving Klaw and John Willie, 1947-1963*, Volumes 1-3 (\$6 per volume from Harmony), enable you to compare the works of two masters.

Bob Bishop, featured in our September 1977 issue, is not only the best of today's bondage artists, but he also has the cult following to prove it. His latest work, modestly entitled *Bishop*, features black-and-white drawings by the master, and is accompanied by a fiction piece he wrote.

While the artwork is not up to Bishop's usual high quality, it still surpasses by far his con-



temporaries' creations. *Bishop* (\$3.95) is available from House of Milan Corporation, P.O. Box 24080, Los Angeles, California 90024, and provides the firm with its greatest hold on the bondage market.

The latest item for B&D fetishes once again comes from Harmony. *Bondage Life* (\$6)—although claiming to do what no other current bondage publication does—looks to us like the same type of cheaply produced, high-priced material available on any newsstand. Poor reproductions and dime-a-dozen photo-sets combine for the overall sleazy effect that marks this genre.

Keep in mind, however, that someday people may look at a magazine such as *Bondage Life* and deem it art, just as we view today the works of the Klaw-Willie era.





THE BUNNY HOP

All of you have heard the expression "fucks like a rabbit," but you probably never considered that the adage also applies to the Easter Bunny. That doesn't surprise you? OK, then think about this: The Easter Bunny is black. Go ahead. Look for yourself.

Christmas Theft

**NATIONAL
LAMPOON**

And a Happy Yuletide to All Our Friends
of the Druid Persuasion Issue

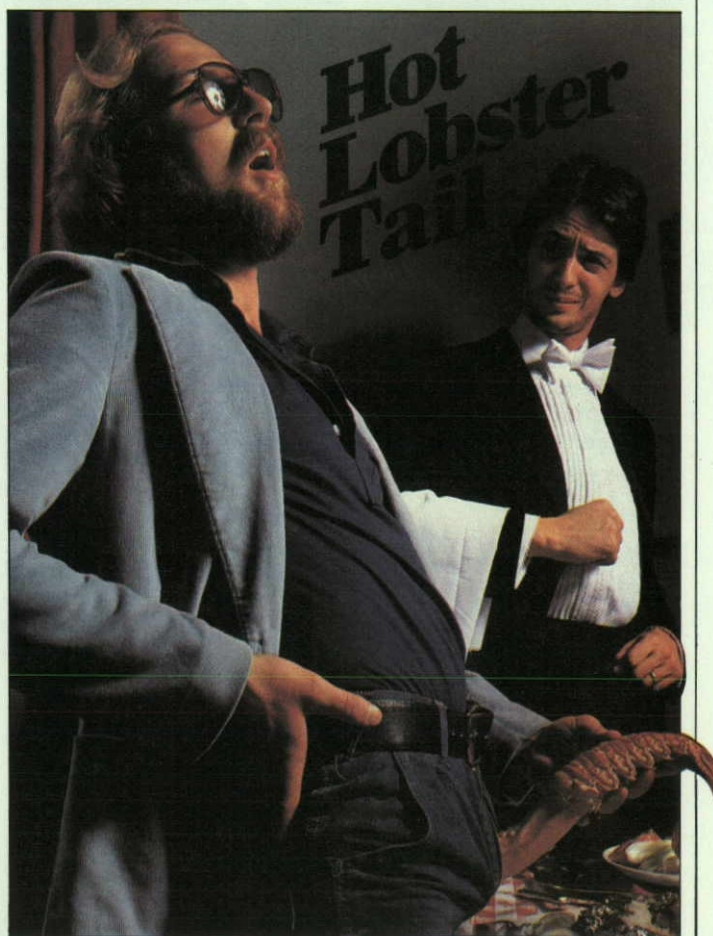
When *National Lampoon* was a successful magazine, it was widely praised for its creative photo illustrations. Now that its popularity has tapered off, so has the *Lampoon's* inventiveness. This inside cover from its December 1977 issue duplicates in almost every detail a photo we ran in our December 1976 *Bits & Pieces* ("Hark! The

Herald Elves Are Singing!"). Perhaps the *Lampoon* (\$1.25 a copy, \$7.95 for a year's subscription from 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022) felt safe in ripping off a year-old idea, but we don't forget that quickly. We're not going after the *Lampoon*, however. It can consider the photo a gift from us.

TOTEM POLE

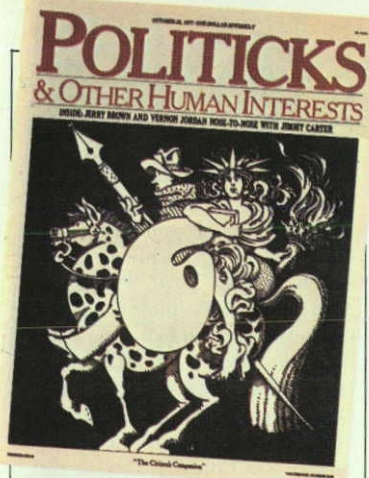
African tribal artists usually have some reason other than beauty for creating their works. Statues are often religious symbols, like the fertility statue in the back of this photo.

The artwork that especially intrigues us is the item these young ladies are sharing. We are told it is a genuine African dildo, found in Cameroon, a central African country. This is a form of art from the Dark Continent we've never seen before, but by its size, we could have guessed its origin.



Some diners are just finicky Dicks when it comes to seafood, but obviously this guy isn't concerned about the meal satisfying his taste buds. He was just looking for a piece of tail when

the scent of lobster overwhelmed him. He still might have been able to resist, but the butter sauce glistening on the lobster's shell drove him over the brink.



REAL POLITICS

These days, with hard news giving way to fluff, and crack journalism too often being transformed into entertainment for a yawning public, it's refreshing to see a magazine like the biweekly *Politicks & Other Human Interests* suddenly spring up on the media horizon. *Politicks* concerns itself with all aspects of political life—not just headlines, but the people, issues and ideas behind them.

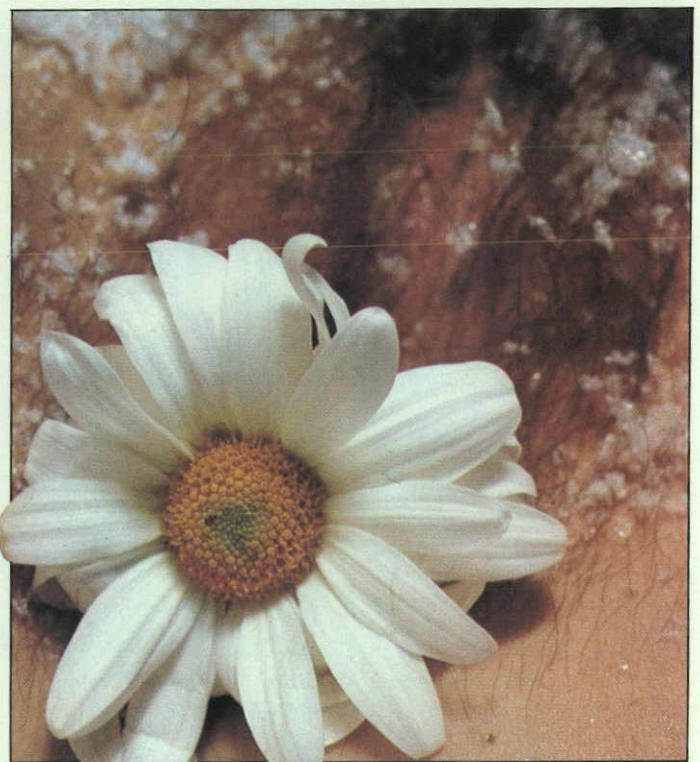
Its editor in chief, Thomas Morgan, has assembled some of the most prestigious writers in the national-affairs field for his publication. What better way to

get an insider's view of Washington, for example, than to have a man like Frank Mankiewicz cover the beat? He was Robert Kennedy's press secretary and later George McGovern's campaign manager.

Somewhere between the deadly prose of *Foreign Affairs* and the snappy patter of pseudonews mags like *Time* and *Newsweek*, *Politicks* has found a middle ground for informed analysis, which doesn't lack a sense of humor. The magazine manages to be serious and thorough—without being dull.

Perhaps the most unusual feature of this classy tabloid is its "Citizen's Companion" section, a few pages dedicated to "Announcements & Events of Public Interest." This roundup offers meaty tidbits on such timely topics as rural relocation, children's rights, female hard hats and the ever-competent U.S. Postal Service.

For the reader who wants an inside line on national affairs, but who doesn't want to be bored to death or have his intelligence insulted by flashy swill, *Politicks & Other Human Interests* is available for \$1 a copy. For subscription information, write to P.O. Box 2821, Boulder, Colorado 80321.



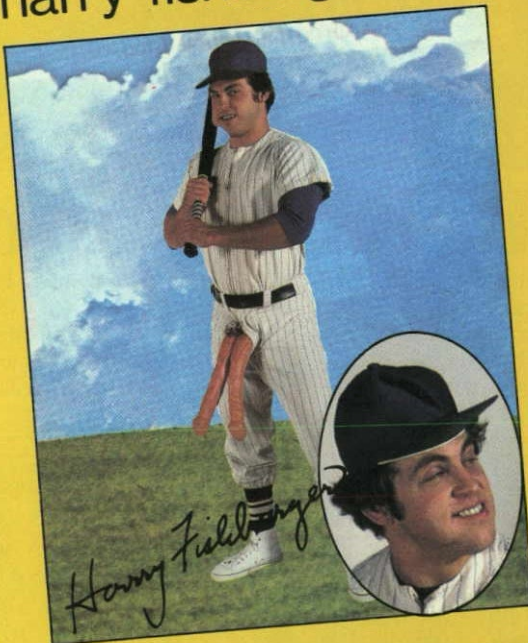
Opening Her Petals

April showers bring May flowers, but the rain usually washes

away any traces of winter first. However, the damp young petals of this daisy, a symbol of love, couldn't wait to spread themselves under a spring sky. But then you'd have to expect quick results if you planted your seeds in a warm, moist garden like this.

BEAVERS

harry fishburger l.f.



Double-Header

69 Born April 2, 1947, Hustling Harry Fishburger first gained fame when he slid into third base during the 1967 World Series and split his crotch seam. Then in 1973 he stepped to the plate in this now-familiar pose and struck out on the first pitch. Nonetheless this all-star left fielder has an amazing batting average. He has scored hundreds of times, usually on doubles—a tribute to his switch-hitting skill.



Harry led the league in scoring doubles!

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE SCORING RECORD

Red-Haired Twins	Blond Twins	Brunet Twins	Mixed Twins
38	112	264	196

BLACK GOLD

Ohio Players' latest LP release, *Mr. Mean* (Mercury SRM-1-3707), continues this group's consistent tradition of solid, funky music and hot covers. Additionally, the nine-man band adds a new element to its already-first-rate music—a foray into jazz fusion.

The album is also Ohio Players' initial breakthrough into film sound tracks, for *Mr. Mean* is the title of a flick starring former professional football player Fred "The Hammer" Williamson, who also was an announcer on ABC's *Monday Night Football*.

Although embodying some elements of old Players' material, the title track, "Mr. Mean," is actually experimental. Here the guitar plays



against the main body of music, creating what the title implies—"mean" or bad-ass music. But the track that stands out above the rest of the album

is "The Big Score." In the jargon of funk buffs, this composition "cooks" with its sequence of mild crescendos, intricate instrumental riffs and smooth

harmonies. It's advised that you crank up your stereo for this track so your neighbors can enjoy it too—they won't mind.

Side Two is reminiscent of Ohio Players' past music in the idiom of *Skin Tight*, which had many people bouncing up and down in their cars and at home. "Magic Trick" is particularly interesting because the horns counterpoint the percussion, creating a "jump-up-and-dance" rhythm that'll wear out your fingertips from poppin' for nearly seven minutes. Even the ballad "Good Luck Charm" is not overdone, but rather is controlled and contains fluid vocal harmonies that flow like synthesizer arrangements.

This Dayton-based group has had a string of gold and platinum hits running back to 1974, and *Mr. Mean* will definitely go gold (500,000 sales) or platinum (1 million).

—Zbigniew Kindela

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Why don't you just give Grandpa a spoon?!!"



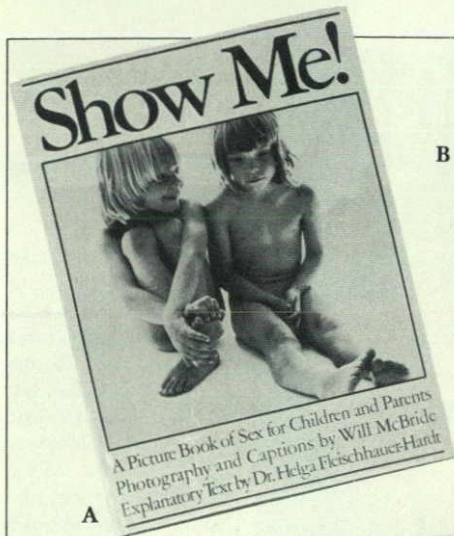
Polish Condom

Here's a real corker. This gent simply wants to make sure he doesn't shoot any sperm inside his chick. However, we think his method of birth control may be a little faulty. We hate to

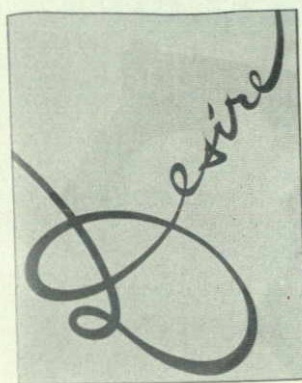
pull the plug on this idea, but we wouldn't be surprised if the young lady ends up giving birth to an eight-pound bottle-stopper. In that case, she'll probably name him Corky.

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visual items and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. Submissions should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

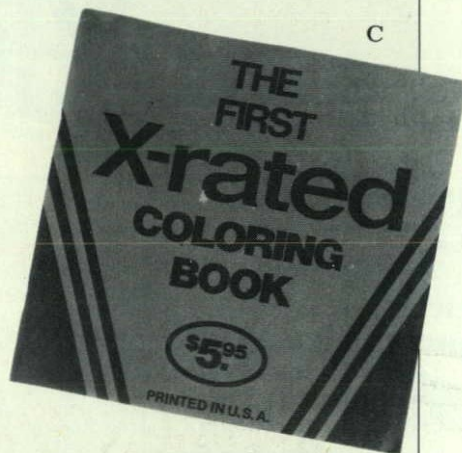
For April, \$100 and thanks to Jack D. Caldwell, D. P. Lawrence, M. Massey and John H. Westra.



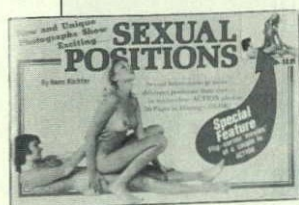
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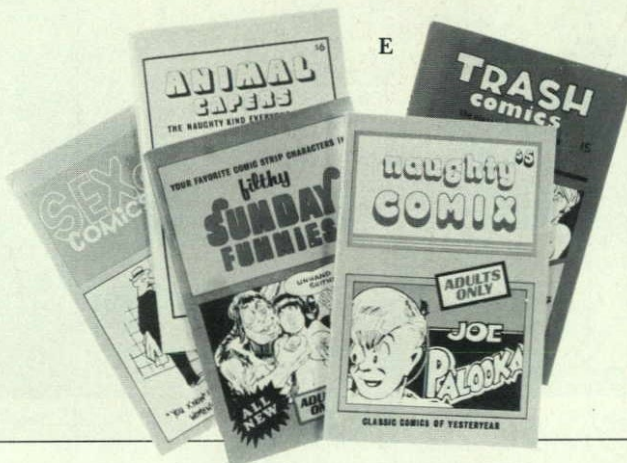
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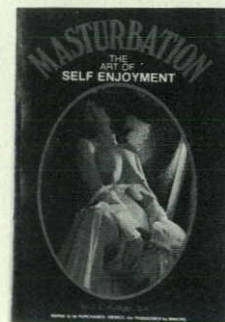
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D



E



F

HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE

A. Show Me!

This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. The text, by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt, answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.

#2605 \$12.95

B. Desire

This collection features Ron Raffaelli's artistic photography, which glorifies and captures the true essence of eroticism. The book combines over 100 photos, many taken on the sets of his recent films, with noted quotes from famous people who praise love and sex.

#2675 \$14.95

C. First X-Rated Coloring Book

This book introduces an unusual concept in adult entertainment. It combines the pleasure of looking at ancient and modern erotic art classics with the childhood joy of coloring pictures. Each book is 11 1/4" x 11 1/4" and contains an 11 1/4" x 22 1/2" centerfold.

#2653 \$5.95

D. Sexual Positions

Break up the boredom caused by constant use of the conventional intercourse position. Through the use of more than 300 explicit photos, this unique text will teach you novel approaches to fulfilling your lover.

#2642 \$9.95

E. Dirty Funnies

Take the eroticism and mystique of pulp pornography out of the adult-book stores and bring it into your home with this collection of five dirty comics. Stocked with hundreds of illustrations, these comics will titillate, arouse and entertain you all at the same time.

#2677 \$8.95 (set of 5)

F. Masturbation • The Art of Self-Enjoyment

Learn exciting techniques available to help you improve your sexual satisfaction. This liberated book contains not only a factual review of the art of masturbation but also more than 190 photos portraying men and women in acts of self-sexual release.

#2613 \$15

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MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

Butterflies



The final film of Harry Reems's illustrious career has just been released. Entitled *Butterflies*, it was shot in Europe two years ago as part of a three-film package (with *Bel Ami* and *Swedish Minx*), which has hit the States in the past year.

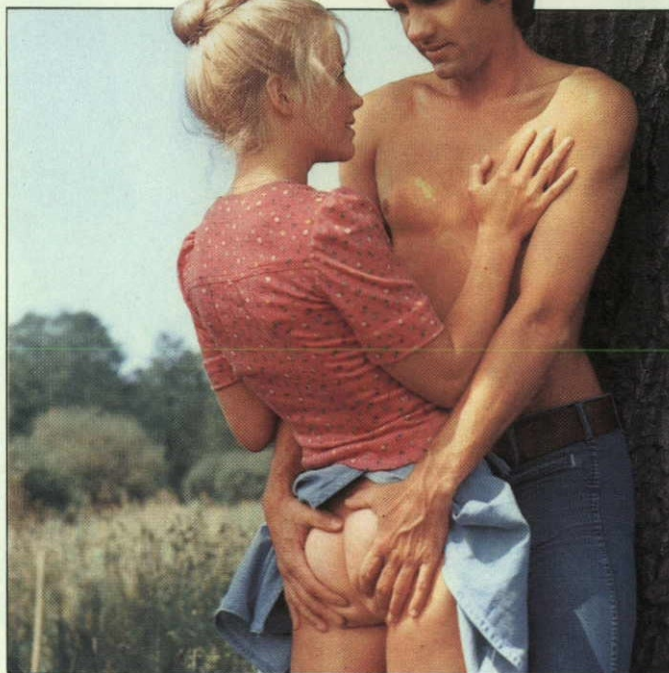
The porn world is sad to see Harry go, particularly since his decision to quit stems in part from his *Deep Throat* indictment in Memphis. Still, he's left us with three of his finest performances, one of which is his role in *Butterflies*.

The film's plot is simple. Reems plays a swinging bachelor, Frank, who can't be satisfied with just one woman. He has an affair with a country girl, Denise (Maria Lynn), who's left the farm looking for action in Munich. In the end, Frank proves the villain as he lures Denise into a love affair—only to jilt her when a new woman strikes his fancy.

After returning from Europe, Reems spoke highly of Maria Lynn, his co-star in all three films. It's easy to see why. This is surely one of the finest porn matchups of all time—both performers are attractive and talented. Best of all, unlike *Bel Ami* and *Minx*, *Butterflies* was not dubbed, which allows Lynn's personality full expression. Her interaction with Reems is so natural they come off like longtime lovers.

In their first sex scene, Lynn pops out of the shower and entices Reems with a passionate glance. She drops the towel from her torso and both slide beneath the sheets. The scene is realistic, the sex is impressive, and this is one of the most passionate encounters you're likely to see on screen. The sweat flies, the orgasms mount and there's no tacky sound track to drown out the groans.

The film's supporting cast is attractive and talented, and the



'Butterflies': Maria Lynn plays both ends against the middle until Harry Reems, in his last porn-film role, clips her wings (below).



HUSTLER's reviews of porn films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "community standards," the movies we review might not be the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

	ERECTION A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
	HALF ERECT So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
	ONE-QUARTER ERECT A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
	TOTALLY LIMP A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

production is strictly high quality. The only disappointments are the print's graininess and the hard-core inserts, filmed later for the U.S. market.

As a package, *Butterflies* offers a bit of everything: gorgeous European women, a humorous script and a good deal of sex. In fact, the film is so classy you shouldn't worry about taking your old lady—that is, if you don't mind playing second banana to Harry.

V-The Hot One



Few filmgoers familiar with the French classic *Belle de Jour* are likely to forget its treatment of the bored housewife who seeks relief from her unloving husband by becoming a prostitute. Porn fans may be aware that the plot has been lifted by many producers. But very few fuck flicks have followed *Belle's* story quite as closely as producer Jay Fineberg's *V—The Hot One*.

V focuses on the life of a young housewife, Valerie (Annette Haven), who cannot cope with the sexual inattentiveness of her husband (John Leslie). When Valerie finds herself getting kicks masturbating for a voyeur, she freaks out and, rebelling, turns to prostitution. Turning tricks is her method of getting love.

At first she tries picking up men in porn theaters. When that fails, she fucks a sailor in a panel truck. Finally she retires to a high-class whorehouse for afternoon work. Here Valerie eventually faces the fact that she cannot expect an orgasm, much less love, from her johns. The film's plot is ambitious and well-developed for pornography and, except for some slow-moving scenes set in the cathouse, the pacing is good.

Sexual action plays a large role in Valerie's development. There is a sense of urgency to her illicit affairs, particularly the one involving the sailor. During this encounter she tells her lover: "Just spit on it and stick it in. Don't talk. Just fuck

HUSTLER'S SECOND ANNUAL EROTIC MOVIE AWARDS

We realize that most porn films are pretty lousy. Porn hucksters are always cranking out plotless wonders, the kind of mindless flesh-fests that make home movies look like *Gone With the Wind*. But there are a few standouts, and HUSTLER's Second Annual Erotic Movie Awards are intended to encourage excellence and professionalism in a field where mediocrity—or worse—is the norm.

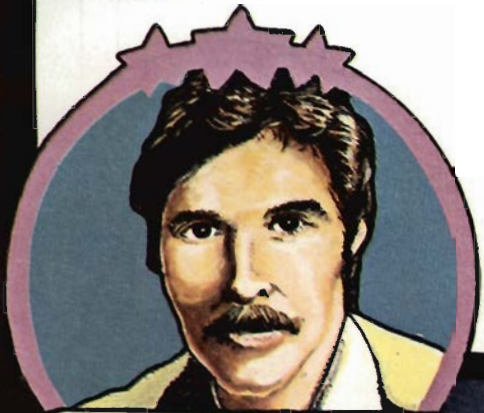
This year's awards represent a collaboration

between HUSTLER's critics—Larry Wichman and Frank Fortunato—and our many readers. (Ballots for the poll appeared in the December 1977 issue.)

The response was overwhelming and, like last year, the balloting was close. But whatever the outcome, the real winner is the viewing public. As the quality of erotic filmmaking continues to rise, we may discover that cocks and consciousness can be raised at the same time.



Best Film:
Barbara Broadcast



Best actor:
Harry Reems (*Bel Ami*)



Best actress:
Annette Haven (*Barbara Broadcast*)



Best director:
Henry Paris, a.k.a. Radley Metzger
(*Barbara Broadcast*)



Best sex scene:
C. J. Laing, Wade Nichols
(*Barbara Broadcast*)



Most accomplished fellatio artist:
Leslie Bovee (*Eruption*)



Most accomplished cunnilinguist:
Paul Thomas (*Babyface*)



Illustration by Dan Collins

me—*hard!*” Haven proves herself a pro by “fucking in character,” rather than just lying back and deadpanning the sex.

Director Robert McCallum obviously took time and trouble to make *V*. The dialogue and acting are commendable all around. More than anything else, though, this is a *pretty* film. The print is flawlessly clear and sharp, and the close-ups are more than just gynecological. Although the sex in *V—The Hot One* is far from kinky, it’s a film that erotica fans will certainly appreciate.

Erotic Adventures of Candy



For hard-core aficionados, Carol Connors has long been known as the forgotten star of *Deep Throat*. You may remember her as the nurse who served the doctor (Harry Reems) so faithfully during the office scenes—a busty waif with an incredible body and the face of a small-town homecoming queen.

With *Erotic Adventures of Can-*

dy, Carol—in the title role—will likely take a well-deserved place among porn’s leading ladies. It’s one of those all-too-rare fuck films that aren’t just turn-ons, but creditable movies as well.

Candy is “the last 20-year-old virgin,” one of those wholesome college types who needs just a taste of experience in the sack to turn her into a total sex machine. It’s an old story, but one that producer Gail Palmer milks for maximum satiric mileage.

Palmer, hyped as a former Michigan State coed, directed the commercially successful *Hot Summer in the City*. When *Summer* was released, Palmer’s squeaky clean background was used to help promote the film. Some critics feel she was merely a front for the real director, but it’s certain that the public has a taste for good girls gone bad.

Following up her first effort, Palmer has utilized this taste for innocence gone awry in *Erotic Adventures*, a quality that makes Carol Connors fun to watch during the sex scenes.

Co-star Georgina Spelvin, as Candy’s world-wise aunt, is witty and raunchy, in sharp con-



Big John Holmes gives Connors a lick of his own jawbreaker.

The well-endowed Carol Connors, playing “Candy,” peels her wrapper.



trast to her niece. Neither woman looks like she’s acting when being fucked on screen, and in this movie they make a hot-blooded duo. Connors exaggerates her character’s dumb-blond image just enough to remind you of an old-time burlesque-house comedienne.

Gail Palmer herself makes an appearance, as Effie, one of Candy’s friends. Porn veteran John Holmes seems to enjoy her, and it looks like Long John gets more excited than usual while fucking her.

Who’s to say what’s acting and what’s natural enthusiasm? Either way, it’s a scorching scene to watch. *Erotic Adventures* is a rare treat, a porn movie with as many laughs as turn-ons. It’s nice to know you can still have both at the same time.

Dirty Lilly



Most wall-to-wall sex films are so poorly produced they often insult the intelligence of the audience. From time to time, however, a raunchy film like *Dirty Lilly* comes along, which—despite its juvenile

humor—is fairly entertaining.

Lilly features Beth Anna, a fresh new face on the porn scene. While Beth doesn’t have the elegance of a Marilyn Chambers, or the acting skills of a Georgina Spelvin, she *does* have firm, young breasts, fleshy thighs and a passion for porn. These make her perfect for the title role.

As Lilly, Beth Anna plays a lively, gullible girl who comes to New York to find her father. Poor Lilly is duped and diddled time and again as she tries to track down the old man: first by the lawyer who handled her parents’ divorce (Eric Edwards); then by a porn director who’d once employed her father (Kurt Mann); and next by a call girl whom Daddy paid for (C. J. Laing).

After these misadventures, Lilly is taken captive by a pair of S&M freaks and a den of devil worshippers. She gets a lot of cock and pussy, and seems to love every minute of the torrid action.


Like most of the cast, Beth Anna gives a fine performance. Technically the film is a cut above the average. There’s no-

thing special about the sets or the camera work, but the cameraman never failed to capture the key eroticism.

The dialogue is humorous, particularly the dumb lines Lilly speaks. ("He told me Daddy gave him a real screwing. I never *knew* Daddy swung both ways!") Occasionally the film slips into comic overkill, but it hits the mark enough to keep things lively.

The hottest scene is a lesbian sequence in which C. J. Laing seduces Beth Anna. The action includes some inspired pussy humping and crotch-rubs that will burn your eyes out, and is what you'd expect from a film entitled *Dirty Lilly*.

Joint Venture

 *Joint Venture* is undoubtedly Gerard Damiano's cheapest and most unambitious porn production to date. Yet the filmmaker who brought us such classics as *Deep Throat* and *The Story of Joanna* still knows how to pack his films with quality eroticism. *Venture* may be plotless, but it includes

some of the finest fuck photography seen in a long time.

Damiano (who reads his lines off cue cards) and Bobby Astyr play co-anchors for the "Wide World of Spurts" coverage of a bawdy sexual Olympics. Vanessa Del Rio, Paula Morton, Kristine Hellar and Marie Dee are featured in the carnality, and vie for medals in such events as "Orals" (blow jobs), "Pussy Tasting" and "Anals." Omit the tasteless and pun-riddled commentary by Damiano and Astyr ("There's some great ball handling going on out there"), and the effect is extremely erotic.


Interspersed throughout the competition are "commercial breaks." These consist of simple ten-minute sexual encounters, which are fed to the audience against a background of classical music.

In the hottest of these takes, Sharon Mitchell—with her snatch shaved—begins masturbating in front of a mirror. She imagines a handsome young stud, who conveniently appears and then fucks her with slow, sensual strokes. It's a scene reminiscent of the finale in

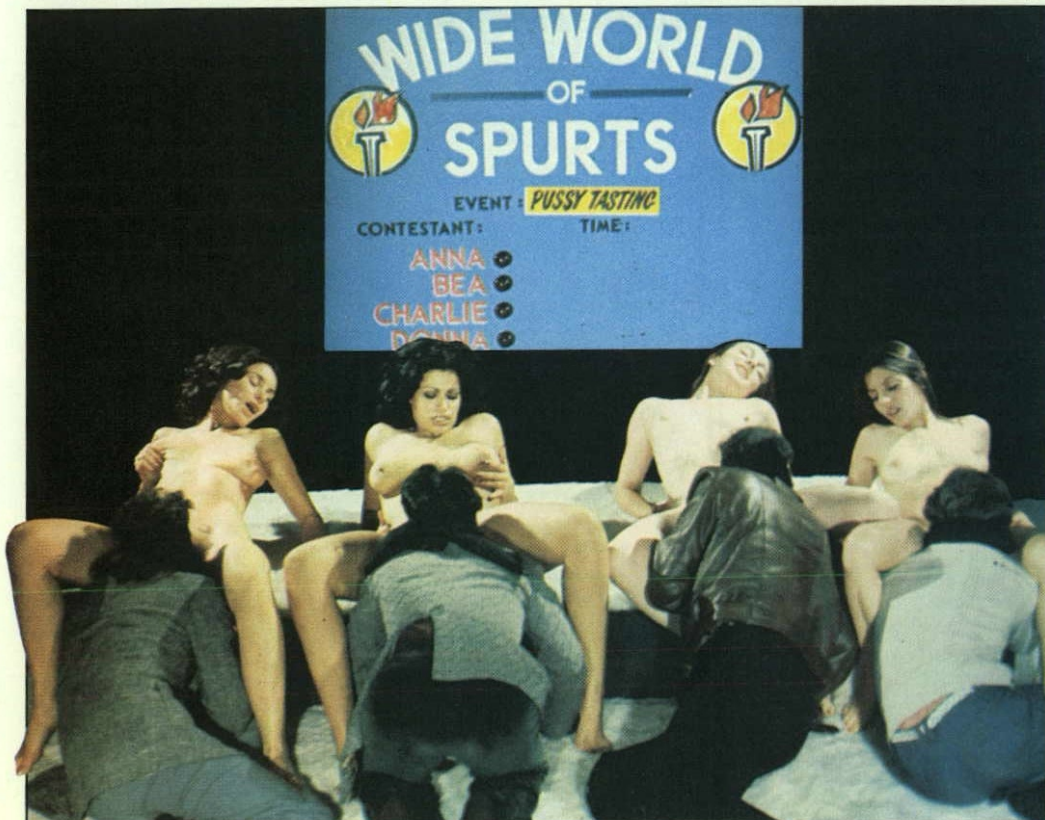
Odyssey. In that film a shaved Susan McBain reveled in the same fantasy, and the turn-on is equally dynamic.

The camera work and color texture of the film are wonders to behold. The events are staged in a studio, which is conducive to the excellent lighting Damiano employs in his pictures. When it comes to technical quality, he is to feature-length porn what Ron Raffaelli is to 8mm loops.

In the "Orals," for example, four women line up and suck four cocks simultaneously. The camera moves to some unique angles during the action, setting the girls' bobbing heads against a black backdrop. Thus, there are no distracting shadows or cheap scenery.

Regrettably, *Joint Venture* is plagued by bad humor and dumb interviews with the contestants. If the sexual content had been packaged without the pretentious dialogue, Damiano's film would have been a sure hit. But if you don't mind wading through the bullshit for some technically proficient titillation, *Venture* should be on your list of must-sees. 

In *'Joint Venture,'* "The Wide World of Spurts" has a sexual Olympics, which features pussy tasting.



ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

Barbara Broadcast
Big Thumbs
Desires Within
Young Girls
Hard Soap, Hard Soap
In the Realm
of the Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Odyssey
Punk Rock!
Seven Into Snowy
Sex Crazy

Three-Quarters Erect

A Coming of Angels
Breaker Beauties
China De Sade
Count the Ways
Portrait of Seduction
The Jade Pussycat
The Secret Dreams
of Mona Q
The Spirit of
Seventy-Sex

Half Erect

Cinderella
Dutch Treat
Feelings
Hard Candy
Inside Jennifer Welles
Playgirls of Munich
Swedish Minx
Sylvia

One-Quarter Erect

All Night Long
A Teenage Pajama Party
Foxy Lady
Long Jeanne Silver
Overnight Sensations
Sharon
The Lure of the
Devil's Triangle
Underage

Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers
Cinderella 2000
Let My Puppets Come
Reunion

BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

Hyperrealism

By Linda Chase

Introduction by

Salvador Dali

(96 illustrations, 37 in color)

Rizzoli International

Publications, Inc.

712 Fifth Avenue

New York, New York 10019

\$7.50



Can it be that our eyes have become so accustomed to abstract art gobbledygook in banks, shopping malls and corporate buildings that realistic art now looks bizarre and downright avant-garde?

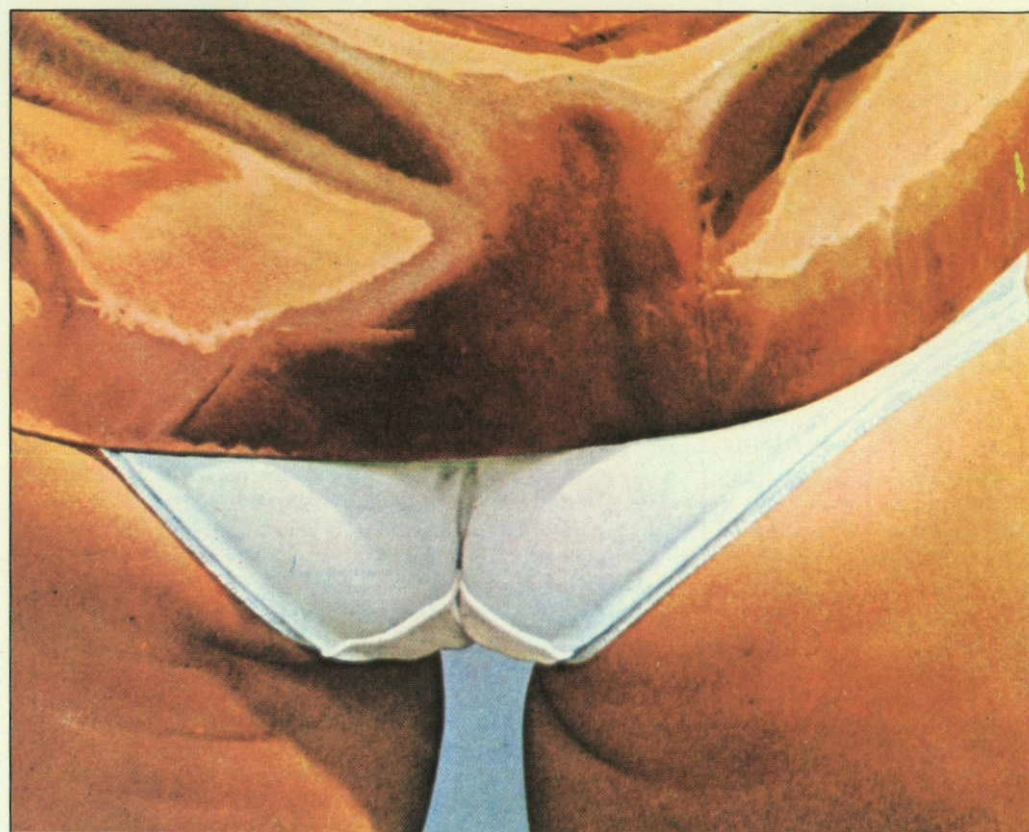
This is the contention of Linda Chase, who in *Hyperrealism* tells us that strict lifelike paintings are the reaction of artists to the excessive freedom of abstract art. The reign of abstract painting, she says, was so long that painters found themselves duplicating their work—numbing themselves and viewers alike with an eventually stale view of the world.

In the days of abstract art, artists wanted to rage and rant and hurl things at the canvas in an effort to make a statement. Today the hyperrealist artist simply aspires to be a human camera.

According to these artists, painting from a photograph is one way to remove all emotional impact from their subjects. The world is shown as a cold, pristine machine, with everything prelaunched, pre-shrunk, packaged and perfected. It is not by accident that many of the pictures in *Hyperrealism* are of such consciously banal subjects as mobile homes and '62 Chevys.

But the hyperrealists may be more than satirists. Looking at these paintings, the viewer often feels propelled into some future time when '62 Chevys will be the relics of a lost civilization. The hyperrealists remind one of scholar-monks, who not only are recording our reverence for chrome and plastic, but also cataloging the icons of the 20th century.

One artist, Audrey Flack, de-



Too real to be real?—In *'Hyperrealism,'* the painters trick us into seeing the world in new ways.

scribes her work as "using the tools of the media to resurrect ideas and images destroyed by the media." There you have it. In the old days, one artist influenced another. Today, however, artists go scurrying to their canvases under the influences of advertising imagery, the evening news and reruns of *I Love Lucy*.

What, you ask, is the point of removing emotions from paintings? Well, it looks like the world seen by our artists has little in common with the world of the old masters.

Hyperrealistic pictures present not reality but a version of reality: altered, secondhand and sanitized. If that sounds like a description of what you see on television every night, or on billboards every day, then perhaps you will get the point of this book.

The introductory remarks by Salvador Dali are totally bonkers, as is his wont. Trying to read him is like watching a retarded child push beans up his nose. The upshot is there is nothing stale about these paintings—antiseptic, perhaps, but not stale.

Emergence: A Transsexual Autobiography

By Mario Martino,

with Harriett

Crown Publishers, Inc.

One Park Avenue

New York, New York 10016

\$10.00



Let's face it, transsexualism is not exactly the kind of subject you want to curl up in bed with. Who needs such a problem? Hell, it's hard enough getting through the winter without figuring out what your gender is from day to day. Yet we are told that the feeling of being in dire need of a sex change is a dilemma shared by hundreds, possibly thousands, of people. The question is, why do all these people want to write books on the subject?

Now we're not saying a good, juicy book about transsexualism can't be written. Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge*, after all, was not only a funny work, but was also a best-seller. But why are such autobiographies

so predictable? The hero/heroine is always a prisoner.

In *Emergence*, for instance, the originally female author, Mario Martino, always felt that she was a man locked in a woman's body. The child of a staunch, authoritarian father who believed that men were men and women were women, Martino was packed off to parochial school. There she had her first brush with a world that seemed designed exclusively for men. Later, adolescence brought something much worse than acne and menstrual cramps; Martino was tormented by an attraction to girls.

At this time, transsexualism was unheard of. Homosexuality, though, was not. In the harsh judgment of the Church, it was a major sin, one guaranteeing an eternity in hell. Confused, Martino entered a convent and tried to bury herself in the religious life.

As it turned out, she was unable to pray away her feelings for women, and Martino was expelled from the convent when she was found in the room of another novice. By this time, Christine Jorgensen was

big news. It is to Ms. Jorgensen, who underwent the first sex change (male to female) in history, that the literature of transsexualism owes its slogans of imprisonment.

Inspired by Jorgensen, Martino became a registered nurse and finally saved enough money to go under the knife. Today—and there's no sense pussyfooting about the male pronoun here, Martino earned his manhood the hard way—he is happily married, has a law degree and a new career counseling other transsexuals.

In many ways Mario Martino's story is classic, and illustrates a common thread that runs through most transsexual life histories. Martino, like Jorgensen, was brought up in a family that considered conventional sex to be dirty, and unorthodox sex not only unspeakable, but unthinkable. Transsexuals often seem to be living out their parents' lopsided notions of strict sexual roles: boys don't cry and girls don't fight.

Nevertheless, the book is important because it raises questions about genetic imbalance. It makes us wonder about a society which can generate the sort of guilt that would induce someone to have his or her sex organs removed.

—John Calendo

How to Be a Pregnant Father

By Peter Mayle

Illustrations by

Arthur Robins

Lyle Stuart, Inc.

120 Enterprise Avenue

Secaucus, New Jersey 07094

\$8.95



It is said that many men secretly admire the tack a male dog takes when he finds his mate is pregnant. Under such circumstances, the mutt mutters something about having a car to chase and thereupon disappears into the brush, with tail wagging, never to be seen again.

This ploy is used by human males too, but they soon find

their tail-wagging days are over when the human female in question has—as is so often the case—six older brothers who wrestle professionally. In a world of big brothers and private detectives, daddies-to-be have no choice but to sit tight and tough it out.

During this time of need *How to Be a Pregnant Father* will offer men comfort. The book is a survival guide for the expectant father and, for our money, rates high marks on humanitarianism alone.

Consider, for instance, the problems of any man who does not psyche himself up for the physical changes his lady is going through. Imagine, if you can, the fate of the unhappy wretch who starts frying bacon during his wife's morning sickness. Meditate on the storm brewing for the poor sap who makes some harmless joke about the *Hindenburg* while patting his wife's belly.

Pregnant Father attempts to teach men to avoid these mistakes during that nine-month period when things that used to be relatively simple become incredibly complicated. Routine stuff like cooking and cleaning—not to mention merely keeping a civil tongue in

one's head—become quite tricky, and the only solution for these problems is a mixture of common sense and humor. The book is full of both.

Author Peter Mayle, assisted by the clever illustrations of Arthur Robins, has given us a warm little book that will doubtless make things a lot easier, especially when one considers that a wife's first pregnancy is often her man's first encounter with pregnancy too.

What You (Still) Don't Know About Male Sexuality

By Dr. Barry McCarthy

Thomas Y. Crowell

Company

10 East 53rd Street

New York, New York 10022

\$8.95



The most far-ranging achievement of the women's movement has been the education of men on female sexuality. Slowly but surely the "climb-a-board-and-shoot" school is now giving way to a style of lovemaking that aims to satisfy

not only oneself, but also one's sex partner.

It is all well and good that at last men have learned to pay attention to the needs of their women. Sometimes, however, pressured by the complicated nature of female sexuality, men experience so much performance anxiety that they lose sight of their goal, and their erections as well.

This problem is one that Dr. McCarthy's *What You (Still) Don't Know About Male Sexuality* seeks to solve. Equality, says the author, is just that. If a man can bring his woman to multiple orgasm, fine; but he should be no less diligent in attending to his own pleasure. And he should do so without guilt, anxiety or embarrassment. In good sex there should be no martyrs or also-rans.

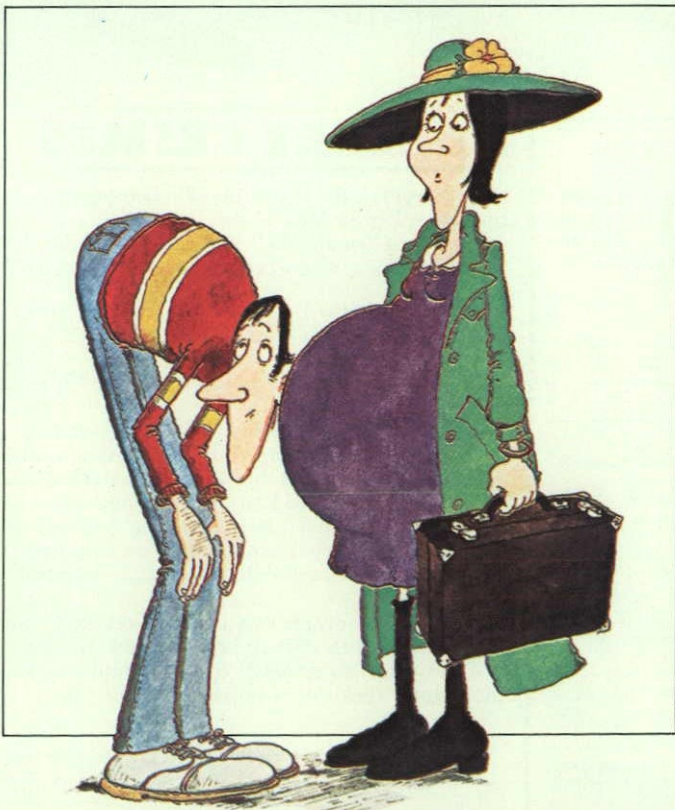
This is not to say that all of men's sexual problems arise out of their relations with women. Some are caused by society. Just as women have cast aside the antiquated thinking that once limited their sex lives, so must men. Males, too, have been victimized by having to "keep up appearances."

Even more than women, men have been subjected to the heavy hand of peer-group assurance when it comes to sex. The macho image cowers men to such an extent that they are afraid to investigate their own sexual ignorance. Everyone knows men are supposed to know all that stuff anyway, for chrissake. The simple truth, however, is most men do not.

Dr. McCarthy's book—with its informative chapters on premature ejaculation, VD, contraception, sterilization and extramarital sex—seeks to end our sexual Dark Age. It also takes the male reader into such previously female territory as pregnancy, the sexuality of children and getting back into circulation after a divorce.

There is even a chapter on homosexuality. It is more superficial than the rest of the book and seems included on the advice of the author's editors. We recommend *What You (Still) Don't Know About Male Sexuality*. Regardless of your sexual orientation, you will find useful information in it.

Pregnant pops: Learn how to take that special delivery like a man.





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SEXPLAY

by Veronica

Ideally, sex should be a source of mutual pleasure and a form of communication between two human beings. However, repressive sociosexual attitudes have perpetuated the existence of a creature that rightfully should be extinct in this day and age: the thoughtless male sex partner. Many women have found themselves at the hands of such a sexual dinosaur at one time or another. An encounter that should have brought sheer ecstasy instead has left them frustrated and angry at having been used by the man.

As Masters and Johnson point out, our society once defined the woman's role in sex as nothing more than a "seminal receptacle," something put on earth for the sole purpose of satisfying the male. A "nice" woman had no sex drive, it was believed; she was expected to be passive, and the male became accustomed to making a quick deposit and then withdrawing.

Sexuality is now recognized as an important facet of a woman's nature. And when the male is inattentive to the female's sexual needs, he fails to experience her as a total person and may never come to know how truly erotic she can be. In the end, both parties lose.

If a man wants his own sexual encounters to be more gratifying and more complete, he must take the necessary time and give the woman the necessary attention. The man seeking to become a good sex partner will not view sex as something he does to a woman, but as something he does with her. Unfortunately, too few men share this enlightened attitude.

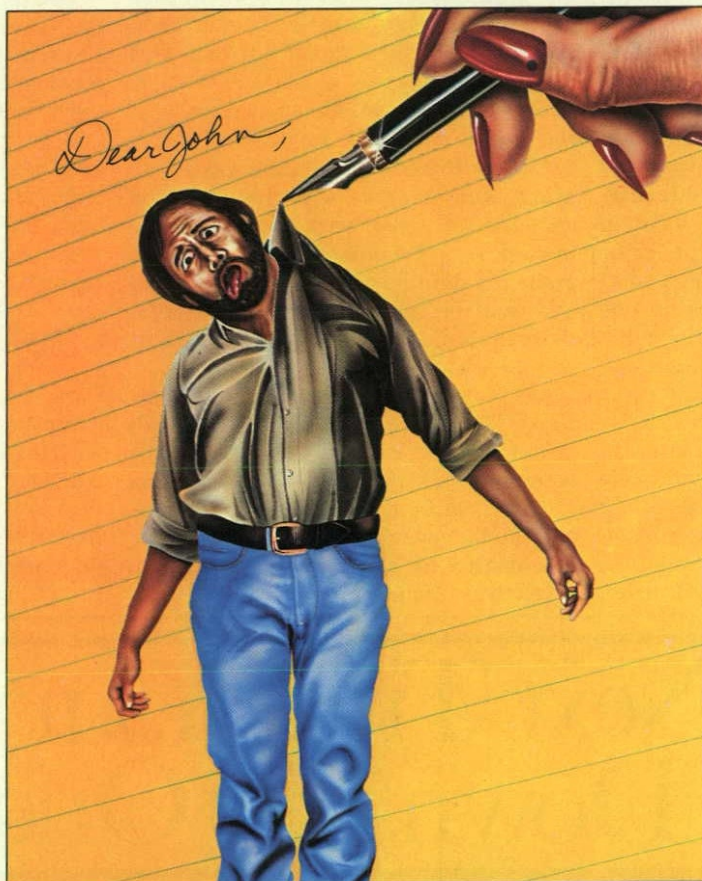
The following letter was written by a 25-year-old woman who was left unsatisfied by an affair. Afterward, she felt compelled to write her lover. She sent me a copy, hoping that as *Advise & Consent* Editor I'd give it an audience. The subject demands discussion, so we are publishing her letter as a plea to all men on behalf of all women.

— Vicki Scott

Dear Greg,

Thanks again for a lovely time. I've got quite a bit to be thankful for—your

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with *HUSTLER's* belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



LOVE LETTER OF A DISSATISFIED WOMAN

kindness and unlimited understanding. Even with such understanding, however, you've got to recognize that friendship goes a long way toward masking shortcomings in other areas.

Look, I know that I'm not a sex expert, but I'm not an idiot nor am I naive. I'm 25 years old, not 17. I consider myself to be a full-fledged woman, and hence I've got adult needs and adult wants. What I really want to say to you, Greg, is this: Please consider my needs before, during and after yours have been satisfied.

In the twilight between sleep and wakefulness I heard you mutter some-

thing like, "Help me get rid of this hard-on." Greg, that statement pretty well sums up your attitude toward women. And such an attitude won't be cured by yeast tablets or Ex-Lax. You need to be aware of a woman's needs.

Remember, first of all, that a woman's body is much more sensitive and delicate than your own. We're not made of plastic; and, for most women, gentle touches are far more rewarding than heavy, painful stabs. When a woman is in bed with a man she cares about, she's not making a low-budget porn film. She's making love with the softer, gentler part of her nature, a nature peculiar to the female of the human species. If God had wanted her to be treated roughly, He would have made her in the likeness of a man.

Your sexual technique is only a symptom of your overall selfish attitude. But I can't really blame you personally for having that attitude; men have thought the way you do for thousands of years, and that's the way you've been taught. Well, Greg, things are a lot different now. It's the 20th century, and most women are demanding equality in all things, especially sex.

Many men still think that a woman is not *supposed* to derive much pleasure from sex. Maybe some even think

they're doing the woman a favor by quickly getting their rocks off and falling asleep. But, Greg, the notion that a woman doesn't need as much sexual pleasure as a man is as old-fashioned as whalebone corsets.

As a rule, women are slower to arouse than men, and that's why the female is often left hanging after the male has been satisfied. But we *can* be sexually fulfilled, if men would only take the time to be more attentive to our needs.

Remember when I asked to trade places with you for 24 hours? I wonder how you would feel being a sucking-and-fucking machine with a green but-

From now on, when your penis isn't able to make the performance, take up the slack with the Therapeutic Aid. Chances are you'll receive a standing ovation.

The Commercialization of Easter

When the stone sealing the tomb of Jesus rolled away and He ascended some 2,000 Easters ago, He did so during the rites of spring, when death and rebirth were very much on people's minds. Before then, in nearly every early society one mythological figure or another died and rose from the dead around this time. Such phoenix-from-ashes lore expressed the wish for fertility, for new life in the coming year.

Thus, the hope implicit in Christ's death and resurrection—the cornerstone of Christianity—had its roots in non-Christian ritual, from pagan to Buddhist. This common origin explains why Easter can be a worldly festival and Christians' holiest day. It's a match, in modern-day America, that translates into a morning of churchgoing versus at least a week of gift shopping, partygoing and parading around in new clothes.

The commercialization of Easter thrives on the natural expansiveness

man feels at winter's end. It's a case of business exploiting human instinct. Even pagans liked to dress up in honor of Eostre, their goddess of spring. No doubt if Macy's had been there with an Eostre Sale, folks would have flocked to it. The early Church, which used the Julian calendar and celebrated the new year in spring, specified that white robes be worn for the holiday. Ostensibly, this garb was to remind the righteous of the white robes conferred upon the newly baptized. Yet a popular rhyme of the day hints at a darker motive:

At Easter let your clothes be new
Or else be sure you will it rue.

Even then, it seems, the message was "Buy!"

In this country Easter time took its first big turn toward the secular just after the Civil War. With four years of strife and uncertainty behind them the American people were anything but somber. Indeed, the fashion page of the *New York Times* for March 24, 1865, positively gushed on the subject of the season. The holiday had been anticipated with unusual eagerness, it explained, "because the back of winter as well as of the rebellion" had been broken. The fashion page went

With the possible exception of the Holy Spirit, every conceivable Easter symbol has been chocolatzed for consumption by the American public.

on to ascribe much of the clothes craze at the time to "the tide of refugees who have recently poured in upon the Metropolis, in all stages of dilapidation. . . ."

In 1865 these dilapidated creatures were frantically buying the latest Easter fashions. For them, the right bonnet or cravat meant recovery. The nation's scars were thus hidden under fancy clothing, since this emphasis on superficial "style" made it easy not to look below the surface. New Yorkers, as if to announce the republic's well-being to the world, led the way in inflating a humble Old World custom—the Easter Promenade—to gargantuan, New World proportions. The Promenade, once the exclusive province of New York's "best names," became the Easter Parade, a yearly revel in which anyone with a spit shine and a date could stroll from St. Patrick's Cathedral along glamorous Fifth Avenue.

Of course, the event was made for merchandisers. By the early 1890s Macy's was already running ads for its Easter finery on the *front page* of the *Times*. Soon every store with a scrap to sell was peddling its goods as "must items" for the holiday. A Stern Brothers advertisement for Easter Sunday 1880 reads like a monologue by W. C. Fields: "Parasols & Sun Umbrellas, Paris Dolmans & Wraps, Infants' Trousseaux, Passementeri & Fringes." In recent parades, costumed pets—particularly pink, jeweled poodles—have become the rage.

With Americans as image-conscious as ever and Madison Avenue still swamping us with *Easter suits*, *Easter shoes*, *Easter bonnets* and the like, it is not surprising that Easter has become more like a nationwide prom than the holiest day on the Christian calendar. But the selling of a season hardly stops with outfits and accessories. The very symbols of Easter—the egg and the bunny—have themselves been commercialized to the point where their original meaning has almost been lost.

The egg, in fact, a symbol of fertility and regeneration long before Christ, was adopted by the Church as a metaphor for death and resurrection. The baby chick, breaking free of its shell, not only symbolizes the rolling away of the stone from Christ's tomb but also the human soul abandoning its earthly form at death.

Fertility also figures in the history of the rabbit, a creature held sacred by the pagan goddess Eostre. Given the furry creature's penchant for procreation—five or six litters a year—the rabbit was a natural symbol for nature's bounty. But its role in Easter has been traced to Jesus Himself. According to legend, He loved to stroll through the Garden of Gethsemane because the sky there was bluer than anywhere else and the animals were especially loving. But for three days Jesus didn't take His customary walk, and all the animals mourned. None, however, was sadder than the baby rabbit, which waited day and night for his beloved master. When Jesus finally returned, He gave the bunny an affectionate smile, and so a special bond was formed between them.

These days, needless to say, commercialization has completely swallowed whatever religious connotations the egg or the bunny once had. Any likeness between the egg as cosmos and the egg as \$3-a-pound chocolate or fruit-and-nut Easter treat is purely gratuitous. The only spiritual feeling these delicacies arouse is the elation candymakers feel about increased seasonal profits.

Indeed, according to the Chicago branch of the

National Confectioners Association, Easter trails only Christmas and Halloween as the most commercially oriented holiday. But Easter is the main event for novelty candymakers. The Palmer Candy Company of West Reading, Pennsylvania, one of the country's largest manufacturers of Easter munchies, estimates that 60 percent of its chocolate production (6 million to 8 million pounds annually) is poured into Easter edibles.

With the possible exception of the Holy Spirit, then, every conceivable Easter symbol has been chocolatzed for consumption by the American public. From standard items like bite-sized eggs and bunny rabbits, there are special favorites for the Christian connoisseur, such as the eight-and-one-half-inch chocolate cross with decorated silver tips or the two-and-one-half-foot chocolate bunny that stands, sits or carries an umbrella.

Every year, eggs and rabbits, probably the most overworked symbols of any holiday, also appear in their stuffed, windup or knickknack incarnations. As far back as the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries elaborately decorated eggs were a hot item. The crusaders brought them back from the Holy Land, where egg painting was considered an art.


Germany, however, is credited with the first mass production of mechanical Easter toys. After the mid-19th century pasteboard eggs in varying sizes were made to be filled with candy. Toward the end of that century the British developed a fetish for heavily jeweled, egg-shaped ornaments, which they displayed prominently.

Mechanical toy rabbits with music boxes inside first appeared in Austria in the 1890s, and since then the number of Easter-related toy and gift items has been multiplying. In the U.S., stuffed bunnies have become the mainstay of the Easter industry. Commonwealth Toy and Novelty Company, which produces only stuffed animals, reports that 20 percent of its business is done at Easter time. Steiff Plush Animals, another stuffer, claims increased sales at that time too.

That the American people can be lured into a second buying season so soon after Christmas is a tribute to the selling power of the nation's businessmen. It is these coinmongers who use the occasion of Christ's death and resurrection to resurrect their own bank accounts.

To get a handle on how Big Business—the Black Hat in this morality play—views its exploitation of Easter, consider a survey by *Nation's Business* magazine. The publication asked U.S. businessmen how they felt about having Easter fall on the same day each year. Fifty-two percent thought such a change would be good for business and should be instituted.

But it's the men themselves, not the statistics, who tell the real story. "After wintry weather," said one retailer, "it would be a boon for retail sales. Consumers, psychologically, would not connect winter with the Easter season and would go shopping for their fineries."

In America, it would seem, consumerism has replaced prayer as a means of devotion. Every occasion, from tragedy to holiday, now serves as an excuse for consumption. And who knows? Perhaps the fans who bought Elvis memorabilia believe they were truly honoring the man, and the people who go on Easter shopping sprees consider themselves good Christians for doing so. But, in the end, what exactly does a chocolate cross symbolize? 

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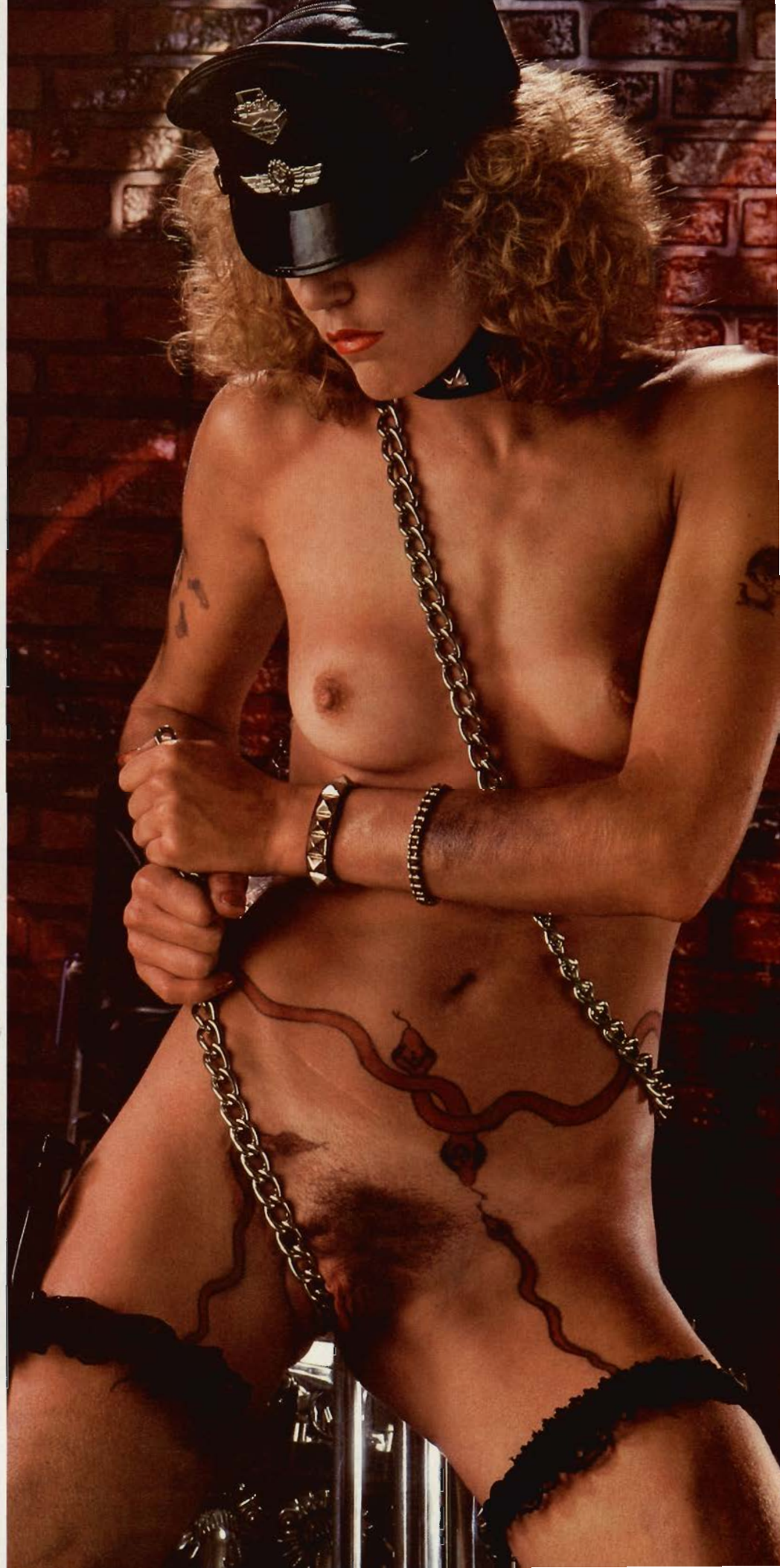




Connie doesn't always prance around in chains and leather. By day, she's a sweet and cheery secretary, but when the sun sets she likes to doff her sensible shift and step into something dangerous. The feel of chain steel on her flesh does something to a girl—especially after a day playing Polly Perfect for the boss. (If only he could see her now!) Of course, Connie doesn't really ride bare-bottomed and torment townspeople on her hog. She just likes to pretend. But her pleasure is real, and that's enough for Connie. In her fantasies she's a gutter slut—even if she is in bed by ten.











Honda 350 custom chopper courtesy of Bill Krause Sportcycles, Los Angeles; jewelry and accessories courtesy of the Pleasure Chest, also in L.A.

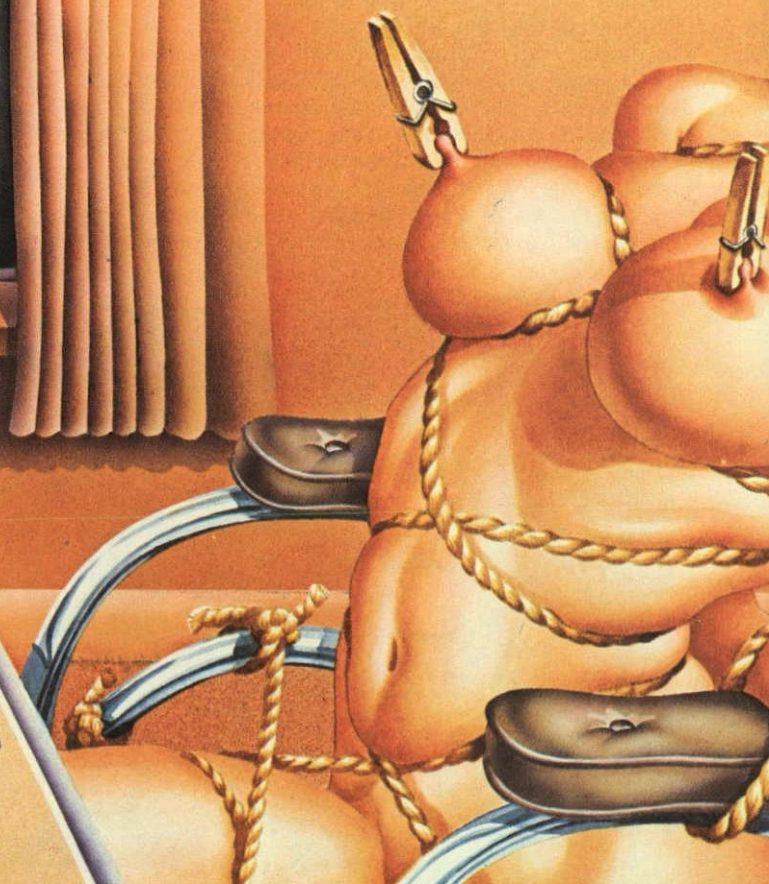


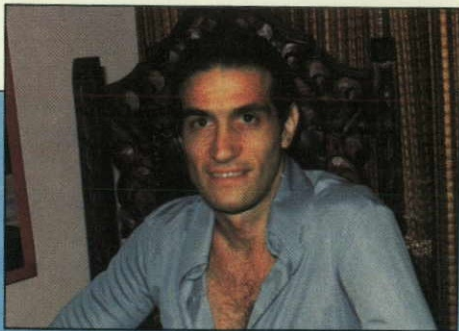
We Are What We Are: Sadomasochism in Society

Article by Frank Fortunato

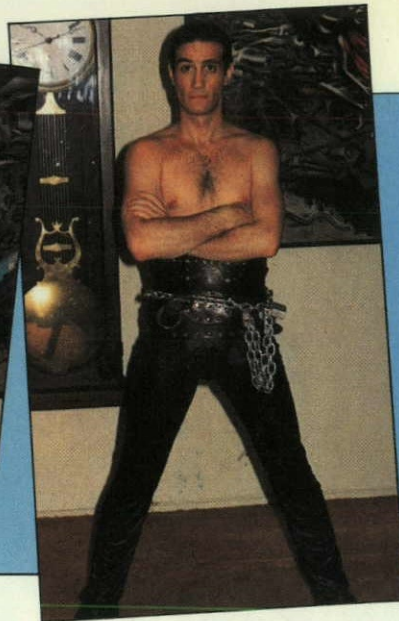
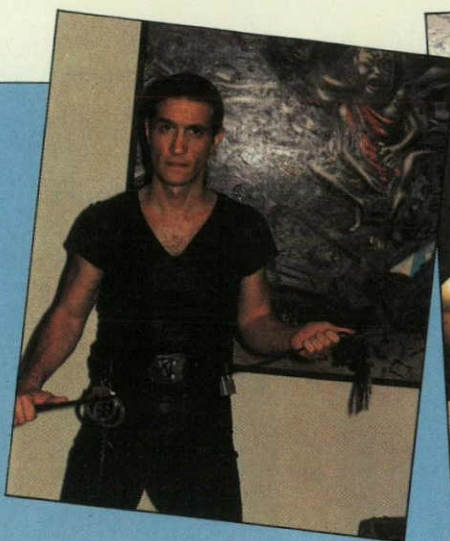
New York massage-parlor personnel are accustomed to dealing with a wide spectrum of human sexual predicaments. They aren't easily impressed. However, in 1972 a client came on the scene who quickly became a legend. He was known as "Bondage Bernie."

Bernie systematically scoured the city in a quest for parlors and girls that would lend themselves to the pursuit of his fetish. Bernie's reputation preceded his appearance at the parlor I was managing at the time, but I had forgotten the stories when a tall, thin,





Eulenspiegeler
Earl Einhorn shows
the male and female sides
of his S&M experience.



distinguished-looking man walked in carrying a black satchel.

Everything about this man seemed to radiate success: an exquisitely tailored suit, an aristocratic bearing and a strong Germanic face with a deep winter tan—from skiing in Aspen, I later found out. I thought he was lost. He stopped short in the middle of the room, carefully scrutinized the women and then stepped forward, asking to speak to me in private. I directed him to one of the “session” rooms and told him I’d be right in.

As soon as he disappeared, one of the veteran girls leaped up, whispering loudly, “That’s him!”

“That’s who?” I asked, thinking he might be her spiritual leader or perhaps her brother-in-law.

“That’s the bondage guy I told you about.” Then I remembered the stories about the “rich weirdo” who paid in crisp \$100 bills for the privilege of tying up girls and acting out sadomasochistic rituals.

When I joined the man, he stood up to shake my hand and introduced himself: Bernard Gottlieb. With an air of utmost seriousness, as if he were discussing a multimillion-dollar business transaction, Bernie told me what he wanted. He stated that the girl must agree to be photographed while bound. After assuring me that the girl wouldn’t be hurt and that “money is no object,” he expressed interest in a particular girl and asked to speak to her prior to the session. I was fascinated by his guiltlessness—a rare commodity among massage-parlor clientele. But when I attempted to sound him out on his “scene,” he stared out the window and said with great solemnity, “We are what we are.” So we are. . . .

Outside, the girls were buzzing about Bernie. I approached the one he had chosen—Suzy, a coed who worked at the parlor

nearly as much for the experience as for the money. She agreed to talk business with him.

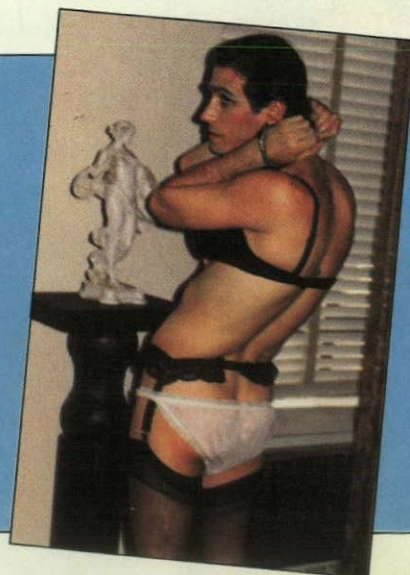
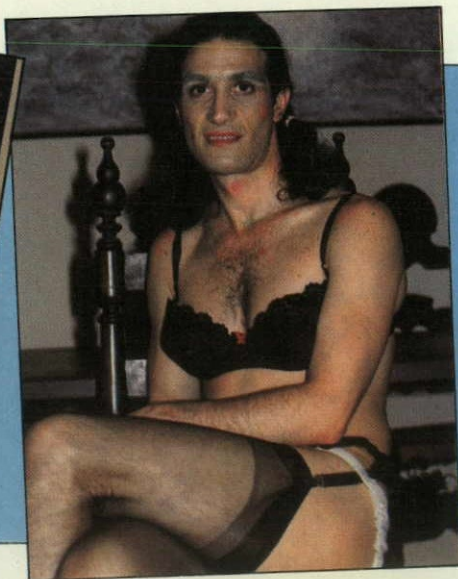
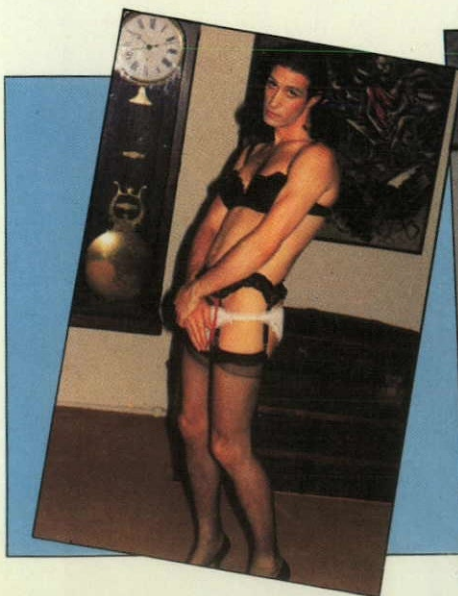
She would take the session for \$100—but with one provision: that I sit in on it. Bernie agreed. Once this was settled, he asked for a tour of the premises to search for props. He spotted a large ladder, and the two of us carried it into the “session” room.

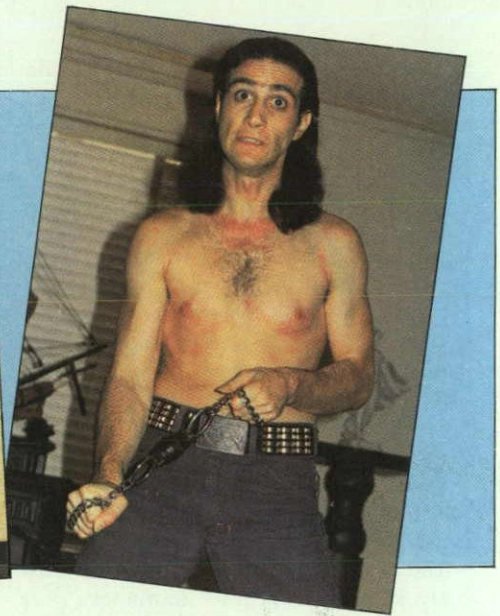
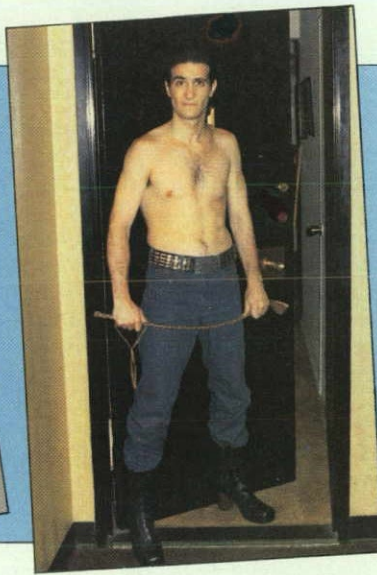
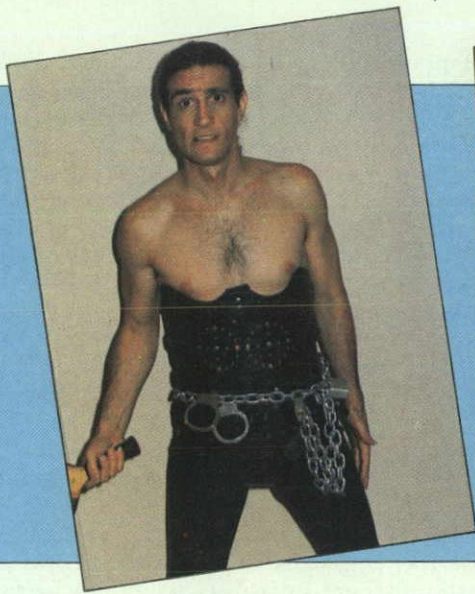
After ten minutes’ preparation, Bernie discreetly knocked on the door of the room to signal that he was ready. Suzy and I entered and found Bernie, nude, standing next to a chair on which he had mounted a Nikon camera with a flash attachment and a 15-foot extension squeeze bulb. Strips of leather were tied to both ends of the ladder, and an array of goodies was laid out in orderly fashion on the rug: a cat-o’-nine-tails, some rope, a few dildoes, a sawed-off broom handle and an assortment of lubricating creams.

Once Suzy had undressed, Bernie tied her to the ladder, leaving her totally helpless. Then he stood back to admire his work. Nude, with a semi-erection, he seemed unconcerned with my presence—as if I were a wooden extension of the chair on which I was sitting. His only detectable sign of nervousness was a *doot-de-doot-de-do* that he hummed softly to himself as he picked up the cat-o’-nine-tails and tested it in the air. For Bernie, it was just another ho-hum day at the massage parlor.

Suzy was not humming as she watched Bernie flay the air with his whip. Her eyes widened to the size of silver dollars. “Now tell me if this is too much,” he said, gently whipping the front of her body. The blows weren’t severe enough to leave marks, but they clearly made her uncomfortable. She said, “Too much!”

Even though Bernie lightened his strokes, he still resembled





a debauched master of the lash. His erection rose with each swipe, and his face froze into an expression of total concentration. "I need the right look of pain," he implored. Suddenly "the look" appeared and the camera flashed.

Continuing to hum softly, he stood on a chair and had Suzy give him some head as he casually squeezed the extension bulb, oblivious of the absurdity of the scene. Next, he reached down to his goodies and came up with a menacingly huge black dildo and a tube of K-Y jelly. Apologizing for its coldness, he applied some K-Y to the dildo and to Suzy's genitals.

"Now you're being stimulated against your will," he intoned. Perhaps due to the sheer size of the black rubber fuckstick, the girl began to moan softly, and for the first time Bernie smiled. "Good! Good!" he exclaimed. Squeeze, squeeze went his hand on the bulb. He began to hit his stride. He untied his "slave" from the ladder and retied her just as securely, spread-eagled, on the bed.

Bernie had another trick up his sleeve, an ingenious little prank that must have evolved from hours of experimentation. There was a metal ring imbedded in the end of his huge, mean dildo, and through this ring he ran some cord. He then ran the cord around Suzy's waist and looped it in such a way that by pulling the end in his hand he could drive the dildo farther into her while standing by her head and receiving same. This setup seemed to please *both* Bernie and Suzy.

"Now if you'll excuse us," Bernie said with a slight crack in his voice. I left the room, as we had agreed earlier.

Later, Suzy reported that the rest of the session was confined to conventional sex. I asked her how she felt about the experience. "It was moderately enjoyable," she said with a droll

smile. Then she added, a bit more pragmatically, "But next time he'll pay more because he wants to fuck at the end."

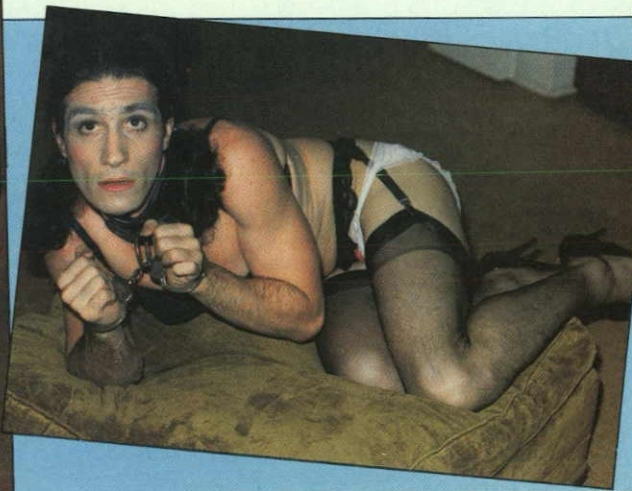
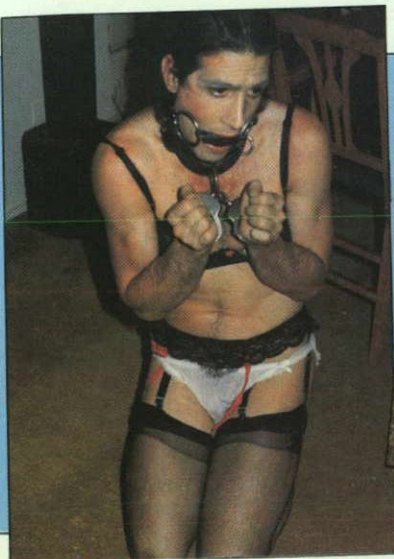
* * *

Over the past several years "bondage chic" has developed in the media. However, sadomasochism is just another new wrinkle, like Ziploc bags or the discovery of the DNA molecule. History and literature are filled with references attesting to the probability that S&M has existed ever since the first caveman dragged the first cavewoman by her hair—way back when. Bernie Gottlieb was unique because he satisfied his socially censored fetish through commercial sex.

But for every Bernie who acts out his fantasies there are surely untold thousands of people who just dream about the lash. It's probable that most people harbor some sort of S&M fantasy in the private carousel of their sexual thoughts; yet it has always been categorized with incest and homosexuality as a heavyweight taboo. One reason is that the murderous, lunatic fringe of sadists gives the proclivity "bad press." More important, the majority of people find it difficult, if not impossible, to associate overt violence with love. S&Mers *do*.

Richard von Krafft-Ebing, in his early experimental study *Psychopathia Sexualis*, termed S&M activity everything from "perverse" to "monstrous" and searched among S&Mers for "a taint of a hereditary character." Nevertheless, sexual compulsion is stronger than social pressure; hence S&Mers always managed to find each other intuitively and without the aid of public organizations.

Until the '70s, that is. Thanks to an ever-expanding sexual consciousness, S&Mers have begun to come out of the closet for their *flay* in the sun. One example is New York's City's



Eulenspiegel Society: the first public group devoted to sadomasochism to meet there.

It was founded six years ago by a male masochist, Pat Bond, for other like-minded individuals. Bond claims to have spent many hours in soul-searching deliberation prior to placing ads in *Screw* and the *East Village Other*—a call to arms, or rather chains—for fellow masochists. The result was hardly droves of submissives herding to the call like so many abuse-starved lemmings. Exactly two persons showed up for the first meeting at Bond's apartment.

Slowly the group began to grow. Nine months after its founding the question must have arisen, "What's a masochist without a sadist?" Accordingly, the society began to accept "dominants" (as sadists prefer to be called), thus becoming a full-service group, since it already included homosexual and heterosexual masochists.

The society took its name from a reference in the writings of Theodor Reik to Till Eulenspiegel, a character in German folklore. It seems Eulenspiegel liked to traipse around the countryside, and when doing so, he would prefer to climb rather than descend hills. He enjoyed the laborious ascent, but was simultaneously depressed about each upcoming descent. While descending, he would feel dejected, but would look for-

ward to the next climb—a state of mind that seems to agree with the masochistic viewpoint.

Other than observing Bondage Bernie in simulated sadomasochism, my only other acquaintance with the "scene" was viewing several graphic films on the subject. I knew that S&M included restraint, bondage, humiliation, flagellation, water sports and beyond. A few aspects hit upon my own fantasies, while others I found ridiculous or repulsive.

The heavy bondage folks fall into the category of ridiculous. For these people the restraint ritual is the main event. They spend hours hog-tying their "victims" into positions of bondage that would defy Houdini. Sex seems secondary to the aesthetics of knots. Certain specialists, such as the "breast restrainers," struck me as grotesque—sadists who pinch, pull, maul and pierce the most prominent symbol of femininity. However, foremost in my mind was the fact that *whatever* happens among the S&Mers, it is *taking place among consenting adults* and, as such, it is as defensible as missionary-style fucking—among missionaries.

It occurred to me as I rode over to my first Eulenspiegel meeting that I wasn't about to observe a bunch of fringe types like the people who write to sexology mags, reporting on how they "tied each other up" or role-played as "master and

slave." No, the Eulenspiegel crowd was the real thing. Dyed-in-the-wool ass-whuppers and ass-whuppees who not only believed in sadomasochism as a way of life, but also were going public.

I couldn't help projecting the scene that would greet me at the Eulenspiegel door. I envisioned a metal-and-leather type saying "Welcome" before taking a swing at me, or a masochist lying at the entrance in lieu of a floor mat, begging to be stepped on.

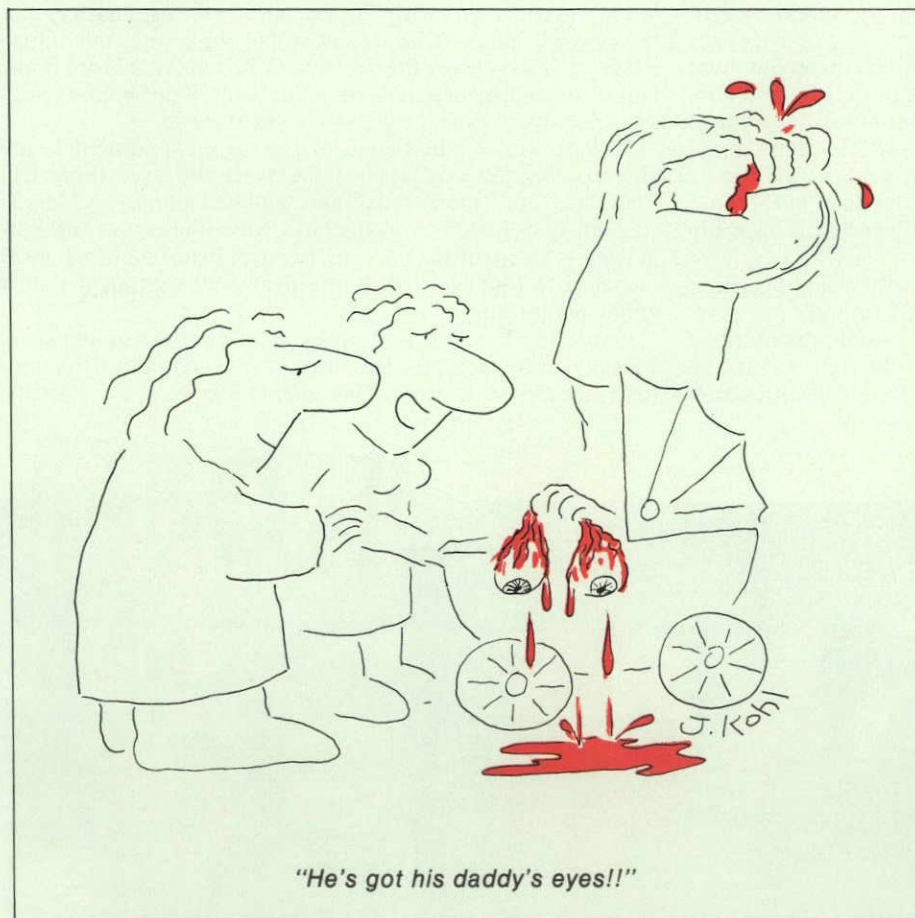
What I actually saw was a large room containing about 100 people gathered around a small stage and listening to a speaker. He resembled a miniature Isaac Hayes—a short black man with a shaved head, a leather vest and matching wrist cuffs. Clearly, he was a dominant—not because of his sartorial or tonsorial image, but because of his carriage and manners. His voice boomed as he strode confidently across the stage. Glib and well-spoken, with a few *minor* adjustments he could have fit in as MC for a group of Shriners.

Jack, or "Master Jack" as his girlfriends *better* call him, is president of the Eulenspiegel Society. He had the gathering in the palm of his hand. "You are not alone," he soothed his audience, which looked as if it could use some reassurance. The mostly male group seemed to include all ages and every socioeconomic status—truck drivers, secretaries and pipe-puffing intellectuals. There were a few very attractive persons (mostly couples), a nondescript majority plus a fringe element of the exceedingly weird. I noticed a shoeless young lady with short hair—the color and consistency of pink cotton candy.

Whimsically, Jack turned the meeting over to "our beloved founder." Pat Bond turned out to be a short, paunchy man, soft-spoken but highly articulate, with the fervent gaze of a true believer. He resembled a cross between a Trotskyite revolutionary and an elf. As he launched into his polemic—"The Military-Political-Industrial Complex and S&M"—it was clear that Pat was a masochist. He interrupted his discourse to apologize for its length: "A dominant female may pull me off the stage."

I was impressed by the intelligence and strange sanity with which the Eulenspiegel Society is run. Perhaps because sadomasochism is socially censured, the Eulenspiegel leadership's attitude is quite rational and tolerant. The leaders instruct the membership in S&M safety. For instance, a gagged masochist should never be left alone for any length of time. And they teach such things as methods of safe nipple-piercing—to avoid infection.

(continued on page 102)



"He's got his daddy's eyes!!!"





BLOND ON BLOND
JANET & KAREN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE MCLEAN



Even though it's hard to tell Janet and Karen apart, the two Augusta, Georgia, sisters aren't twins. Janet is 18 and Karen is 21, but there isn't much of a gap between them, as they have a number of common interests. Both women spend their leisure time sailing, skiing and scuba diving. Both prefer tall, blond men, and when there isn't a man around, they'll make do with one another. "It's thrilling to make love to a mirror image of yourself," says Karen. Janet echoes that sentiment, adding that one day they hope to find twin brothers for a foursome. You could lose your mind when sisters are two of a kind.









HUSTLER HONEYS
APRIL 1978







HUSTLER HUMOR

The golfer arrived home, tired and haggard. His wife asked him if he had had a bad day, and he replied, "It was a terrible day. Harry had a heart attack and died on the first tee."

"My gracious," the wife cried. "That must have been absolutely awful!"

"It was. All afternoon it was hit a shot and drag Harry. Hit a shot and drag Harry. Hit a shot and drag Harry."

A drunk checked into the YMCA. Soon after entering his room he discovered there was no toilet. Since he had to piss in the worst kind of way, he went looking for a john.

He ran across a fellow and politely asked him where the bathrooms were. He was told to go

down the hall and turn left, open the door, go down three steps and he'd find the toilet.

The drunk thanked the fellow and started down the hall. But instead of turning left he turned right, and fell 25 feet down an elevator shaft. He got up, pulled out his pecker and rumbled, "Fuck those other two steps. I'm pissin' right here."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *sanitary napkin* as: cotton candy.

For years an old man had a problem of staying awake in church, so his wife would bring an umbrella and poke him until he awoke. One Sunday the old man fell into a deep sleep. During the sermon the minister asked the congregation what Eve said to Adam after their 13 children had been born. Just then the old woman poked the old man. He jumped up and yelled, "You poke me with that son of a bitch one more time and I'm going to wrap it around your fuckin' neck!"

A farmer was showing a prospective buyer, a city woman, around his farm when his prize herd of cattle came into sight. "Ya see that bull over there?" gloated the farmer. "Why that fella plays stud a couple of times a day, every day of the year!"

"Really," said the woman. "When you show my husband around, be sure and tell him that."

Later that day the farmer boasted about the bull to the woman's husband. "You mean that bull screws the same cow a couple of times a day, every day of the year?" asked the guy.

"Ya jerk," spat the farmer, "course not. He gets a different cow every time."

"Oh, yeah?" smirked the husband. "The next time you see my wife be sure and tell her that."



...and if you think
that's funny...

Wazlewski's wife had just given birth. When the nurse told him, he took it very casually. So she decided to shake him up and brought out a black baby.

"Well, what do you think of your new son?" she asked.

"Cute little cheeks," replied the new father. "He's real nice!"

"Aren't you surprised he's black?" questioned the astonished nurse.

"Heck, no!" said Wazlewski. "My wife burns everything."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *the Florida Sunshine Tree* as: the only suitable suppository for Anita Bryant.

Can you imagine what would have happened if the Ten Commandments had to be reviewed and approved by

a business committee? If that had been the case, we would have ten commandments, 34 amendments and two class-action lawsuits contending violation of civil liberties.

After returning home from a hitch in the Army, a young country lad hurried in the door to see his folks for the first time in three years. He exclaimed, "I'm home, Ma. I'm home!"

"So ye are, boy, so ye are," she answered.

The boy ran to the backyard and shouted, "I'm home, Pa. I'm home!"

"So ye are, boy. So ye are," the boy's father replied. "Well, my son, and what did ye learn in that thar army?"

"I learned how to drive a tank, read maps, shoot a rifle at the enemy and throw hand grenades," the boy answered.

"What's a hand grenade?" his father asked.

The boy took an object from his duffle bag. "I brought one home to show you, Pa. Watch this." He pulled out the firing pin and threw the grenade, which rolled against the outhouse and exploded.

The boy's father shouted, "Son, you shouldn't have done that. Why, your grandpa was in there taking a shit!"

All of a sudden through the mud, shit and wood splinters crawled an old, bearded gentleman in overalls. He raised his head and cried out, "God-damn! That's the last time I'll fart and light my pipe at the same time."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we'll send you \$25. Sorry, we can't return jokes.



HUSTLER INTERVIEW

AL GOLDSTEIN

THE POLITICS OF SEXUAL FREEDOM

Al Goldstein has been a cabdriver, an insurance salesman, an international photographer and a reporter. He is best known, however, as the executive editor and publisher of *Screw*, a position he has held since he and Jim Buckley created the tabloid in 1968. A blend of explicit sexual material, political commentary and social satire, *Screw* mirrors today's society and the personality of its outspoken publisher.

Although complaints deluged the New York District Attorney's office when *Screw* hit the stands—over 50 irate calls during the first week alone—no action was taken. Assistant D.A. Frank Conboy stated at the time that he didn't want to give the paper publicity. As it turned out, *Screw* didn't need it. Even without an effective distribution system, the publication prospered. Goldstein was arrested, however, shortly after issue No. 15 appeared, lampooning New York Mayor John Lindsay.

Goldstein lost that case. In the years to follow he would see many of the tabloid's profits eaten up by legal costs, as various government agencies tried to rake him over the coals for obscenity. The most expensive—and notorious—prosecution stemmed from a 1974 federal indictment in Wichita, Kansas (detailed in "Screw on Trial," October 1976 *HUSTLER*). Goldstein was convicted of conspiring to mail obscene materials: *Screw* subscriptions. The verdict was overturned, however, on the grounds that the prosecutor had made inflammatory remarks to the jury. A retrial was scheduled.

Around this time Goldstein underwent a tracheostomy (cutting a small hole in the windpipe to facilitate breathing). Although it was widely suspected that Goldstein had undergone surgery for no better reason than to avoid a retrial, this was not the case. He had been having trouble breathing for quite some time. Ultimately, government doctors ascertained that the publisher's health—mental and physical—was indeed too frail to allow him to stand trial for the time being.

Ultimately, Goldstein had his day in court, and the trial ended in a hung jury

(nine for acquittal, three against). The government is still deciding whether to request a third trial.

But besides giving him headaches, *Screw* has made Goldstein a celebrity. Even conservative *Playboy* interviewed him (October 1974), although the material was so severely edited it gave a distorted view, presenting Goldstein as a sex freak and totally ignoring the serious political issues he represents.

Men's magazines have changed greatly since *Screw* first came on the scene. Many have adopted its formula. Often it has been said that the publication has softened over the years. This is not true. *Screw* has become more explicit. If no longer shocking, it's because the tabloid has effectively changed people's tastes and has dealt a serious blow to sexual prudery. Its circulation is ever on the rise, and it is now distributed nationally despite the fact that the paper was once sold only by a handful of New York City news dealers.

In the interest of free speech, guaranteed by the First Amendment, and of the principles of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," embodied in the Declaration of Independence, *HUSTLER*'s own Larry Flynt and Executive Editor Bruce David conducted this interview with the irreverent Al Goldstein. We hope to present an unbiased look—at last—of the man behind *Screw*. Although we don't necessarily agree with many of Goldstein's views, we firmly support his right to express them.

HUSTLER: Why has *Screw* been prosecuted more than any other sexual publication, including *HUSTLER*?

GOLDSTEIN: *Screw*'s mission has been to offend, attack and ridicule. Nothing is sacred to *Screw*, including the pretenses of its own publisher, me. But it's the political content that causes people to want to press charges against us. Their excuse to get at us is the sexual content.

For example, I recently obtained my FBI file. Early in 1969 the FBI wrote a memo stating its outrage that No. 11 of *Screw* con-



tained an article entitled "Is J. Edgar Hoover a Fag?" The FBI was so offended it instructed a New York City morals squad to arrest us. It wasn't incensed by the explicit nature of the photos—the close-ups of genitalia, the tits, the ass. The FBI was offended that *Screw* had the audacity to say J. Edgar Hoover was a faggot. Of course, we all know he *was* a faggot.

Another very early arrest was caused by a photo we printed of John Lindsay. He was then mayor of New York. On one hand Lindsay was a typically phony liberal, and on the other hand he was a sex-hating hypocrite. We made fun of Lindsay, and 24 hours later I was handcuffed in the Tombs.*

HUSTLER: How long did it take the FBI to respond once you had requested your file under the Freedom of Information Act? Have you received all the information?

GOLDSTEIN: It took eight months to get the corporate files, but the FBI has refused to give me my personal file, so I'm going into federal court to force it to turn the files over.

HUSTLER: Why would you have to resort to force? Isn't the FBI required by law to respond within 10 working days?

GOLDSTEIN: The Federal Bureau of

Investigation is as law-abiding as President Richard Milhous Nixon and Attorney General John Mitchell were. The fact that I'm entitled to my files is all the more reason it won't give them to me. **HUSTLER:** Do you think the time will ever come when pornography will no longer be a political buzzword?

GOLDSTEIN: I'm encouraged by the fact that someone like incumbent Ralph Perk lost his mayoral primary in Cleveland, Ohio. He based his whole campaign on an antiporn posture. He had the city garbagemen delivering tremendously biased questionnaires, which intimated that people who enjoy pornography are in some way disturbed.

Abe Beame, the ex-mayor of New York City, was another politician who fought to put pornography out of business. I did what I could to hurt him—I endorsed him in *Screw*. I'm sure that cost him some votes.

HUSTLER: Are these signs that the public is changing its attitudes toward pornography?

GOLDSTEIN: Basically what you're asking is, will the voter suddenly be sane and rational? Of course not. But it's nice to know that in this simple-minded society we live in, not *all* asshole politicians can so warp the political process that they can ensure their reelection by opposing the right of people to see sexually explicit material.

Yet there are too many other areas in which these politicians have been successful. For instance, there's Congressman Robert K. Dornan, a Republican from California, with whom I've debated. He's a nice Neanderthal bigot, and his positions are frightening. Nevertheless he was elected.

HUSTLER: Do you believe in majority rule?

GOLDSTEIN: No. Majority rule means tyranny. Ninety-nine percent of the people don't give a shit. For 50 years now, studies by various statistical measuring services have shown that most people, if they had to vote on the U.S. Constitution, would vote it down. Most people feel that homosexuals should not teach in our schools and that blacks should not have equal rights.

The majority would vote against the First Amendment, the Fifth Amendment, all the amendments. Most people are prejudiced and do not want differences of opinion, differences of lifestyles, to exist. If the majority rules, the minority will be crushed.

HUSTLER: Then how should we elect our president? By the majority of the popular vote?

GOLDSTEIN: I'll accept the faulty democracy we now have and the vote—simply because they seem to be working all right. After all, we got rid of Nixon. I really do have hope. I believe in the system as long as I *feel* that I can make a difference. But if the system is trying to trample my rights, or the rights of homosexuals, pussy-eaters or any other group, then I'm going to say, "Hey, we're not going to take that."

HUSTLER: You don't seem to believe in people. Why, then, do you want to be involved at all?

GOLDSTEIN: The worst thing that any individual can do is to be resigned, to feel helpless and hopeless. When you do that, you're like the 99 percent of the people around who are just waiting for death to take them away.

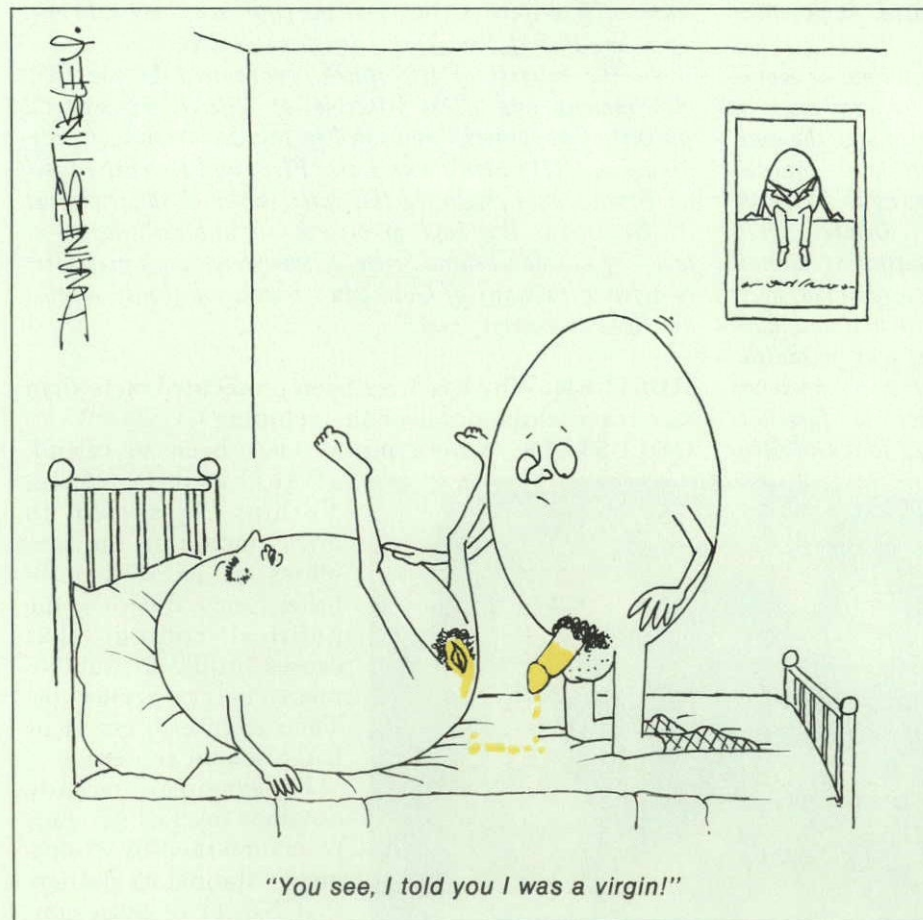
HUSTLER: Why should you be protected by the First Amendment when you seem unwilling to support majority rule—one of the fundamental principles of democracy?

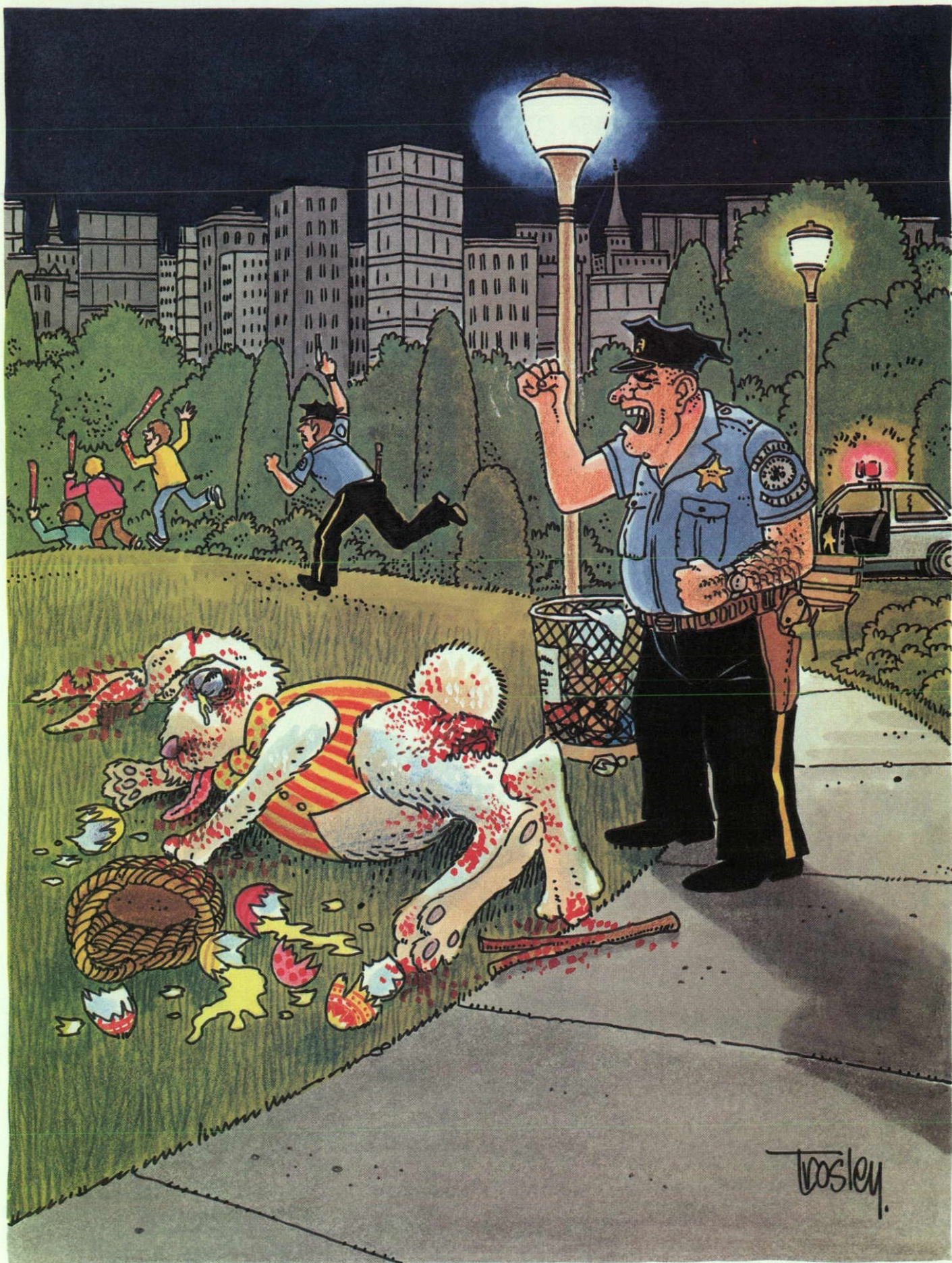
GOLDSTEIN: I think the greatest component of democracy is the concept of containing multitudes. That means, within me is a Fascist, a Jew, a liberal, a repressive Ronald Reagan type of person. Within me are so many different kernels of my individuality that I don't know which is really me, and I want to be able to give them all full expression.

Furthermore, I like to be honest publicly about the diversity of my own sexuality, the lack of guilt I feel about it

(continued on page 76)

*Editor's Note: A New York City jail now closed due to overcrowded conditions.





"When I was a kid we had respect for holidays!"

HOW TO MEET GIRLS

HUMOR BY BRUCE DAVID

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH REESE

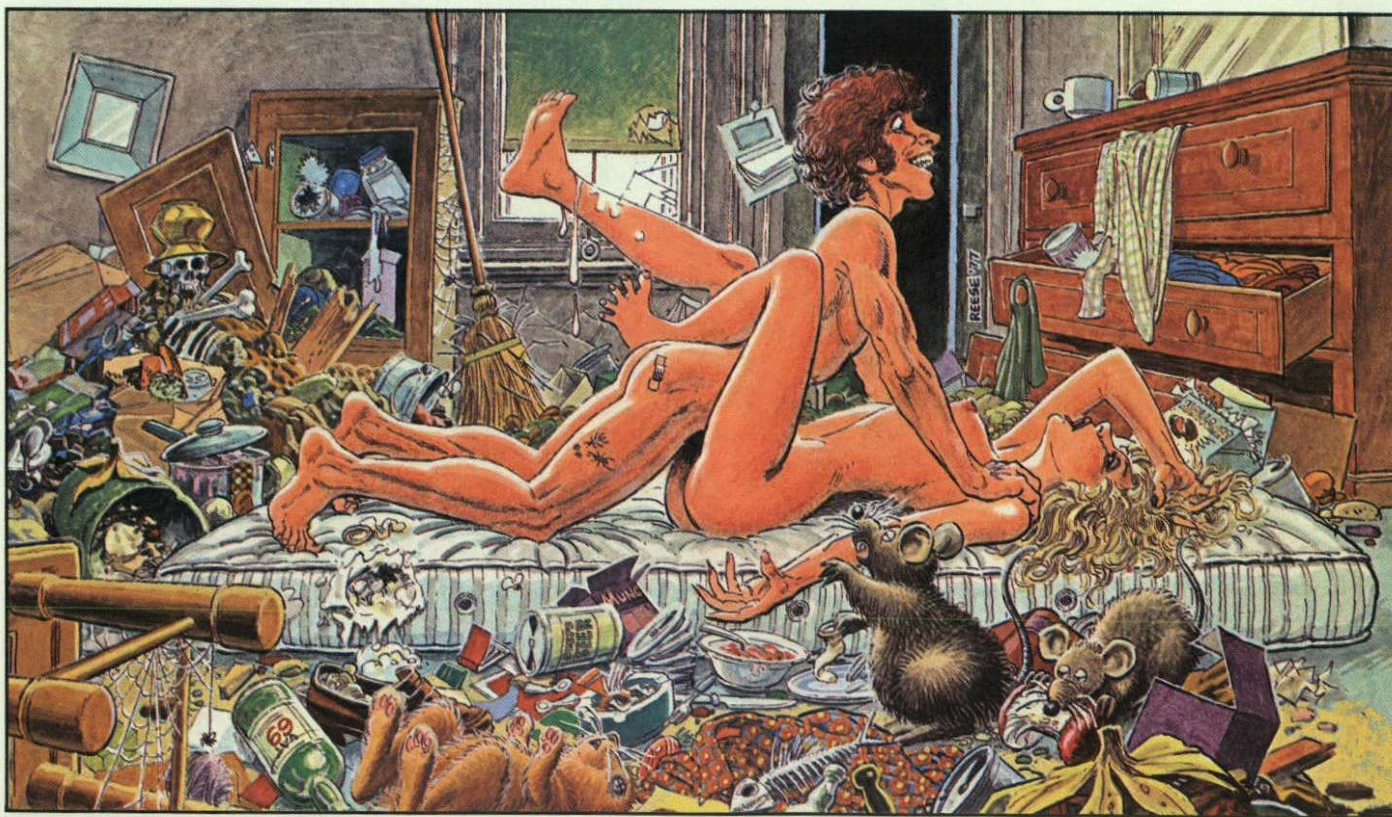
Forget everything else you may have read on this subject. This is the first surefire, foolproof plan for meeting chicks that has ever been published. Indeed, so obvious and compelling are these secrets of success that once revealed, their validity will be immediately apparent.

Only now can these secrets be told! Once the sacred knowledge of a group of pious immigrant Zen Buddhist monks working in a pickle factory in Worcester, Massachusetts, these secrets were handed down from generation to generation until one day stolen by a crazed, one-legged Fabian Socialist who accidentally found them in an attic and thought they were Karl Marx's long-sought notes on making matzo soup.

Lost again during the '30s, these precious secrets resurfaced in 1959 at the Chinese Checkers World Championship playoffs in Zurich, where they were spotted by a dirty-book collector who immediately

recognized their true value. Now in the possession of HUSTLER at long last, we turn the information over to our readers, certain that they, like us, will profit from this can't-fail plan for meeting women.

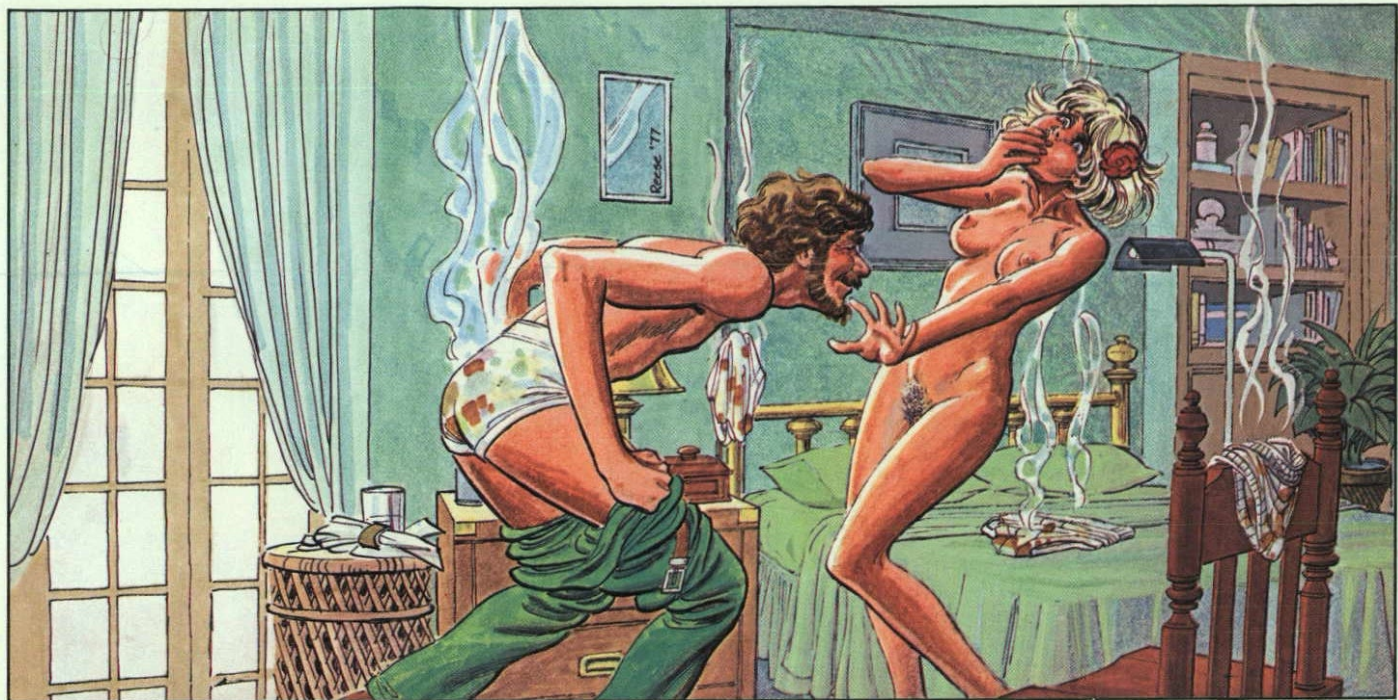
THE SEVEN STEPS Meeting women is an art, to be practiced and lived 24 hours a day for life. It is not something that can be turned on and off at will, as many false pedagogues have suggested. You cannot go out and say, "Now I will use such and such a technique to pick someone up." Rather, you must *become* the sort of person who attracts women. To become this sort of person, you must practice a total life-style that puts you in tune with the cosmos and allows you to tap its infinite powers. Once these techniques have been mastered, anyone—no matter how awful the person looks or acts—can count on continued success in meeting women.



1. NEVER CLEAN YOUR APARTMENT.

One of the most fundamental mistakes made by men looking for women is to clean the apartment. This is done, naturally, in the hope that later in the evening you will have a lovely young woman to take home with you. But, in fact, when you clean up your apartment, nothing ever happens

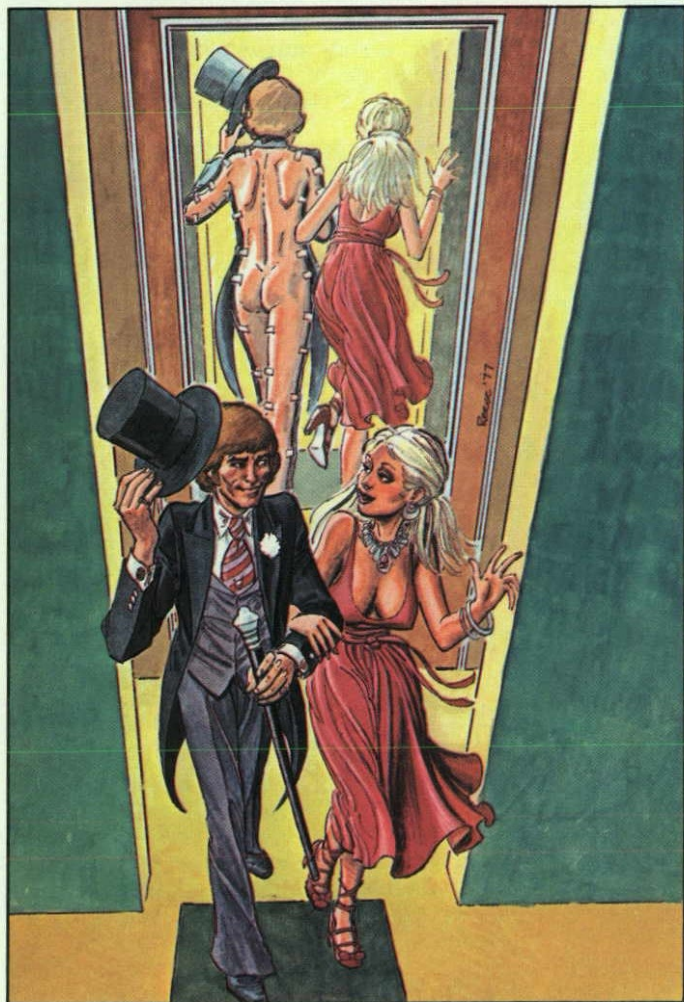
and you wind up going home alone to stare at your nice clean apartment. It is only when you fail to clean up your apartment, thinking no one will be coming home with you, that you meet a chick. Then you must either go to her apartment or take her home with you to stare at your nice dirty apartment. Note: Inevitably, if your apartment is really dirty she will refuse to use her place, citing such excuses as having a roommate or a dirty apartment.



2. DON'T CHANGE YOUR UNDERWEAR.

Here we see the pattern of Step One repeated in a slightly different form. Many men make the mistake of changing their underwear once a day in the hope that they will meet

a chick and take her home. But when you change your underwear, this seldom happens. Even when it does happen, if you think about it, you will realize that you didn't really care about the chick and you didn't really care if your underwear was clean, most probably because *her* underwear was dirty.



3. DON'T TAKE ENOUGH MONEY OUT OF THE BANK FOR THE WEEKEND.

Naturally, women like men who have money. But when a man has money, chicks are never around. When he doesn't have money, he is inevitably surrounded by them. So what you have to do is make sure you don't have money and then bullshit the hell out of them and make them think you do have money. If they think you have money when you don't, they will stick around. But if they realize you are broke, they will go after the guy with money. But the last laugh is on him because if a guy has money, women are never around.



4. GET THE CLAP.

Everybody knows that when you look for sex, you never get it. Conversely, when you are trying to avoid sex, you get so much you find you can pick and choose. Since under normal circumstances nobody wants to refrain from having sex, it's a good idea to pick up a mild

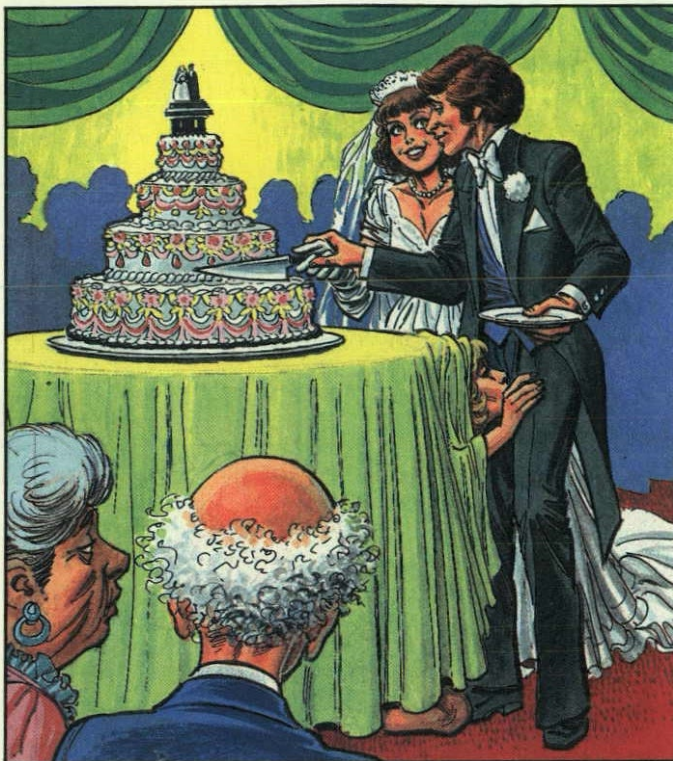
case of clap to induce the proper attitude. However, it must be pointed out here that in order to pick up a mild case of clap, you must have sex. And when you are looking for sex, it never happens. Of course, once you have the clap, nothing will stop you from scoring. Note: Do not make the mistake of trying to clear up the condition. The minute you do, the women will vanish.



5. HAVE YOUR MOTHER STAY FOR THE WEEKEND.

The principle in having your mother stay over is pretty much the same as the principle in Step One. When you

go out, you are sure to meet an attractive chick. She will refuse to go to her apartment because her apartment is dirty or because her mother is staying over. But the advantage to this plan is that now you can clean your apartment. In fact, while you are out your mother will be doing that for you.



6. GET MARRIED.

When a man is single, he can never find women to bed down with. But the minute he gets married, hundreds of women suddenly appear out of nowhere. So for the man who wants to become a master of meeting women, marriage can be a valuable tool. Of course, under these circumstances you will never be able to bring women to your apartment unless you rent a hide-away that you keep nice and dirty.



7. TURN GAY.

This is the ultimate step to becoming a master of meet-

ing women. Once you are totally uninterested, they will flock to you. You, however, will now be solely interested in guys . . . who will never be around.

INTERVIEW: AL GOLDSTEIN

(continued from page 70)

and the admission that I am what I am. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter said the right to be left alone is important. I have the right to be what I want to be. And when I see injustice, I have the right to yell, "Enough! Let's stop it!" The real reason I do what I do is because we have the First Amendment, and I intend to exercise it.

HUSTLER: During your obscenity trial in Wichita [before the change of venue to Kansas City] the prosecutor, Larry Schauf, accused you of abusing your right to First Amendment protection. You were accused of being motivated by money and little else.

GOLDSTEIN: If I went for the dollar, I would really be a super-rich person who played it safe. The way to make the most money in this country is to deal with sex without touching on politics. Mafia people I knew in the early years of *Screw's* existence said, "Quit attacking the Pope. Quit attacking the politicians. Quit attacking Nixon." They were right. The legal fees in Kansas in 1976 were \$235,000. The 1977 trial should probably cost me another \$250,000. If I had any brains, I'd sell tits and ass and not do political commentary. But I love the political commentary. While growing up in Brooklyn, I remember being

told in civics class that America was free. I was stupid and jerky enough to have believed those words.

HUSTLER: Would you accept majority rule if the U.S. Supreme Court justly interpreted the Constitution?

GOLDSTEIN: The Constitution is a flawed document written by a wealthy minority. During America's early period, a man couldn't vote if he didn't own any land. Mankind is imperfect. Majority rule doesn't work; it has never worked. The average person is too busy watching *Police Woman* and *Charlie's Angels* on TV to help run the government and protect my rights.

I favor knowledgeable, intellectual people protecting me from majority rule. The Supreme Court was not appointed by bright, artistic people like Adlai Stevenson, but by Richard M. Nixon, who represented the majority—the lowest common denominator.

HUSTLER: But isn't the Supreme Court supposed to interpret the Constitution whether or not its judgment corresponds to the people's opinion?

GOLDSTEIN: The Supreme Court is a political instrument composed of malleable political creatures. It's not some august body of intellectuals and cerebral types who are going to maximize fidelity to the Constitution. Today's Court is frightening in its stupidity. Four of the nine justices (Warren Burger, William

Rehnquist, Lewis Powell and Harry Blackmun) were appointed by Nixon. They should have disqualified themselves once Nixon left the presidency, because they are part and parcel of that man's corruption.

HUSTLER: But weren't Nixon's appointees confirmed by the Senate?

GOLDSTEIN: Right. With rare exceptions the Senate's role is to rubber-stamp the president's choice. If there is nothing in a candidate's past, if he has no police record and if no investigations reveal any violations of the law, the Senate will usually confirm a Supreme Court candidate who has been nominated by the president. A very bland person with the most conservative, right-wing political philosophy of anyone in the country can be appointed to the Court if the Senate can't uncover any tangible evidence that would disqualify him.

Nixon didn't want to appoint a Supreme Court that he could control—that would have been too obvious—but he did want to have one that would be predictable. By appointing the narrow-minded bigots who shared his own conservative politics, he would have the Court he wanted.

Good examples of the type of people that he attempted to get on the Court are G. Harrold Carswell and Clement F. Haynsworth. Luckily, both men were rejected by a very courageous vote in the Senate. Within the last two years Carswell has been exposed as a closet faggot; he tried to suck someone off in a rest room. He was also an advocate of racial segregation. And Haynsworth himself was exposed for his conflict of interest in court cases. If these two men were among Nixon's first choices, what did we get when he nominated Burger, Rehnquist, Powell and Blackmun?

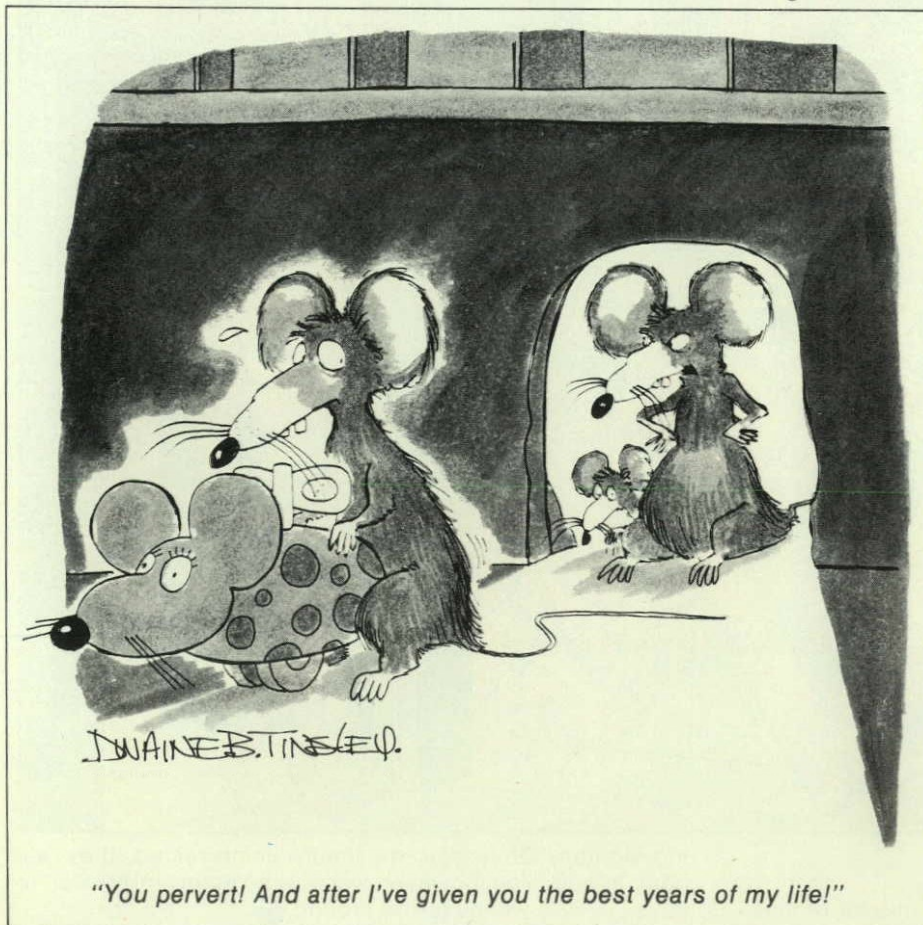
Nixon was not fit to be president of the country, yet his appointees to the Supreme Court are interpreting the Constitution of the American people. If the Larry Flynts and Al Goldsteins of this world don't look out for the rights of the people, who will? The Nixon Supreme Court?

HUSTLER: Are you worried about going to jail?

GOLDSTEIN: Society will always punish the people who say the things that society wants to suppress. Going to jail is not something I relish, but I feel I can do the time, and I refuse to be so intimidated by prison that it will change my course of action.

HUSTLER: Rumors have circulated that your tracheostomy was performed to delay your retrial, because you feared being sent to prison.

(continued on page 82)



"You pervert! And after I've given you the best years of my life!"

HUSTLER'S
THERESA
4-Speed Pickup



Theresa Marie was speeding across the western desert when all of a sudden her car konked out. Now she is using all her charms to wave down anything that moves, because if she doesn't make Las Vegas by nightfall, she will miss her opening set at the Stardust.

This 23-year-old honey is a featured dancer at sellout performances, but right now she is stalking the empty highway.

Wait, up on the horizon, a car! Theresa flashes the part of her that always stops traffic in the casino. "This will turn the trick," she laughs, only to find her motorist is a mirage.







The white desert sun is making her horny. She goes into the car, turns up the air conditioner and slips her hand into something comfortable.

Auto erotica, she decides, is more fun than auto failure.

Soon a real car will rescue her, and Theresa will reward the driver with everything she's got.

GM BY GENERAL MOTORS CORP.
DATE 02/80 SERIAL NO. 10777 70000 80000 90000
THIS VEHICLE CONFORMS TO ALL APPLICABLE FEDERAL MOTOR VEHICLE SAFETY STANDARDS IN EFFECT ON THE DATE OF MANUFACTURE SHOWN ABOVE.
EXCEPTED FROM FEDERAL SAFETY STANDARDS INFORMATION TABLE A-1



INTERVIEW: AL GOLDSTEIN

(continued from page 76)

GOLDSTEIN: No, I put that hole in my neck because that's where I store dimes when I want to make a phone call.

HUSTLER: Have you done any sex tricks with it?

GOLDSTEIN: Occasionally I finger myself, but I come so quickly I get a headache.

HUSTLER: What kinds of weird sexual attitudes does the publisher of a pornographic rag like *Screw* have?

GOLDSTEIN: I see a nice-looking woman wearing a bikini on a beach, but I don't want to tie her up and hang her from a meat hook. I want to fuck her and have her fuck me, because sex is a very constructive, exciting part of life. I think I'm open in terms of my own sexuality, and yet I'm also amazed at how prudish I am at certain other levels. I'm not into a swinging marriage. My marriage is classic: I'll cheat now and then—and hope I don't get caught—and if my wife screwed around, I'd divorce her. That's not very healthy, so I've got a long way to go.

HUSTLER: Does being overweight make you feel sexually inferior?

GOLDSTEIN: Absolutely. I do very poorly with new women because fat is currently out. I'm sure Orson Welles doesn't get laid that much either. One of

the few areas of displeasure and pain to me is being a fatty. Fat people are sexually isolated in our society and are subjected to tremendous rejection.

HUSTLER: Will you ever be concerned enough with this rejection to do something about it?

GOLDSTEIN: I'm thinking of either a bypass* or a lobotomy. I'll toss a coin to decide which one. The good thing is no one will know the difference.

HUSTLER: Do you have a strange kink or fetish?

GOLDSTEIN: My ultimate fantasy is to be allowed in Larry Flynt's vault, roll in his money and gold, and drop two loads on his currency. That would be exciting.

HUSTLER: You're sidestepping the question. Are you so ashamed of your sexual fantasies?

GOLDSTEIN: I want Jane Fonda to sit on my head as we discuss New Left politics. I want her desperately. If she reads this, I hope she'll satisfy me.

HUSTLER: Who are some of the other celebrities in your fantasies?

GOLDSTEIN: There was this stripper, Candy Barr, I remember. She was the first girl I jerked off to. Very pretty. She'd enjoy being eaten. I'm very oral.

*Editor's Note: A surgical procedure whereby a section of the colon is removed to inhibit the absorption of fats and to speed up the digestive process.

My first turn-on is to eat a pretty woman. Fucking her is second.

Eating pussy is much more intimate, much more private. With fucking you really don't get the taste, the smell of the woman, unless she's been racing horses around the track. I think it's pretty shocking that the Supreme Court said that eating pussy is an act against nature [*Doe v. Commonwealth's Attorney for City of Richmond, Virginia, 1976*]. That blows my mind! For a Court majority of six old, senile farts to tell me how to conduct sex is ludicrous.

Anyway, I'd also like to eat Candice Bergen. Tricia Nixon: I feel I'd understand her husband's politics better if I went down on her.

HUSTLER: What fascinates you about Candice Bergen?

GOLDSTEIN: She seems bright. Good legs. She has a self-sufficiency I find appealing.

HUSTLER: You get attacked frequently by members of the women's movement. Why would *Screw* receive more ridicule than *Playboy*, as an example?

GOLDSTEIN: I actually think *Screw* is less vulnerable simply because we exploit men and women equally. But I also feel that the feminist movement is full of shit. It is supposed to be this classless group of women, but in reality it's elitist. It's supposed to be protecting secretaries and barhops, but there are no secretaries, no housewives in most feminist groups. Instead, the groups consist of people who earn their living by writing. The more they disseminate feminism, the more they get for the sale of their articles.

Frankly, I think these women are exploiting the movement. Also, I refuse to be made the "heavy" for the women's movement. I'm as exploited by conditioning as women are, and yet I'm blamed for being unfair to women. That's as stupid as blaming me for the sins of slavery. I never owned a black, and as long as I haven't owned a black and no one can show by my own actions that I am mean to blacks, I refuse to feel guilty. The feminist movement tries to blackmail men. In fact, one of the first editors of *Screw* was a woman, who's now working for *Penthouse*.

HUSTLER: Do you support equal rights for women as well as blacks?

GOLDSTEIN: Absolutely. Equal rights is a totally reasonable position. It's the exploiters of the women's movement that piss me off, not the question of women's rights. The biggest phonies are the Susan Brownmillers and the Gloria Steinems. They bullshit about women's lib, but if you don't give them a seat on the subway, they get crazed and start

(continued on page 114)



"Congratulations, Mrs. Fenster!!! It's a bouncing baby boy!!!"



"You folks notice I finally got around to fencing the back forty?"

The Last

Fiction by



GENE WILKES

Shiksa

B. H. Litwack

Goff Remembers His Great Wagnerian Fuck

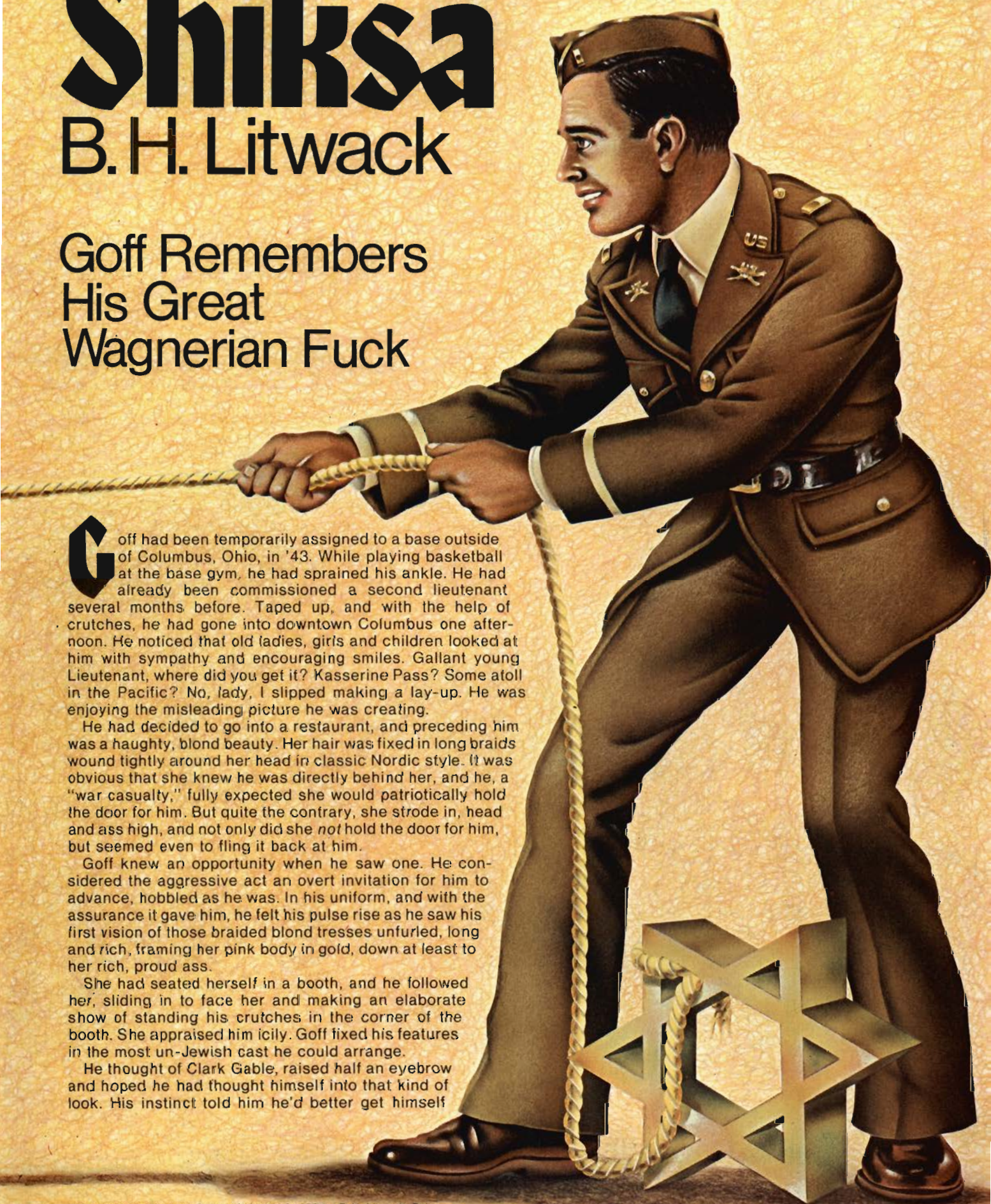
Goff had been temporarily assigned to a base outside of Columbus, Ohio, in '43. While playing basketball at the base gym, he had sprained his ankle. He had already been commissioned a second lieutenant several months before. Taped up, and with the help of crutches, he had gone into downtown Columbus one afternoon. He noticed that old ladies, girls and children looked at him with sympathy and encouraging smiles. Gallant young Lieutenant, where did you get it? Kasserine Pass? Some atoll in the Pacific? No, lady, I slipped making a lay-up. He was enjoying the misleading picture he was creating.

He had decided to go into a restaurant, and preceding him was a haughty, blond beauty. Her hair was fixed in long braids wound tightly around her head in classic Nordic style. It was obvious that she knew he was directly behind her, and he, a "war casualty," fully expected she would patriotically hold the door for him. But quite the contrary, she strode in, head and ass high, and not only did she *not* hold the door for him, but seemed even to fling it back at him.

Goff knew an opportunity when he saw one. He considered the aggressive act an overt invitation for him to advance, hobbled as he was. In his uniform, and with the assurance it gave him, he felt his pulse rise as he saw his first vision of those braided blond tresses unfurled, long and rich, framing her pink body in gold, down at least to her rich, proud ass.

She had seated herself in a booth, and he followed her, sliding in to face her and making an elaborate show of standing his crutches in the corner of the booth. She appraised him icily. Goff fixed his features in the most un-Jewish cast he could arrange.

He thought of Clark Gable, raised half an eyebrow and hoped he had thought himself into that kind of look. His instinct told him he'd better get himself



looking as un-Jewish as possible. His face should show debonair nonchalance. Keep away from intellectuality. Show more insensitivity. Wipe off concern, guilt and conscience. He sensed he had to put all that into his face or risk failure or, even worse, humiliation.

Goff believed you could mime your face ethnically to a degree by thinking "goyish," and he wasn't going to physiognomy up this chance if he could help it. He felt in his bones a terrific piece of ass in this cold blond. Her face had cold blue eyes, a sensual mouth and a complete air of disdain. Goff made his smile and slouch more careless. He had to get across that he didn't give a shit.

She slowly opened her purse without looking at it or changing the direction of her hard gaze. She took out a pack of cigarettes, slid one out and placed it between her lips. Goff didn't move. It would be Jewish now to rush out a book of matches and light one for her, regardless of how blasé it was done. He must give no hint of scraping or ingratiation. No breath of the humanitarian, the conciliator. She had flung the door at him. No turner of other cheeks. No matchbook. No books!

She waited the imperceptible second for Goff to light it. But he didn't fall for it. He didn't move a muscle, except to make his smile a mite more sardonic, and tilt one eyebrow a little higher and bunch it up a little more to make

it bushier and more swashbuckling. Goff sensed he had scored a point. Her cold hostility had reached its peak. She had been sharply taking measure of him, but when she reached for her own matches and lit her own cigarette, he sensed the crisis was over.

What a wild fuck she'd be, felt Goff, straining to the utmost to look casual, languorous, long-legged and Gentile to this implacable Valkyrie. She finally spoke. He had been right! "For a minute I thought you might be a Jew," she said with cool matter-of-factness.

She was still watching him with intense scrutiny. His response had to be flawless. Pure inspiration suddenly seized him. Her first probings had been a crude jab. He would respond audaciously with crudity in kind. He would counter with a deliberately clumsy, overdone Yiddish accent. He had to clothe the accent with the heavy-handedness and grossness of a guy who might be a casual dabbler in Jew hate. He had to avoid the overcommitment of a fanatic; not only could he not bring it off convincingly, but it would also be out of character for the nonchalant hotshot he had already started to portray.

"Vell, vell," he said. "Iss dot a reason vy you trying for to kill a crippled solja?" Goff stoked his smirk up a bit. It had come out right. He had brilliantly sold his people down the river Rhine.

She appraised him a moment more

and then favored him with a kind of smile of tentative acceptance. "Actually," she said, "I didn't notice you in any particular detail outside. I'll be blunt. I'm irrevocably opposed to our involvement in this war. The Jews have manipulated us into it, and I'm not particularly inclined to show any special courtesy to anyone in uniform. And as far as I'm concerned, a door slammed into a soldier on crutches illustrates my feelings without any room for doubt. And as long as you're not a Jew, nothing personal, Lieutenant."

The smile she now showed him was warmer, the creases of suspicion ironed out. The firing squad was dismissed for the moment because the stranger had known the proper passwords.

Was it worth this degrading deception to screw this bitch *Maedchen* (schoolgirl)? Shouldn't he now dangle his dog tags in front of her, show her his "H" for Hebrew, make a mocking face at her and tell her in high Brooklyn sing-song to go fuck herself? He looked at her blue-diamond blondness, the blue-hot passion that was certainly the reagent that transformed it to hot hate for Jews—signaled by her contained, cruel mouth and eyes; and the alchemy he could bring to bear to retransform it to supersex. With luck he could be a bronco-buster and fuck her tame.

He weighed his loyalty to the guys who hung around all the candy stores in Brooklyn. Goff concluded they would, to a man, cheer him on. Go boy, get one for the Kipper! *Zetz* her good! Once and for all—for all the times the blond Irish cunts from Gerritson Beach scorned us and made us feel like dirt; for all the times those blond Kraut whores from Ridgewood would just as soon cut our balls off as look at us; for all those Bay Ridge blond Swedes who made us feel like small, greasy monkeys; for all those blond Polacks from Greenpoint who considered *us* inferior.

He thought about his old pop, who in his own way had loved him and wanted only the best for his Arnie. How he would have been sure to offer wheezy encouragement: "Go, Arneleh, go. Give her a good *shtup*. You shouldn't let politics mix in."

First, he thought, I have to allay her fears that she might be giving too much aid and comfort to the enemy.

He said easily, "By the way, I didn't come by these crutches in combat. The embarrassing truth is I was working out on the high bar at the base gym and my grip slipped and when I came down I had me a sprained ankle."

Goff had quickly decided to avoid telling her that actually it had happened playing basketball. He figured it was too



DAVE COVERLY

"Oh, Mother's doing fine I suppose. She's here now shooting little Joey open beavers."

DADE COUNTY DRAMAS

"ANITA'S KID LOSES A TOOTH"



Jewish. She would respond better to gymnastics, which was more a muscle-bound Kraut kind of preference. It did the trick.

She smiled away the last traces of her mean, cruel eyes and mouth—and replaced them with a show of large, open, healthy teeth. “If I’d known that your injury came from that, I might possibly have held the door open for you. Held for the hero.” She laughed gaily and explained that *Held* was the German word for “hero.” Goff’s Jewish bones told him he had a sure thing.

When the waitress came, Goff ordered bourbon on the rocks because it was more ruggedly Gentile than Scotch or rye. She ordered a Jewish whiskey sour. It was after they had both had their second round that he mentioned casually that he was of Basque descent and didn’t much concern himself with the ideologies of the war. “I guess I just like a good scrap,” he lied dexterously, in accordance with his role.

Yes, she knew, she nodded. She was a student at Ohio State University. She was passionately interested in anthropology and racial studies were her specialty and she knew the Basques were fiercely independent mountain people—who would never submit to a master. They were a pure Aryan strain, who had in the mountain fastnesses steadfastly resisted mongrelization by numerous inferior strains that through-

out history had attempted to overwhelm them. They had never allowed the Moors and Jews to penetrate and debase their noble line.

She thrust out her hand with salutelike precision because she wanted to shake his. She was glad to know him. A pure people were a joy to the earth, and to the life spirit that was really the sole deity in this threatened world. She was working herself up. Her eyes started to flame the hotter blue.

“A mongrel people defiles the holy life spirit. They are quite literally an abomination, offal to the earth. These mongrel people have to be expunged, eliminated without mercy.”

Goff, a typical exponent of the mongrel class that his Nazi acquaintance would without mercy disembowel, sat peculiarly undisturbed. He nestled cozily into his corner of the booth, declining to take her increasing ravings as a mortal threat, but on the contrary as a positive confirmation of the passionate, hot piece she would be for him. Goff figured he knew his customers. He would ignore the irrelevant.

And so he was beginning to feel an actual warmth for her even as she expanded her murderous talk, and he decided it would now be proper and even expected to move himself closer to her.

As she paused for a moment to nod assent for yet another whiskey sour, he eased himself over to her side of the

booth and hove to, pressing against her. After all, wasn’t her self-mesmerization her way of inviting him? Of course it was. The positioning completed, their thighs pressing, she resumed her raving.

“The life spirit will, of course, eventually and inevitably triumph. And, of course, you know who is the herald and prophet? It is Adolf Hitler, a supreme visionary, who has been miraculously—there is no other word for it—imbued with the zeal, the iron will, to act as a holy missionary to lead the pure peoples in a holy crusade against the mongrels. The most insidious and virulent—the Jews, of course.”

Of course, thought Goff. She paused, smiled at him, well satisfied that he was worthy of her efforts. In a new relaxed tone of the pastor who, having discharged his fire-and-brimstone sermon that morning, is now mingling with the congregants at the buffet supper in the church basement, she smiled. “Don’t you see—or begin to see...? What is your name, Lieutenant?”

“Goff, Armand Goff. And yours?” He had long before considered the name he would use for her. It was best to avoid “Arnold”—“Goff” was all right, a tough, little guttural bark of a name that could be anything. But Arnold was suspect somehow—too many soft consonants. He knew too many Jewish guys in Brooklyn who were Arnolds. Maybe this prevailed in Columbus too. Why take foolish chances—give away percentages?

And as for the name “Armand,” his Nazi anthropologist would be sure to remember that the Basques bordered France. He also congratulated himself on the finesse with which he had said “Armand”—looking at her with that peculiar tone and twinkle that strong men use when they thrust on you their soft and sissy names, just daring you to make a crack, because with even one wrong flicker they were ready to kick the living shit out of you. In the end, then, their sissy names enhanced their ruggedness.

“I like the name Armand,” she said forthrightly. “My name is Frigga. Yes, actually. Frigga Schmidt.” She awaited his reaction.

Goff knew he had to reassure her. A beautiful broad—and she was stunning—can get away with any name, but “Frigga Schmidt” was a handful. It so happened that in Goff’s rather meager reading, he had come across a book of Norse myths, and he knew Frigga was one of the goddesses. “Ah, Frigga, a goddess in the Norse myths.”


“Right,” beamed Frigga as she squeezed his hand and pressed closer, obeying the wonderful, fateful bond that was enveloping them. “Frigga was the wife of Odin.” She began to ooze, and

(continued on page 96)





FISHING AROUND



Laura's a real card. She loves to play fish, and although she is a professional model, she lets the cards fall where they may.

"I'm more at home in jeans than in some fancy dress," she says. "And I'd rather go on a camping trip—just my man and I in the wilderness—than subject myself to another terribly sophisticated, terribly boring party."

When we asked this 22-year-old honey about her hometown, she seemed genuinely bemused. "I suppose a lot of people have a problem about Cleveland. Comedians say 'Cleveland' and everyone laughs. But if those people lived here, they'd really get to love it.

"My section of town is sort of blue-collar, and so is my kind of guy. Blue-collar guys are direct, sure of themselves and totally unpredictable. I especially like the crowd that hangs out at the Irish bars at the end of town."





When we asked Laura to be more specific about the man with whom she'd most like to hike into bed, she just smiled and said, "Well, now, if I could describe the dude, he'd have to be pretty predictable. I'd rather take people as they come." With a philosophy like that, Laura will never have to stay home and play solitaire.

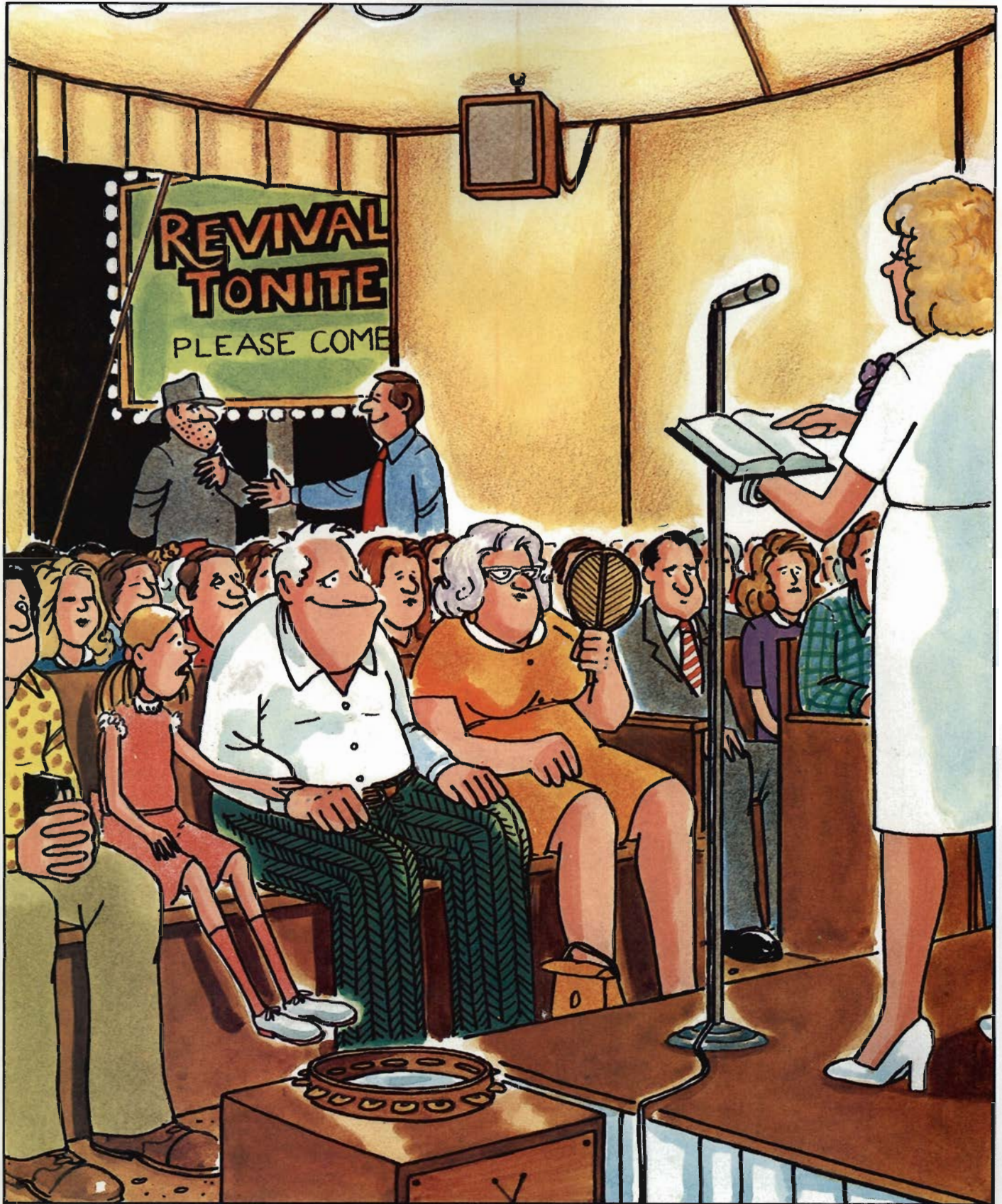






CHESTER

BY DWAIN B. TINSLEY.



"Will it be different for you and me after we're born again?"

THE LAST SHIKSA

(continued from page 88)

again the zealot's haze overcame her.

She started to talk about Norse mythology. How the subconscious spirit of a people would shape their myths and folklore. How the Jews, like diseased rats and vermin, were gnawing away at the roots of *Yggdrasill*, the sacred Tree of Life. How the promised rich blossoming could never be fulfilled until the sinister despoiler and corrupter was exterminated once and for all.

Frigga kept waxing hotter and more passionate, and Goff felt he could (nay, must) take a liberty. He placed his hand on her luscious Teutonic thigh and began a temperate pawing. This seemed to be her signal to further mesmerize herself, which in turn was Goff's further signal to advance. Her ranting became more feverish, but Goff paid no mind to its contents—a lot of Nordic-Aryan crap. It all translated to: "Feel me up—more, more. I am not responsible—more, more—I have transported myself beyond these earthly, carnal cravings. I am spiritually beyond the reach of dirty pawings and filthy feelings."

And so she had no need to block Goff's earthbound pokings, his crass caresses. Goff understood and rushed his hot fingers up from her formidable thighs to her pussy unhinged. And he

noticed that from the moment he attained fluttering possession, her mention of Adolf Hitler increased, both in frequency and passion.

When she suddenly uttered his name in a sliding, whimpering catch, Goff guessed she was now coming with Adolf Hitler. She finally trembled off a mighty, epic tremble as befitted a lusty, dewy-eyed Valkyrie, and then concluded her fervent paean.

"And with all his steel and sacred determination he is still known as *der schoene Adolf*." She smiled at Goff, and he was not at all surprised that she now grasped his wrist and firmly forced his hand out of her and away. However, she gave him a peck on his cheek to demonstrate she was not angry with him. Goff wiped his fingers with unobtrusive tact on a napkin, and he thought about his frat brothers' opinion of his latest escapade.

Would they appreciate that he was instrumental in having a *Deutsche Bundes Maedchen* come in her pants over Adolf Hitler? He could imagine their comment: "Jesus Christ, Arnie, we're all for you, but being a proxy for Hitler! Even for a piece of ass, a guy's gotta draw the line somewhere."

Frigga leaned contentedly into the corner of the booth and smiled approval at Goff. He lifted a friendly eyebrow back at her. She said finally, with a con-

sidered, crooked smile, "Armand, I don't think I would at all mind having an adventure with you."

Goff quickly selected an answer: "Frigga, you're a very exciting woman, and I'm sure it would truly be an adventure. I look forward to it. I consider that it's already started."

The response was just right. Her smile broadened. She was pleased. She squeezed his wiped hand. This Basque chap was very interesting. As crippled as he was, he gave sufficient evidence that he was a real man. She lifted her drink. "Let us drink German-style as comrades. Take your drink." She hooked her upraised arm with his, and they drank with their faces close together. She smiled with the undisguised sensuous promise of total, bovine availability—a complete reversal of her icy hostility of less than an hour ago. "*Zu unserm Abenteuer*," she said breathily.

Goff leaned back companionably. "That means, 'To our adventure,' right?"

She nodded deeply, and they both drank, entwined, taking on a dramatic solemnity—she with natural devoutness; he with the ecstasy of expedience. When they had drunk and unhooked, she said, "I see you have an understanding of German."

"Well, I think I have a feeling for it," Goff said with a bright smirk. Frigga smiled at the irreverent scamp. Goff thought about the origin of his understanding of German. Every word he knew stemmed from the Brooklyn-yammering Yiddish he had heard so often at home. So near and yet so far. The contrast between the clang and harangue, the blood and iron, the leather-strap snappings of the German tongue against the soft-boiled chicken soup, the limp-noodled bendings of its unlikely sighing offspring, *Yiddish mama-loshen*.

Oi, thought Goff, if she knew how I happened to understand her, that crazy Nazi bitch'd cut my heart out.

At eight o'clock, pulse racing, Goff, perched on crutches, waited at the camp's main entrance gate. The two sentries were only mildly curious as to whom the looie awaited, but naturally they hoped she'd be a dog.

The sentries sucked in their breath and turned camouflage green when they saw Frigga driving up in a flashy convertible and looking like a Viking goddess at the prow of a raiding ship. They barely noticed Goff hobbling into the car, waggling his crutches behind him. The blond goddess smilingly leaned over in a generously revealing bend and held wide the door for her

(continued on page 123)



"Some husband you turned out to be! The children need clothes, there's no food in the house, the bills are overdue, and all you do is sit around all day on the toilet jerking off!"

BEAVER HUNT

If your old lady gets caught in an April shower, don't let her catch a chill. Help her out of those damp clothes and warm her up in front of a few flash cubes. By entering her in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*, she'll get—pardon the expression—a crack at international fame and some big bucks.

Just send us a sharply focused HUSTLER-style color photo—no black and whites please—of your favorite model in the nude, plus a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid as possible, and be sure to have her fill out the model release on page 102.

Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Cen-

tury Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067. Sorry, but all photographs become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

If we publish your girl's photo, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and even if we don't, you'll still receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license. If chosen best Amateur Beaver by our staff, your lady may go on to the big time—a splashy, full-color, five-page HUSTLER pictorial spread—and earn anywhere from \$1,000 to \$1,500. Not bad for a rainy day's work.

Men, we're counting on you. Neither rain nor hail nor dark of night can stop a HUSTLER Beaver Hunter.

Photo by Rita



Swimming and bike riding keep this Beaver, Cathy G. of Clearwater, Florida, looking younger than her 32 years. Cathy says she's lived too long to have any sexual fantasies. "I've done them all." Even so, she still finds time to teach school part-time.

If mystery is your game, Roxann Wood of Nashville, Tennessee, will tickle your fancy. A 25-year-old housewife, Roxann claims her hobby is sex and tells us that her sexual fantasy is a secret between her husband and herself.



Photo by W. S. Wood

Photo by Don M.



A housewife and mother of two, Toni M. of Chicago Ridge, Illinois, is into dancing and "pleasing men." This 25-year-old Beaver wishes she could be gang-banged at a stag party.

There are definitely hands across the water for our German Beaver, Effriede Varnhagen, 18. Physical fitness is big in Deutschland, where she gets it on in Olympic-size pools.

Photo by Bill Blakslee



Photo by Thomas Dieckmann



Linda Splitgerber, 18, a clerk from Springfield, Virginia, is a sometime weight lifter. Her sexual fantasy is to lift up her boyfriend's sex life.

Photo by R. B.



Photo by a Friend



K. B., 30, of Madison, Wisconsin, is a nurse who dreams of bike riding in the nude, disco dancing in see-through minis and being a HUSTLER centerfold. A girl who likes to see things grow, K. B. takes great pains with her gardening.

Everything's bigger in Texas, including Jo Ann Wine, a 22-year-old dancer from Houston. Jo Ann likes to go on fishing trips so she can be alone to fantasize. Her favorite fantasy: doing it until she's satisfied. "That ain't easy," she tells us.

Photo by Billy Park



Charlotte Park, 24, of Las Vegas often pretends she's in a best-seller. That's why she dreams of having her husband discover her in the tub with another woman and then jump in for his own special splash.

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2 LISTEN FOR TONE
3 DEPOSIT COINS

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EMERGENCY ASSISTANCE

DIRECTORY ASSISTANCE

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497 11/24



Swedish lass Yalexis Yorgison claims her 23-year-old body is blond from head to toe. It is, as this photo proves. The Cinnaminson, New Jersey, medical secretary has her fantasies fulfilled nightly by her Italian "old man" and his '51 Harley hog.

Photo by Dominic DiLentinaro

Kansas City's Brenda Lewis thinks that rock 'n' roll isn't a crime. That's why her fantasy is to make love to Elvis. While spinning the King's platters, this 19-year-old housewife practices sewing and macrame. "But my favorite hobby," she confides, "is making love."

Photo by Tom



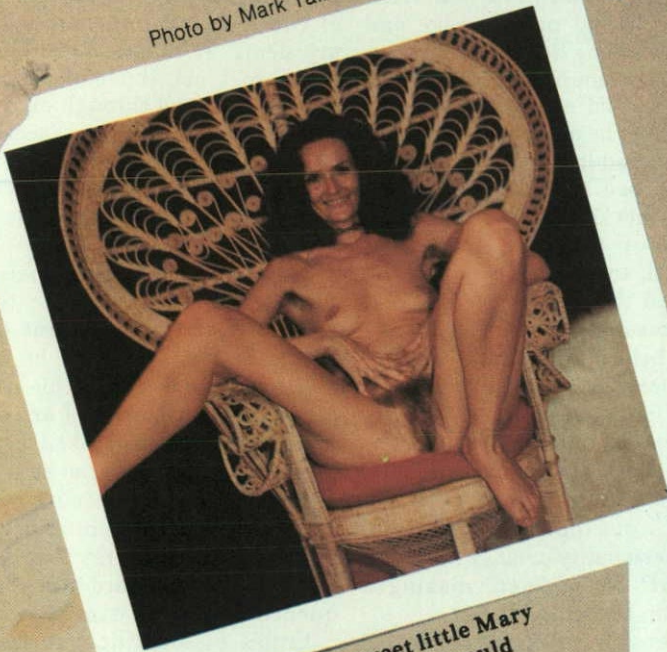
Elvis must be working overtime in heaven, because he's getting into a lot of Beavers' dreams. Cindy, 27, from Richmond, Virginia, had a blue Christmas without him. She wishes she could have spent an evening with the Jailhouse Rocker on a deserted beach.



Photo by Brenda's Husband

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Photo by Mark Tallant



Who'd ever guess that sweet little Mary Martin of Richmond, Indiana, would enjoy a nonstop orgy with a dozen women! That's the sexual fantasy of this 38-year-old photographer, who also dabbles in erotic art.

One for the Ladies

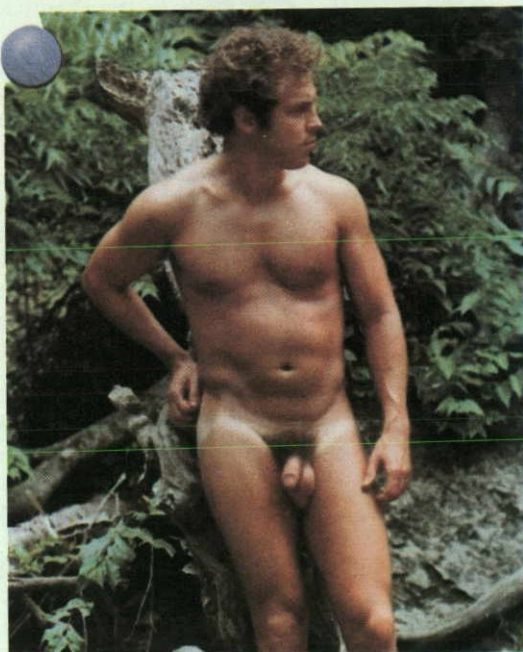


Photo by a Girlfriend

Chuck Mendel, 28, is from Columbus. He'd like to hop into bed with three women at once. He's already hopped onto our pages with this month's 13 Beavers. He has also appeared in *Bits & Pieces* and *Leisure Time* Products ads.



Photo by Bob O'Donnell

Sharon O'Donnell, an 18-year-old student from Salem, Oregon, has made lovemaking a serious hobby. Her fantasy is setting a world record of sorts—knowing the most sexual positions.

WE ARE WHAT WE ARE

(continued from page 54)

There was a short break, during which sadists and masochists mingled without a threat being uttered or a lash delivered. My preconceived notions of S&M roles carrying over to nonsexual socializing fell by the wayside as I witnessed clusters of people engaged in calm conversations. I could have been at an editorial tea at the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Just to reassure myself that the place attracted the bizarre, I rooted out the shoeless, pink-haired girl I had spotted earlier. I pushed my way through a covey of hungry males and introduced myself as a writer from a men's maga-

zine. Immediately she turned me down. "No—I can't pose for the centerfold," she said. "I'm an actress and it really might hurt me later on in my career."

Master Jack stood on the stage and bellowed the meeting back to order with a "Please!" that sounded more like a threat. As a special event for noninitiates, there was to be a "bondage demonstration." A good-looking man in his early 30s, dressed in five-inch patent-leather heels, stockings, hot pants and a black silk blouse was introduced. His name was Earl, and he was eye-catching as he mounted the stage.

"I'm a cross-dresser," he pointlessly announced before cheerfully demonstrating an array of gags, collars, cuffs and leather harnesses with which you could be hog-tied into more positions than there are joints in the human body. Finally he put on a set of ankle cuffs and said: "When I put these ankle cuffs on, my whole personality changes." From *what to what?* I wondered, making a mental note to try and find out.

As is the custom of the Eulenspiegel Society, the meeting ended with the group seated in a large circle, participating in a Quaker-style confessional of the members' sexual persuasions. Although the majority announced themselves "conventionally" as dominants, submissives, switchables, gays or straights, etc., there were some textbook cases. Master Jack shined as an MC. When a gregarious masochist started to ramble on about his tastes, Jack cut him off: "You said you're an M, right?"

"Right," the man whispered.

"Shaddup!! Next?" Jack bellowed, pointing toward an Amazonian black lady with hands large enough to palm my head.

"I've always wanted to make love to a dog," she said in a soft, willowy voice that caused the group to stare at her in surprise. "But I find the idea morally unacceptable, so I train men to act out the dog's role—wearing leashes and crawling on their hands and knees. Then I have sexual relations with them. In this way I'm able to act out my fantasy in an acceptable fashion." (A number of hopeful hounds shuffled nervously in their seats.)

Jack pointed toward a young man who had a chain fastened around his neck with a padlock.

The man stood up and proudly announced: "I'm a gyno-supremacist."

"Uh-oh," Jack interrupted, stepping to the side, "this is liable to take some time." The man continued, undaunted by the titters of the gathering.

"I believe in the absolute supremacy of female over male flesh. I especially appreciate a woman who can find a use

for me in the ladies' room. I have a favorite masturbatory fantasy. It's the only one I can get off to. I'm making love and worshipping the perfect bodies of two lesbians, but there's a problem: my penis. It makes me different from them, so I ask them to castrate me. I haven't followed through on this fantasy yet, but when I'm in a 'scene' I *insist* upon severe penis restraint. I love it!"

"You won't love it so much when that motherfucka comes out by the *roots* some night!" Jack offered.

After the meeting I spoke with Pat Bond, who introduced me to Otto. A masochist and the resident scholar on things sadomasochistic, he agreed to meet with me to discuss his perspective. A few days later, when I arrived for our appointment, Otto looked nervous and preoccupied. He told me he was worried about our meeting since his mistress had *forbidden* him to give interviews without her permission. To my surprise, he was not looking forward to the "consequences" of being caught in defiance.

Otto's masochistic experiences date back to age four, when a ten-year-old female cousin would pin him during wrestling matches. Although he played with boys, he also sought the companionship of older girls and pretended to be their son.

He was deeply religious. At age 13 he entered a seminary, where he spent the next ten years studying for the priesthood. At that time, seminarians were still into heavy penitence. Self-flagellation was practiced, and many monks wore hair shirts and heavy chains around their waists. Otto was guilt-ridden by pubescent masochistic feelings; however, he bypassed the problem by becoming a hair-shirt penitent—sublimating his budding libido to a devotion to the Virgin Mary and other female saints. He left the seminary, but remained a virgin until his marriage several years later.

A scholar by inclination, he found himself studying masochism—first through history and literature, and eventually by surreptitiously sliding over to Times Square to purchase bondage and female-worship magazines as masturbatory fodder. The compulsion grew, and by 1971, when he read a Eulenspiegel Society ad in *Screw*, he was ready to take the leap. Actually it took him six months to muster the courage to attend his first meeting, but soon he hooked up with a novice dominatrix and had his first "scene."

Both were uncertain of their roles (the girl had spent the previous year being Master Jack's "slave"), but somehow they managed to work things out. Otto loved every minute they spent together,

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 97). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

but nevertheless he needed a firmer task-mistress. He found her in the form of a black dominatrix, whom he was with for two years.

Otto has had a number of different mistresses since the black ballbuster, and sadomasochism has replaced religion as the main passion in his life. He sees nothing unusual in this because he views sex and religion as analogous—"preoccupations with death." Otto's wife, a "liberal" Catholic, is still devout and does not participate in his fetish. Still, she accepts his "scene" and has even met his current mistress.

There's a masochistic macho that abounds among male submissives, in that masochists pride themselves on how much they can take—pain-wise—from their mistresses. They also pride themselves on their close interpersonal relationships, boasting to one another when their mistresses *order* them to see a doctor or *demand* that they lose weight. It is the masochist who allows the sadist to attain power by relinquishing his own—they need each other.

Either a masochist takes what his mistress has to give, or he finds another one. Otto, among other things, has been flayed with every manner and form of whip, has had his ass rubbed raw with sandpaper and has been used for hours on end as a footstool. Yet his individual

need for pain is limited to "a little spanking"—all else is "accepted" as a token of his devotion.

"Now Earl," said Otto, referring to the cross-dressing bondage demonstrator from the meeting, "he's into *pain*." I mentally filed the comment, not thinking much of it at the time, and set about meeting with Master Jack to get the sadist's point of view.

Determining how a person develops into a sadist, masochist, heterosexual or homosexual is simple when applying Freudian theory, but paradoxical when examining individual predicaments. Jack Jackson is a case in point. He was raised by his mother and a series of aunts, without a strong father figure. In addition, he was a sickly child—bedridden with rheumatic fever through much of his childhood. All of these are supposedly contributing factors in a homosexual development; yet Jack is heterosexual with a vengeance.

"A dominant, a *true* dominant, takes responsibility for every aspect of his slave's life," Jack assured me. "As an S, I whip a girl not so much to cause pain per se, but to see how much she'll take from me as *proof of her love*." This is a common rap from Eulenspiegel dominants who are of the "S&M-with-love" school. By extension, sadomasochism is just an elaborate form of foreplay that

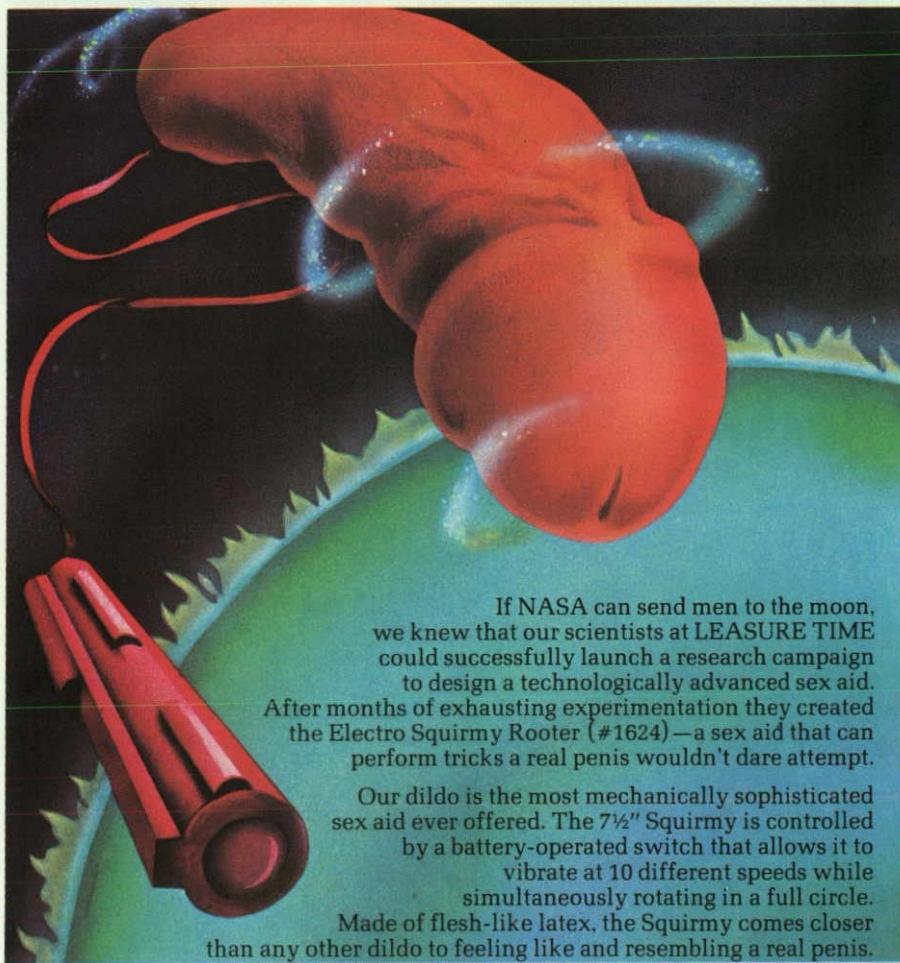
the sadist needs before he (or she) can "make love."

"I get into some voyeur-type 'scenes.' Other dominants bring their slaves over in order to watch me put them through some S&M and then make love to them. I do it too, but I fake the balling part. Making love is too private to be done in front of third parties."

While listening to this, I thought that the "private" aspect of making love was the sadist's vulnerability. Presumably, the slave is the master's equal when they make love. Sadists, like everyone else, are a quivering mass of vulnerability when racked by orgasmic spasms. Unlike masochists, sadists are not so willing to exhibit their vulnerability.

I asked Jack a typical noninitiate's question on the escalating principle as concerns S&M: Does the sadist have to raise the stakes in order to be satisfied, until he's into maiming and snuffland?

"When you give a girl a hickey—how do you know when to stop?" Jack countered. The Eulenspiegels—sadists and masochists alike—claim ignorance of the psychotic fringe types. This makes sense, since the society's members are a *social* group of S&Mers who pretty much know each other's "scenes" and who would ostracize anyone who developed a reputation for being out of control. A psychotic would be a loner by necessity.



If NASA can send men to the moon, we knew that our scientists at LEASURE TIME could successfully launch a research campaign to design a technologically advanced sex aid. After months of exhausting experimentation they created the Electro Squirmy Rooter (#1624)—a sex aid that can perform tricks a real penis wouldn't dare attempt.

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Jack and other dominants agree that life's frustrations play a part in forming the sadist's personality. The expression "blowing off steam" figures into the dominants' conversations nearly as much as "accept" can be heard from submissives. Jack claims he's never witnessed a whipping scene in which the whipper didn't or wasn't made to stop when the whipped said, "Enough."

"We don't have many extremists in our organization, although Earl might be one. Earl is *unusual*," Jack said.

"What do you mean—'unusual'?" I asked.

"He's just unusual. For instance, at the last party he showed up manacled, in a gown, with his girlfriend leading him in an iron collar. She had him mount the stage, where she *viciously* whipped him and then shoved a huge dildo up his ass until he came. No telling what he'll do at our next party."

The Eulenspiegel party was a sadomasochistic wonderland. The evening was oppressively hot, with the temperature easily hovering around 100 degrees inside the packed loft. Pat Bond, in a heavy leather collar and a T-shirt that read "I AM A WHIPPEE," stood at the door collecting the \$5 entry fee. Next to him stood his antithesis, Master Jack, his shaved head gleaming in the heat, in black leather drag and

with a riding crop sticking out of one of his boots. A crowd of about 150 stood in clusters scattered around the loft, while a strobe blinked out light in syncopation to loud disco music. After a cursory glance, the party resembled any number of loft gatherings that might have taken place in Manhattan on this particular evening.

But closer inspection revealed some strangeness: dominant females wearing expressions of proud accomplishment—like hunters displaying a catch—milled through the crowd, leading around handcuffed men on leashes. Other men, nude except for leather jock pouches, wandered around wearing shell-shocked expressions, clearly hoping to be discovered by a mistress or master. Occasionally a submissive would sink to his knees in front of a dominatrix and proffer his ass for a thrashing. This would inevitably draw a crowd of curiosity-seekers. When the dominatrix grew tired of whipping ass, the whipped would be summoned to his feet. The on-lookers would disperse, careening in all directions for the next slice of the weird and far-out.

The dance floor offered some vignettes that you were not likely to witness at a cotillion. A man well over six-feet tall and powerfully built, dressed in a French maid's outfit and a blond wig, danced on a leash held by his mistress—

a lady half his size and twice his age. Her cape was draped over one of his massive, shaved arms while the couple danced. Next to this charming twosome was a young man doing a new dance: "The Double Grovel." While his female partner did the Spanish Hustle, he was down on his knees trying to lick her boots—thus reaping the double benefit of worshipping her feet while simultaneously being kicked in the face.

"Do you think he does windows?" an effeminate voice asked from over my shoulder, referring to the French maid. I smiled and turned to see a young man covered from the waist up with glitter; his right nipple was pierced with a ring.

"Only with his tongue," I replied, wandering off to a corner where forms were huddled in a cluster. I edged closer and saw a handcuffed man on his knees, orally ministering to a circle of men with cocks at the ready. I beat a hasty retreat to the opposite corner, where a "gang-spank" was taking place.

Five men stood in line in front of an obese dominatrix seated there. They were waiting their turn for a paddling. In a businesslike way the dominatrix pulled a man's underwear up the crack of his rear and administered a tattoo of whacks on his ass. When she decided that he had had enough, she said: "Next!" The man rose, pulled up his pants and said, "Thank you very much." Then the next whipped took his place over the woman's knee.

In spite of all this carrying on, there was a sedate air about the party. Certainly it wasn't the "wall-to-wall orgy" that Master Jack, at his promotional best, had suggested it would be. I was disappointed because Earl, the *living legend* among his fellow Eulenspiegellers, was nowhere in sight.

I was working on my fifth or sixth beer and thinking of leaving when Jack mounted the stage and announced a "contest." The contest started with several seminude chicks professing their love for various aspects of S&M. They were followed by a 300-pound bearded pirate brandishing throwing knives and a flintlock, which, he assured the gathering, was a "genuine replica." A professional-looking dominatrix mouthed some nonsense about being "the Princess of Everlasting Love."

(Later, I witnessed a gnomelike man humbly approach her to confirm his Sunday appointment for some "everlasting love"; she nodded, then dismissed the unworthy toad with a flick of her wrist.)

Next, one of the most shadowy and nondescript men I've ever seen led a chained and hooded woman onto the

(continued on page 107)



KINKY KORNER

by Etheridge Norris

When I was 19, most of my time was spent chasing girls or trying to figure out what to do with them once I'd caught them. Even when I managed to convince a hot number to let me play in her park, something was lacking. I didn't know for sure what—it just seemed there should be more to sex than a few hasty jabs and a quick explosion.

At that time I was living with my mother. My father had died several years before and I didn't want to leave her alone. I was elated when Mom began talking about renting out our spare room. If she had someone else to stay with her, I could move out, and one of my major problems would be solved. You see, most of the girls I was dating still lived at home, so finding a place to be alone with them was a real stumbling block.

One day I returned home from a particularly unsatisfying session on the couch of a neighborhood honey. I had just convinced her to remove her panties and was about to take the plunge when her parents returned unexpectedly. Needless to say, I couldn't finish the job.

When I got home, I noticed a note Mom had left for me. She would be working late, and I shouldn't expect her home until around seven. Since it was only five, I decided to use the time to beat off my frustrations. As I started to undress, my mind wandered back to little miss "hot number." She was probably in her bedroom doing the same thing to herself.

I flopped down on the bed, landed on my back, legs wide apart, with my right hand gripping my cock. In the wall mirror I could see my reflection as I got myself off. Thrills shot through my body as I closed my eyes and saw hot visions of the joys I had to abandon.

I was moaning and uttering vulgarities, but I was alone in the house—or so I thought. Suddenly my door flung open and there stood a middle-aged woman I

Do you have an unusual story that you'd like to share concerning one of your own sexual encounters? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers, for the readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 for each such story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine or ten typed (double-spaced) or neatly printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed return envelope.



THE OLDER WOMAN

had never seen before. Although I knew I should have stopped masturbating and covered myself, my cock had a mind of its own. My handiwork had set too much in motion, and my involuntary eruption landed all over the bed.

For what seemed like hours I was oblivious to the strange woman standing in my doorway. As my eyes began to focus again, I became fully aware of her. I shook my head in disbelief—it was the woman of my fantasies. How many times had I dreamed of such a woman?—mature, wise in the ways of the world, but still attractive. I covered myself with the bedsheet, but she stopped me by

raising her hand. The flush of her face didn't seem to be from embarrassment. I could tell she was stimulated by what she was witnessing. She was shapely, her lips had a passionate fullness, and I knew she had huge breasts under her modest dress.

I was now limp, but the sight of this woman started sending warm messages through me again. I thought it would be impossible to get it up again so quickly, but my organ told me otherwise.

I was afraid to make a move, but she wasn't. She wanted to know if she could do more than watch. I blushed and asked who she was. The woman was our new boarder, Regina, a 57-year-old widow, who said she was quite horny.

I hemmed and hawed as I informed her that I had never before made it with a woman of her age but, as she approached the bed, she told me she understood. Soothingly she told me to relax and allow her to demonstrate what it's like to make love to an older woman. But as she disrobed and climbed into bed, the last thing I could do was relax.

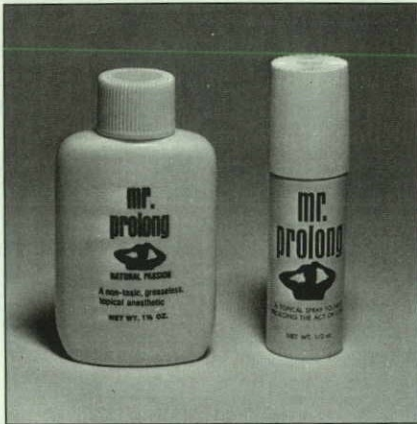
I looked at her beautiful legs and between them I could see all the way to the Garden of Eden. She instructed me to climb off the bed and position myself at the foot of it. And eager to learn, I complied. I watched

in sheer delight as she slowly adjusted her womanly body on the bed. Spread-eagled and panting, she told me to rub her warm crotch with the palm of my hand and massage her clitoris with my fingertips. It produced miracles.

Her thighs started to buck and she began rocking on the bed. She told me to put my lips and tongue on her pussy, and kiss and smell it. She grabbed my head, pushing my face deeper into it. When she came, I was amazed at the intensity of her orgasm.

Instructing me to stand next to her by the bed, she then took my cock in her mouth. This was a new pleasure for me.

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Her mouth was hot, wet and wild. I slid in and out with such ease that I wondered how deep her throat really was. She became hotter and hornier. She took a breather from her oral action, spread her big thighs and told me to go to town.

I slid into her as though we were tailor-made for each other. I timed my momentum to the bucking of her heavy ass, while her legs circled my back and her feet pressed into me, encouraging me to thrust harder.

I made love to this 57-year-old woman just as I had wanted to make love to the young girl earlier in the day. She urged me on, but I had no intention of stopping. My mouth seemed to automatically find her large breasts, and I suckled one, then the other, moving from nipple to nipple. Just as I could no longer hold back my orgasm, Regina held my head tightly to her breast. While riding the wave of excitement, I shot everything I had in me.

That was the beginning of our friendship. Afterward Regina told me she had been widowed a year earlier, and one of the hardest adjustments was not having someone to talk to and make love to. She was too old to barhop, and most younger men weren't attracted to her. Tired of living alone, she had decided to rent our spare room after seeing the sign my mom had put in the window.

She said the sight of me masturbating had turned her on a great deal. She had no idea how truly horny she had been until she saw my young, strong body and wanted to have it.

We were all cleaned up, dressed and engaged in amicable conversation in the living room when my mother returned from work. Mom was 44 years old at the time and was in better shape physically than Regina, but I couldn't think of my mother in sexual terms.

If I did have any subconscious desire for my mother, I had never faced up to it, but I did know that Regina had satisfied longings no girl ever had. It must have been fate that we met. We suited each other's needs so perfectly. Meanwhile, Mom was glad to have a happy boarder and a contented son.

Then one afternoon my mother said she had to go out of town to visit my sick aunt. She would be gone for at least a week, and asked Regina to "keep me in line." After Mother left, we went right to bed—where we were already spending most of our time when my mom was out of the house. By that time, Regina had taught me to be a master of love, a sexual athlete and a lot of other things I can't mention in a family publication.

That afternoon she wanted me to demonstrate fully how much I had learned from her.

Quickly I was on top of Regina, nibbling her nipples and fingering her crotch. I found the tiny nub of pleasure, her rising clitoris. She had taught me well, and now, with her eyes closed, she shivered sensuously as the tremors from down under sent thrills all through her. When I entered her, she cried out. I kept plunging, and she kept throbbing as we did our best to love each other into another world.

Her legs shook; her broad behind was raised high; ripples of joy struck us both at once. She screamed. She said I should love her harder, which I did. She was churning, banging and panting when she exploded, and my climax was equally body-draining and wonderful.

I had never enjoyed sex with any other woman the way I had with Regina. Sure, she wasn't as tight as some young girls I had gone to bed with, but none of them had ever pleased me as much, and what she lacked in youthful firmness, she more than made up for in her mature approach to sex. She was patient and wasn't afraid to speak up when she wanted to change positions or have me caress a particular part of her body.

Regina's body was beautiful despite her age. Time takes its toll on everyone, but it had treated her well. You could tell from her now overly voluptuous shape that at one time she could walk down a street and turn boys into men and men into hardened lovers. The experiences her body had gone through aided our sex play because her body had not been dulled by the years. Like a violin, its tone had become fuller, richer, more responsive to the lightest touch.

Each time I made love to her she tormented me with her vaginal muscles, the same ones she had used to give birth to her now-grown children. Those youngsters had been nursed with the very beauties I enjoyed sucking and squeezing in my hands.

Regina had the wisdom and patience to teach me all the things my mother couldn't. Maybe I even had a hidden desire to have my mother teach me those things, and Regina's appearance on the scene probably saved some embarrassing moments that could have cropped up between Mom and me.

My early experiences with Regina were a while ago, but we still see each other regularly. When I'm not with her, I don't always look for an older woman, but I've found that as far as a genuinely good lay is concerned, age is beauty.

(continued from page 104)

"No shit," someone yelled from the audience.

I was again thinking of splitting when Jack boomed with a laugh: "And now the ever-unpredictable Earl!" Apparently, Earl had just arrived at the party, and he took a few minutes to appear. I expected him to mount the stage while strapped to a bed of burning coals, but what I saw was even stranger.

Earl, dressed in leather and looking imperious, stepped up to the stage with a blond slave in tow. The blond was tied up from head to foot, a half-dozen padlocks hung from her body, and she was wrapped from waist to knee in a ballooning, utterly ridiculous-looking diaper. At the sight the audience broke into spontaneous applause, which Earl acknowledged with a nod. It was nearly impossible to believe that this was the same man I had witnessed in stockings and high heels at the Eulenspiegel meeting and who had himself been dildofucked in drag at the last party.

"This is Penny and she's been very naughty this weekend, so I've had to severely discipline her. Of course, I would have had to discipline her any-

way." Earl unlocked several of the padlocks and pulled the diaper down to her knees, displaying a dildo strapped into her vagina. He smiled as the audience recognized the pussy-plug. He had Penny bend over. Her entire ass and the backs of her legs were covered with welts and black-and-blue marks. Like a professor of the lash, he pointed out her marks with the end of a three-foot switch. "Now tell them what I had you do last night."

"No!" the girl replied petulantly, and the audience responded with a loud, choral: "Oooooooooohhhh!!!"

"What?!" Earl growled, pulling Penny up by her hair. Suddenly the girl whimpered: "I ate your shit."

"Louder!" Earl commanded, and the girl repeated herself. Earl added, "Well, actually I just rubbed her face in it." Earl won first prize in the contest: a toilet seat, which he had his "slave" kiss.

Later, Earl unfettered his girlfriend. Holding hands, they mingled with the crowd. When slow songs played, they danced, looking to the world—despite the master-slave regalia—like a pair of conventional lovers. I was impressed. Earl's uniqueness transcended the Eulenspiegel Society.

The following week I met with Earl and Penny in Earl's large East Side

Manhattan apartment. Again they resembled conventional lovers—sitting, holding hands and smiling at each other—but not for long.

"We don't play around with S&M," Earl said. For dramatic emphasis he had Penny stand and display her thighs, which were still covered with welts and bruises impressive enough to convict any married man of wife abuse. Penny displayed her marks proudly.

Like many S&M couples, they met by mail-order. Earl placed an ad for a slave in the Eulenspiegel Society's organ, *Pro-Me-Thee-Us*, which read in part: "Cruel but loving master seeks slave." Penny, who was living in Arizona at the time, read the ad, and she and Earl began a telephone correspondence—restraining, whipping, applying enemas and verbally abusing each other over Ma Bell. Finally, she flew to New York City to meet the master she had never seen.

Earl Einhorn has been a practicing sadomasochist for the last 18 of his 34 years. However, his luxury apartment and its furnishings attest to his successful career as an actuary for an insurance company—a job he recently quit. Being a radical S&Mer while holding a very straight job was just one contradiction in a life filled with contradictions.

Earl grew up in Brooklyn. Sixth-

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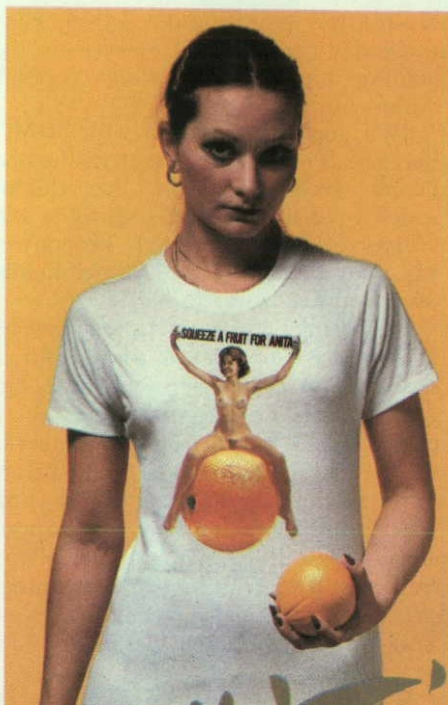
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grade testing showed he had a 12th-grade math aptitude. In the ninth grade at Walt Whitman Junior High School he was a straight-A student, class president and quite popular. However, by the tenth grade the pressure started to affect him, his grades slipped, and his mental state became what he terms "suicidal." He dropped out of school and started seeing a psychiatrist.

Eventually he took a job loading trucks in order to pay for the therapy, which he estimates amounted to \$35,000 over seven years. Earl looks back on it as money well spent, since it cured his "inability to love" and helped him to accept his budding S&M personality. An immediate result was a return to high school, where he doubled his course load and finally graduated.

His college career was filled with similar fluctuations. He attended City College of New York and for a period of time did quite well—followed by a rather unproductive period—before he was ultimately expelled. He worked full-time for United Parcel Service and begged his way back into CCNY as a night student.

Again he did well—well enough to transfer to day classes. He accumulated 60 credits. Then, as usual, Earl did the turnabout and permanently quit college, taking a job with the insurance company. By going over his supervisor's head and suggesting that the firm computerize certain functions, he rose from a \$100-a-week clerk to a \$25,000-a-year actuary.

At age 16 he discovered that although he was entirely heterosexual, he also enjoyed wearing women's clothing. He met a teenage girl who would tie him up and whip him while he was in drag. From this relationship sexual patterns evolved that would carry over to his adult life.

Earl has a dominant, aggressive nature, and he sexually dominates all his girlfriends. When he falls in love, however, the need to be sexually dominated by his lover while he wears women's lingerie takes over. Specifically, he plays the role of a 13-year-old girl who needs a chastening from "her mistress." Nevertheless, he remains dominant in the nonsexual aspects of all his personal relationships.

Earl was continually into S&M and cross-dressing throughout a six-year marriage, which ended when he was 30. It was at this time that he *leaped* out of the closet, appearing as a transvestite on *The Stanley Seigel Show*. It was also at this time that he experimented with drugs (100 acid trips) and fell into one of the more intense phases of his S&M life with a girl named Diane. She would sit

home each day while Earl worked on mortality tables at the insurance company. At night, *every night for three or four hours*, they would assume their S&M roles: she the mistress, and Earl the young girl.

"When into this 'scene' I am a 13-year-old girl," he said. "At the height of a 'scene' there is only a thin thread that connects me back to reality. The deeper I get into it, the more pleasurable it becomes. Part of the thrill is taking the chance, stretching the limits until I'm not *sure* I can make it back to reality." He lives his life this way—pushing and probing for the limits.

Another postmarital relationship involved a transsexual hooker. By day Earl worked the superstraight insurance job, and by night—Hyde-like—he would assume the role of her pimp: carrying a gun, snorting coke and fighting with other pimps. In retrospect, he no more regrets his days as a "player" than he does any facet of his sadomasochistic experiences.

"Most people search for truth in their lives. It's just a question of what vehicle you use for the search; I happen to use sadomasochism. I'm proud of what I've learned and accomplished through it."

Although inexperienced, I felt that my research of sadomasochism wouldn't be complete unless I took a dilettantish dip into the periphery of the "scene." The first question was easy: Should I play the ass-whupper or the ass-whuppee? After three seconds of deliberation I decided to be the whupper. The second question wasn't so easily solved: Where do I find a whuppee? Most of my female acquaintances equate being a "slave" with a dose of the clap.

I tried recruiting at the Eulenspiegel meetings, but the ratio of men to women was about ten to one, and the few unattached women attending the meetings were either dominants, lesbians or too ugly to abuse. Finally my determination to experiment (in the name of journalistic research, of course) helped me convince a rather straight girlfriend, Margo, to give it a try.

"Remember," I told her prior to the big night, "no giggling allowed."

"Oh, yeah? You're the one who's liable to crack up first," she countered, and I couldn't deny the possibility.

On the day of the "scene" I went out and bought some rope and a pair of cheap handcuffs, but like any decent, thoughtful sadist, I made sure the cuffs had a double lock to prevent accidental tightening once they were applied. I spent the rest of the day trying to work myself into a lather. I concentrated on

(continued on page 113)

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SUDDENLY, ALL THOUGHTS OF "RACIAL PURITY" VANISH AS THE KLANSMEN, THEIR ROBES BULGING WITH GIGANTIC BONERS, PREPARE TO "STAIN THE SHEETS!"

FUCK IDEOLOGY!
I'M GONNA GET
MAH ROOT WET!

YEAH,
BUDDY!

EVEN THE IMPERIAL LIZARD HIMSELF FORGETS ABOUT HIS NOBLE CAUSE IN THE FACE OF A SPREAD-LEGGED FEMALE!

YOU WANNA
FUCK ME?
WHY, THAT'S
MIGHTY WHITE
OF YOU, MISS!

BUT BEFORE THE HONKY HONCHO CAN BURY HIS PLUMB-TIPPED TURKEY NECK, HE MUST FIRST UNVEIL HIS PRIZE!

MOMMA!

HYMIE! YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE IN
MEDICAL SCHOOL!

SO WHAT'S WITH THE SHEET,
HYMIE, MY SON? ARE YOU
GOING INTO THE GARMENT
BUSINESS, OR WHAT? YOU'RE
LOOKING SKINNY, TOTTELAH.
AREN'T YOU EATING WELL?

I'M FINE,
MOMMA,
FINE! I
JUST HATE
GRITS, THAT'S
ALL!

SUCH A HAPPY
REUNION I'VE
NEVER SEEN!

NEXT MONTH: HONEY CHANGES
HER WAYS!

WE ARE WHAT WE ARE

(continued from page 108)

the negative in order to whip myself into a foul mood. I thought about editors who'd fucked me around, women who'd busted my balls and, in general, every cretin that I could recall having dealt with in my life.

It worked! As the hour of Margo's arrival approached, I was pacing around my apartment like the Marquis De Sade with a toothache—practically foaming at the mouth.

At least I *thought* it had worked. When the doorbell rang, I opened my apartment door and hid behind it with the handcuffs at the ready, waiting for Margo's entrance. Margo, apparently sensing danger, stepped cautiously inside, uncertainly calling my name. I answered, "Aha!" as I suddenly leaped out from behind the door, snapping the cuffs on her tiny wrists and pushing her into my place.

"No, wait—I have something to tell you," she started to say.

"You have to tell *me* something? Hah!" I sat her down with arms cuffed behind her back, and proceeded to rant and rave for about ten minutes—basically, although not exclusively, on the fucking-over that was in store for her.

If I discovered anything that evening

with Margo it was that I am not a dyed-in-the-wool dominant. When I finally settled down, my friend explained that she wasn't feeling well and had changed her mind about going through with it. (A woman's prerogative?) My ravings had genuinely frightened her, and she was on the edge of tears. So I unfastened the handcuffs.

I realize my capitulation was a disgrace to the memory of the Marvelous Marquis. But the simple fact is that sadomasochism, like any other sexual persuasion, is a passion; and if you don't have the passion within you, there is no way you can righteously conjure it up. However, women are wonderfully resilient creatures, and before the end of the evening Margo acquiesced to a light spanking "scene": "Harder! Harder! Harder!" she whispered.

Without question there are *some* very sick puppies giving and receiving the lash: sadomasochism is tailor-made for the extremist. Moreover, it's doubtful—to say the least—that the vast majority of people will ever come around to the S&M point of view, which equates violence with love: the sadist, who must cause pain in order to feel powerful and achieve a turn-on; and the masochist, who becomes aroused by relinquishing his power and being degraded.

It appears that this strange union of violence and love, pain and pleasure, emanates from a personality that has gone wrong somewhere along the line. Exactly where is a question that has yet to be answered. Unfortunately, in our sexually repressive society we are prone to ignore or punish such behavior, rather than seek to understand it.

Ironically, violence is as all-American as apple pie and cheating on tax returns. Anyone who doubts this only has to switch on his TV on a fall Sunday afternoon: football, boxing, hunting. Furthermore, rape statistics attest to the popularity of violence. And it seems to me that the S&Mers have taken one of our most prevalent forms of behavior and converted it into one of its most benign uses.

As weird as it might seem to the disinterested, sadomasochists *do* convert pain into pleasure. I'd be willing to wager a \$200 leather harness against 50-cent nipple clips that all people harbor some sort of sadomasochistic fantasy. Ultimately, S&Mers are a small special-interest group of consenting adults. Perhaps this is fortunate.

God help already-too-violent America if suddenly 150 million of us start flaying the shit out of each other on a nightly basis. *Or would that be a better way to "blow off steam"?* ☹

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AL GOLDSTEIN

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INTERVIEW: AL GOLDSTEIN

(continued from page 82)

menstruating prematurely.

HUSTLER: What are your personal feelings concerning homosexuals?

GOLDSTEIN: Faggots are sissies. And I like sissies—they know their place.

HUSTLER: You don't really believe they're sick, do you?

GOLDSTEIN: When I'm angry at somebody I say, "You no-good faggot." I use it as a pejorative term to put people down. I know I shouldn't feel that way, but I have the same liberal guilt that many people have. Ultimately, we should all really be emancipated. But I think you've got a few marbles loose if you go around sucking cocks. Unless you're a woman—then I think it's appropriate.

HUSTLER: Does *Screw*, editorially, discriminate against homosexuals?

GOLDSTEIN: We abuse homosexuals in the pages of *Screw* just as we abuse everybody else. From an employment point of view I am somewhat prejudiced against faggots. Although my key administrative assistant is gay, I don't believe gay editors belong in the men's magazine field, but I will take a faggot over a woman every day. At least when a faggot works late at night, you don't have to provide somebody to protect him on his way home. Faggots take their beatings like men. Women cry a lot. With that joke I've just buried myself with the gays and the feminists.

HUSTLER: Do you feel gays will ever be able to achieve equal rights?

GOLDSTEIN: Not in the next 50 years. But I think we can learn from homosexuals. They have gotten more acceptance than straights, by politicizing the right of faggots. They are much less persecuted and persecuted than straight people. Homosexuals really have done a beautiful job of lobbying, and if you fuck around with a homosexual today, you're going to have pickets tomorrow. On the other hand nobody wants to actively fight for the sexual rights of straight people.

HUSTLER: But the antipornography groups, which are fighting against sexual freedom, always claim to be protecting society from a disease.

GOLDSTEIN: By repressing sexuality they are actually breeding violence and antisocial behavior. If you take the angriest of people and give them enough sexual pleasure to satiate them, you'll have ventilated their hatred and anger, which would otherwise explode into shooting people from a bell tower in Texas or knocking off six people bicycling in Jersey. Son of Sam could not make a connection with a woman. If he

had had a girlfriend, none of his victims would have been killed in New York City. If only he had had a hooker he could fuck—but he felt like an outsider. **HUSTLER:** What you're saying is, society is diseased in its present state.

GOLDSTEIN: We really are a very sick society—we're antagonistic to very affirmative body contact while we encourage rampant destruction. Why is it OK for high-school kids to play football, wreaking mayhem on each other, but wrong for them to take sex-education courses?

I don't understand that dichotomy. The kids in public schools don't know enough about sex and, as a consequence, they feel guilty about their bodies. I really think sex should be taught in our country as though it were an intellectual endeavor.

HUSTLER: A great deal of research indicates a link between sexual repression and antisocial behavior, whether it be child abuse, violence in society or all the so-called kinks, fetishes and the acceptable sexual perversions that exist in society today. Now this was the general thrust of a *HUSTLER* article on child abuse by Dr. James W. Prescott (October 1977).

He wrote that we're breeding violence into our children and that we've created the violent society we live in simply because we function under the theory that physical discipline (pain and suffering) builds strong moral character. Prescott said that this theory is a myth, that what we need is love and that sexual repression does nothing but contribute to our neuroses. Do you agree?

GOLDSTEIN: Absolutely. We only have to look at the era in Greece 400 years before Christ. The city of Sparta was a military fortress where everything revolved around war and violence. As a matter of fact, it was all right to steal as long as one didn't get caught. Nothing of much value came from that city, unlike Athens of the same period. Athens belonged to the literary and intellectual worlds of Plato, Pericles and other brilliant minds. The Athenian mentality produced beauty, intelligence and sensuality. Ironically, Sparta has given us the military mind, which can't get orgasmic relief, so instead it releases bombs and rockets.

HUSTLER: But that negative body attitude, that uncaring view of life, has also spawned alcoholism, drug abuse and self-humiliation to the point where it's easier to reach for a joint or bottle or gun than for another person.

GOLDSTEIN: I agree completely.

HUSTLER: Isn't much of this largely the result of the Judeo-Christian ethic? Didn't God intend for us merely to live fairly with one another?

GOLDSTEIN: I judge religions on the basis of what they do, and I'm afraid to say that the insidious power of religion has been with us for thousands of years. I do not respect irrationality, stupidity or superstition; and much of religion is rooted in these.

HUSTLER: Do you think there will ever be a true separation of church and state?

GOLDSTEIN: I'm afraid religion's going to be with us for a long, long time. My objection to religion is that instead of being used constructively, it's been used as an instrument of destruction. If religion really preached the holiness of the body and its use sexually, I would applaud religion, even though I'm a nonbeliever. But religion teaches us that sex is bad, and that's what I find so very alien to me.

HUSTLER: How does pornography fit in then?

GOLDSTEIN: Pornography is far less dangerous than romanticism. Both are fantasies; both have weak premises. But romanticism is why three out of four marriages wind up in divorce court—sexual unhappiness being one cause. Pornography tries to depict some reality, however. Naturally, it too can be misused, but I prefer pornography completely to idealistic, romantic bullshit.

HUSTLER: In what way do you feel pornography can be misused?

GOLDSTEIN: Through its occasional rigidity. It would be bad for the woman who's having a problem with orgasm to think, as she watches someone twisting and cavorting on the screen in a porn theater, that all it takes is a stiff cock to have 12 orgasms. And, conversely, it's uncomfortable for males to see all those men in porn films with 12-inch cocks. When I look at Johnny "the Wadd" Holmes, I don't want to unzip anymore; I don't have enough meat to work with. What we're talking about is accepting ourselves for what we are, and romanticism clouds the issue more than porn.

HUSTLER: Is there any form of sexual behavior that you find repugnant?

GOLDSTEIN: Yes, eating shit. I saw a movie recently at Lincoln Center entitled *Salo*, the last film made by Pier Paolo Pasolini, a brilliant Italian filmmaker who was murdered by a homosexual boy he'd picked up. The film deals with the Marquis De Sade, humiliation, brutalization, eating shit and being pissed on.

Salo makes **HUSTLER** look like *Atlantic Monthly*. It not only tells you how to eat shit, but also how to get the shit really smelly by eating beans and contaminated food so the excrement is even worse smelling than if your bowels were healthy. Since it was a Pasolini film,

however, it was acceptable to the pretentious intellectuals, the same intellectuals who would say that **HUSTLER**'s gone too far, the same people who defended *Fanny Hill*, *Ulysses*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Ralph Ginzburg's *Eros*. I found Pasolini's film despicable and disgusting, and I wanted to throw up. But I believe it had every right to be shown.

HUSTLER: But how about all the scatological content of *Screw*?

GOLDSTEIN: Shit and piss. I am fascinated with the fact that every day we probably use our cocks six or seven times to piss. Most of us who are healthy wipe our asses at least once a day because we take a shit. All that wonderful food that we're eating at the Palace and other great restaurants is going to be turned into shit in about nine hours. That's the fascinating secret, and I love it. And by extension, when I look at adults I say, "Did that adult eat pussy? Did that adult fuck?" It's a secret that adults don't want to share with fellow adults. Metaphorically, they're all little containers of shit looking for a place to drop some.

HUSTLER: People who have known and worked with you characterize you as being neurotic. Even your lawyer, Herald Fahringer, once said that *Screw* is your way of responding to an authoritarian society. Is this true?

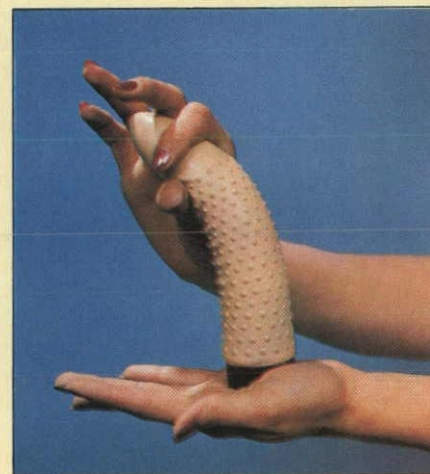
GOLDSTEIN: I would verify that, sure. Almost anyone who tries to bring about change has to be a little unbalanced. If you're balanced, you're not going to fight. Yes, within me I'm sure there are certain self-destructive components. The average politician has such components too. To be a true believer, to be a zealot, you have to be a little different.

HUSTLER: Psychiatrists would say that you were neglected in your childhood and are now seeking the limelight, even though the real point here is that you are merely outraged at the injustices and the illogical nature of the system we are forced to live in.

GOLDSTEIN: Psychiatrists and phony liberals would rather see me as a case study for a textbook than deal with the issues I bring up. They did the same thing during most of the Vietnam War: To justify the genocide being perpetrated against the North Vietnamese, they believed—in true double-think fashion—that the Viet Cong were not really human beings. So when Al Goldstein raises an issue, these same people discount what I have to say because I'm supposed to be sick.

HUSTLER: But don't you offend people unnecessarily just to get attention?

GOLDSTEIN: Why don't people say Martin Luther King, Jr., was merely



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seeking attention? Nobody ever says that. People always assume that if you're in the sexual field, all the psychological components that make you what you are have to be negative.

HUSTLER: Then how far ahead of his time is Al Goldstein?

GOLDSTEIN: I would say 15 to 20 years. I am also a father now, and I would like my son to live in a saner world than I do. I don't want my son to have to go through my drawers to find my pornography, as I found my father's.

I would like my son to be able to masturbate without feeling guilty, wondering if his mind is going to turn to oatmeal. Whatever options my son has—if the boy is raised with love, sanity and care—I think whatever choice he makes will be fine. Truthfully, I don't care. If he wants to suck cock in the subway, if that's where he's at, I hope I can be a good enough father to love him. He's probably going to identify with his rather crazy father and be very much like me—fucked up.

HUSTLER: Al, most people will concede currently that pornography is not harmful to adults. But everyone is now concerned about the children. Do you feel children are affected by pornography, keeping in mind that you have a child yourself?

GOLDSTEIN: If my son saw in *Screw* a

picture of two persons fucking, he probably would look past the couple and say, "What's that on the door?" I think you only perceive something when you're ready for it. The only problem with looking at pornography is its detached sexuality—meaning the lack of an emotional context. I don't think the boy should read it, but I would not hide it. When I was 12, I found my father's collection of pornography. I remember running into the bathroom and jerking off. I was all right. In fact, I was happy to know my father actually looked at pictures of naked women.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about children who are exposed to pornography, not necessarily through the sale of it or because you yourself hand them a copy, but because they might pick it up on a street corner?

GOLDSTEIN: I don't believe it's going to hurt a child. However, I publish and edit *Screw* for adults. All we hear from the censors is "What about the children?" It's a very emotional issue, but you can't let the rights of children negate the rights of adults.

HUSTLER: But the censors point to child prostitution and kiddy porn, claiming this is the result of the spread of sexually explicit material.

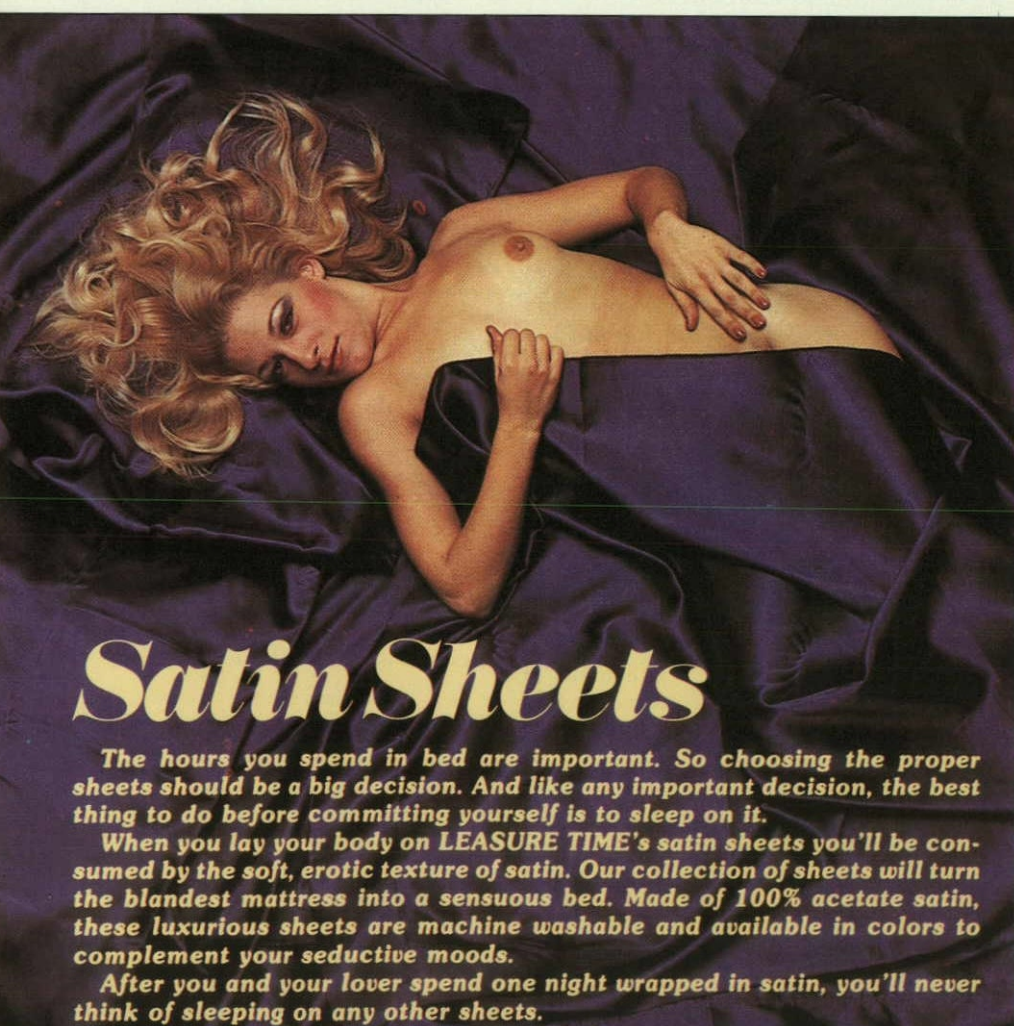
GOLDSTEIN: I've been appalled by kiddy porn all my life. Simply put, I'm

opposed to any exploitation of morons. Also, I don't like seeing epileptics exploited. I hate the way Jerry Lewis exploits diseases to raise money and keep himself on the boob tube for almost 24 hours. I hate exploitation in game shows, which feature virtually psychotic women having breakdowns.

I don't mind two 12-year-olds playing doctor with each other. That's their own curiosity, and I think it's good. On the other hand the use of children in pornographic films and books is shameful. However, it would be just as reprehensible to exploit them in a factory. The use of children sexually is not erotic; it's psychotic. I just read an article in the *New York Times* about an 11-year-old girl who became a prostitute and was found dead a year later. There are laws on the books to help these children. Anybody who uses children—either in prostitution or in a porn film or book—should be prosecuted to the absolute limit of the law. Anyone who could defend or condone kiddy porn has a problem.

HUSTLER: Don't you think a lot of the people who are screaming about kiddy pornography are really using it as an excuse—that it's not applicable to the pornography issue at all?

GOLDSTEIN: Absolutely. I'll give you an example. Once I sat on a panel with a



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woman, Judianne Densen-Gerber, who's the head of Odyssey House. All she did was force her collection of kiddy porn on me and the other panelists. We said, "We don't want to look at your collection of pornography," but it was an obsession with her. At one time she even wanted to force it on congressmen. It's outrageous what she's doing.

Kiddy pornography is terrible, but it is being used as a weapon. Many of the antiporn groups are using this issue as a red herring in their fight to suppress all sexual information and entertainment. I refuse to be placed in the same category with the assholes who use children—simply because I report on sex by and for adults.

HUSTLER: What do you see as the future of the porn industry?

GOLDSTEIN: Clothing. I think people are going to get basically satiated with nudity. The unknown is always what's exciting and titillating. The problem with all men's magazines is that too much is being shown, but I wouldn't want a court to tell us that. I'm personally sick of so much nudity, so I jerk off to Bloomingdale's catalogs or the *New York Times Magazine*.

HUSTLER: How would you rate the top three men's magazines?

GOLDSTEIN: If I had some time to read, I would pick *Playboy*. Editorially, it's comprehensive. Sexually, it is without a doubt the weakest, almost apologetic. I get the feeling that every time Hef drops a load he says he's sorry. I haven't been able to jerk off to *Playboy* in 14 years. What I like about it is the advertising. I'm a big reader of ads. I want to know which hi-fi systems to buy, which new speakers I can stick in my Rolls.

I really like jerking off to *Penthouse*. I think Guccione is very responsive. The women are comely enough, so I like it.

I find **HUSTLER** the hardest magazine to jerk off to. First of all, I think women's genitals are ugly—I may well be a latent faggot. **HUSTLER** is the most enjoyable for me to read because I can keep score of what you guys have stolen from me. If I wanted to drive people out of the BMT subway so I could get a seat, I'd read **HUSTLER**.

HUSTLER: *Screw* is coming out with a national weekly edition. Why do you feel you can make this a successful venture after your entry into the national magazine market—*National Screw*—was such a dismal failure?

GOLDSTEIN: The trouble with *National Screw* was similar to taking a Times Square hooker with syphilis and bad breath and dressing her up—you've still got a slut. We tried to dress up *NS* with glossy paper and color photos, but

any way we sliced it, the book's personality was dwarfed by its attire. *Screw* lost its personality in being transfigured from a raunchy, exciting, very immediate publication—which you can get with a weekly tabloid—to a very pretentious kind of publication. Our failure was deserved. Finally, the people across the nation who have heard about the weekly *Screw* and been influenced by it can now buy a copy of the paper.

HUSTLER: Many of your critics have written off *Screw*. They feel that you, like Clay Felker of *Esquire*, are too Manhattan-oriented, that you feel that the whole world revolves around the Big Apple and that you'll be unable to respond to the rest of the people around the country. Do you buy such criticism?

GOLDSTEIN: People all across the country fuck in the same way, with the same instrumentation. I've eaten pussy in the Midwest and fucked my brains out throughout most of this country. Sex is a universal, a common theme. I don't think there are very many geographical differences.

HUSTLER: To be a little more specific, some people say *Screw* isn't as outrageous as it used to be.

GOLDSTEIN: People tell me, "Gee, *Screw* was so brave eight, nine years ago, and what's happened to it?" The answer is everyone has become more candid and we've just gotten used to it. It's just like a drill running at a 90-decibel level; after a while you tune out that drilling. You get used to a certain level of candor just as you get acclimated to a certain level of sound.

HUSTLER: But often you don't try to further liberate sexual views. You use sex to insult and abuse.

GOLDSTEIN: *Screw* is very nihilistic. We on the staff are sexual anarchists. We were the only publication to come out in favor of continuing the war in Vietnam, because we felt the war was increasing our readership. Everyone in the foxholes was reading *Screw*. We felt the United States should have attacked the Chinese mainland. The more men in uniform, the more *Screw* readers there would be.

HUSTLER: You have not only offended the government with your publication, but you have also offended most of our institutions and a great number of influential people in this country. Do you ever worry about your safety and the safety of your family?

GOLDSTEIN: I wouldn't be surprised if in the next two years there is a bullet in my brain. I am afraid, so often, of being killed that most of the time I have a .38 strapped to my ankle.

HUSTLER: At any rate, due to the

(continued on page 122)

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DEPENDABLE DEALER BITES THE DUST

Stellar Sales, Inc. (523 Washington Avenue, Albany, New York 12206), a major purveyor of hard-core films and magazines, is out of business. As another nail is hammered into the coffin of American freedom, *Stellar* has thrown in the towel to avoid obscenity charges initiated by federal postal inspectors.

It is sad to see the postal authorities trying to regulate morality when they could be channeling their energies against the real criminals—the Shifty Sellers, who deserve harassment and arrest.

So delete *Stellar Sales, Inc.* from your Dependable Dealers list, and remember them in your prayers tonight.

AURAL SEX

Porn talks! We are happy to announce that 8mm sound loops, which have been in the wings for some time now, have finally come into their own. The resulting films may revolutionize pornography the way the first talkies revolutionized Hollywood.

I watched a series of five 8mm sound films with the collective title *Viva*. Film #1 in the series, *Maid Service*, consists of a cute redhead with a teenager's body, a handsome guy, some minimal dialogue and lots of hard-core action. The chick, by the way, gives head so well she should patent her technique and open a school. At one point, however, she is mounted doggy-style, and afterward the guy withdraws with menstrual blood on his dong. This turned me off.

Roots, film #2, opens with two women—one a personable blond, the other an older, less attractive brunet—playing with each other's cunts. A black man comes on the scene and rubs the brunet's genitals. For her part, the blond pays lip service to his semi-erect penis, and he eventually balls the blond in the missionary position. At the same time the brunet fondles him and asks, "Do you like to have your balls squeezed?" I was disgusted, however, to see the man literally fucking the shit out of the blond—at one point, watery feces ooze from the woman's bunghole.

In film #3 in the series, *Anal Eze*, a fine-looking lady gives passionate head and gets some back-door action along with the vaginal plugging. Her lusty cries are great, and she seems to truly relish the sex. But her partner—a short, balding, bespectacled man—keeps his linty black socks on throughout. The movie has a slight greenish tint, which makes everybody look like they've been poisoned, but the coital close-ups are generally quite good.

Young and Ready, flick #4, features a blond teaser who comes home from work, undresses, lies on the bed and fucks herself

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK



by Todd David Schwartz

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order products, not to endorse them but to let you know what you will receive. Companies are invited to send us sample merchandise and information. Also, we'll advise customers on conducting business with mail-order firms, including those advertised in HUSTLER, and alert our readers to shoddy products and outright frauds. If you have a problem with a dealer, write us so that we can alert other readers. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts. We'll contact the establishment and check it out for you. If you've dealt with a reliable firm, we would like to know that too. Address all such correspondence to: HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

with a dildo until the picture dissolves. She then fantasizes making it with a growling, mustachioed stud. The resulting carnality is feverish, but the reel's color quality is sometimes washed out.

In film #5, *The Orgy*, four persons play strip poker: two handsome males, a comely brunet and a blond with silicone knockers. Four-person situations offer lots of acrobatic possibilities, but all we see here is the dark-tressed chick giving head to the same man throughout the film, and the blond being eaten by one of the hombres and then balled by the other.

These movies are on a par with most of the sex films you see in theaters, that is, the sex is raw and sometimes erection-inducing, but the cinematography, direction and "acting" carry the weight of a paper clip. Most of the women in the *Viva* series are better looking than average, and the unusual aspect of the films—that is, sound—does add something to the impact in some of these movies. In others the dubbed-in slurps and grunts detract from the enjoyment. During most of the action we hear instrumental music in the background. Unlike a lot of theatrical porn releases, the performers' dialogue is synchronized with their lip movements.

The *Viva* sound films are available in Super 8mm only, and you'll need a sound projector to hear them, but they can be run through an ordinary nonsound Super 8mm machine too. The films are \$35 each or \$100 for three. Contact *Krow Enterprises*, P.O. Box 11023, Chicago, Illinois 60611, a HUSTLER Dependable Dealer.

JELL-O PENIS

Now you can have your cock and eat it too. The *Gelital* is an aluminum gelatin mold in the shape of a penis and scrotum, measuring over 12" long and 8½" wide, and is perfect

for salads, casseroles, cakes and pud-shaped puddings. Actually the thing looks nifty—almost artful—just hanging on the wall. The *Gelital* costs \$13.95, plus 90 cents for postage and handling. Order from *Planet Molds, Inc.* (30 West 15th Street, New York, New York 10011). Remember, Mother's Day is coming.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

I sent a \$5 check to *Jonos* (210 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010) for four porn films plus a free movie viewer. When I didn't receive anything, I wrote the firm several times but got no reply.

G. J. F.
Hancock, Michigan

Complaints about this company have been sent to us, and our letters, too, went unanswered. If you've been a faithful reader of this column, you should know that \$5 for four films is too good to be true. Tell your story to the New York postal authorities and the Better Business Bureau.

I recently saw an interesting item featured in *Bits & Pieces* (October 1977 HUSTLER), which described a French comic book entitled *L'Echo des Savanes*. The cover illustration shows Woody Woodpecker hammering his beak into a wooden dork. You said the comic costs \$2 from *Monkey's Retreat* (2400 North High Street, Columbus, Ohio 43202), so I sent away for it, but I haven't received my copy yet. Is the *Retreat* making a monkey out of me?

A. S.
St. Louis, Missouri

Monkey's Retreat ran out of the comic book, and had been holding onto everyone's \$2 after ordering additional copies from the distributor. The *Retreat* was unable to get any, however, and it won't be handling that edition anymore. It has mailed you one of the last issues in stock and has refunded all other orders.

We are college students who cannot afford a darkroom, so our film must be developed by a processing company. When we take pornographic home pictures (showing intercourse, oral sex, etc.—we have a healthy sex life), we can't get them developed. The only pictures that come back are those showing simple nudity. Could you please supply us with the name and address of a photo-developing lab that is willing to print absolutely anything? Thanks.

J. D. and B. S.
Boulder, Colorado

One such company is *Filmart* (P.O. Box 8355, Universal City, California 91608). It also develops regular, Super 8mm and 16mm film.



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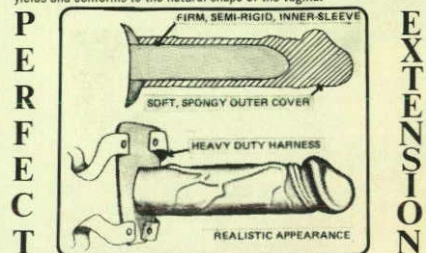
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INTERVIEW: AL GOLDSTEIN

(continued from page 117)

Supreme Court's ruling in the "Miller"* decision, it's apparent that the government has taken quite a few shots at you. Literary, artistic types and intellectual, liberal journalists were willing to sign editorials in your defense. But, ironically, they wouldn't appear in court to help establish that *Screw* was not "utterly without redeeming social value." Why? GOLDSTEIN: Cowardice! For example, in the '50s, when blacklisting was going on—when good intellectuals were not permitted to work in Hollywood—the left was silent. Even the American Civil Liberties Union worked with the FBI in the '50s and '60s.

One time Morris Ernst, who was head

*Editor's Note: The 1973 decision handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court in *Miller v. California* allows local communities to set their own standards for obscenity, using the following guidelines: (a) whether "the average person, applying contemporary community standards" would find that the work, taken as a whole, appeals to the prurient interest; (b) whether the work depicts or describes, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined by the applicable state law; and (c) whether the work, taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value.

of the First Amendment Lawyers, threw me out of a meeting of the group because he thought *Screw* was obscene. He died recently, and it has been discovered that he'd cooperated with the FBI and J. Edgar Hoover while heading the ACLU's legal division. That's the kind of liberal he was: phony.

The point is, why should we expect courage in pornography when courage has never existed? Courage is unique, rare and applauded, but we must realize that most of the so-called intellectual press is as gutless with respect to the issue of pornography as it is with any other dissent.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about your public image?

GOLDSTEIN: I don't want to be the Fred Flintstone of the flesh world, and I tend to be perceived that way. I think it's because I'm honest. You're not supposed to be honest. Look at all the trouble Jimmy Carter got into when he said he had lust in his heart. Not being able to implement the ideas I have and the contributions I can make to society is very frustrating. So, in that regard, I would like to be more respectable, to be a national figure, to continue having the same death wish as Larry Flynt (to be hated and loved simultaneously). I don't merely want to write empty words for an editorial page in *Screw*.

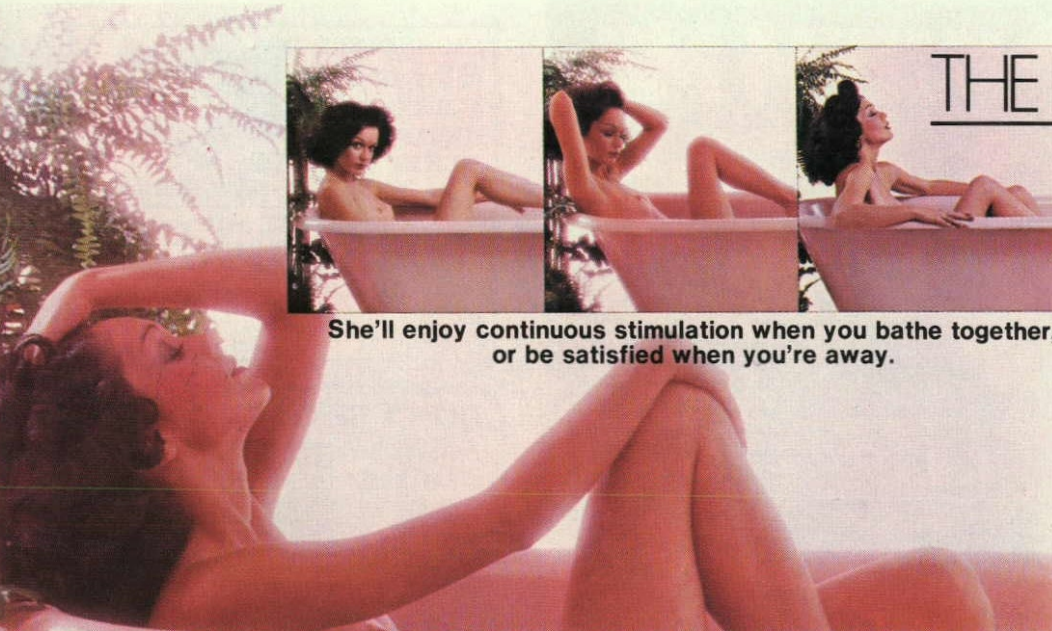
HUSTLER: Do you ever consider giving up?

GOLDSTEIN: I remember getting letters from readers as far back as '68, '69—five years before HUSTLER first appeared—stating "I can't believe a newspaper like yours is around. How long will they let you get away with it?"

I used to write these people, or call them, saying "They're not letting me get away with anything; I have a right to do it." I corroborated for these people their validity to exist. Whether they were into swinging or nocturnal cock-sucking in a theater or just masturbating or even paying for their sex, suddenly here was somebody saying "Hey, I do what you do and I do it publicly." The readers felt less frightened.

The main thing that keeps me going is rage. Rage and anger. I am competitive. I do not want to be defeated. I do not want to lose. I do not want to be emasculated. It's me against them. It's high noon every day of my life, and I think I've been shot in the balls a few times, but I'm still able to draw my gun. If I'm going to be thought of as a bear, I want to be thought of as a grizzly.

I'll only stop when pornography is legalized, when the Supreme Court finally grows up and legalizes what we're doing. Then I'll feel that the battle's over and that we've won. ☹



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THE LAST SHIKSA

(continued from page 96)

wounded warrior. Goff was sure he heard one sentry whisper awesomely, "This sure's one loogie that don't have to beat his meat on the company street."

Goff felt elation. His true worth had been recognized. A good ol' American loogie shavetail. Clean-cut and take no shit from no one. No beat meat on company street. No Meyer Muck Masturbator, but Tom Straight Topfucker, all-American. Goff pushed his gilt-trimmed overseas cap rakishly forward and leaned back, feeling the sweet peace of a totally accepted hero being whisked off to Valhalla.

Goff's prearranged timing now called for him to ask carelessly, "Where are we headed for, baby?"

"Armand, I said we would have an adventure. My family has a summer cottage. It's about twenty-five miles from town. We will be there soon. Are you pleased?"

Yes, yes, he assured her.

Relaxed, he lit a cigar.

Frigga turned to him. "Armand, your cigar smells so good, let me have a few puffs."

Goff passed it to her readily, but he resented it. He didn't relish having it returned to him soggy and mushed up. He couldn't help being pissed off at this invasion of his cigar. This sharing shit had to stop somewhere.

Frigga puffed for a minute, then handed it back to him. Goff planted it in his mouth. Frigga smiled at him benignly and began to hum. Sure enough, she had fucked up his cigar. Its spring had turned to sog.

Frigga drove on, her humming surging with enthusiasm and good feeling. Goff, unable to extract his customary satisfaction from the now-tainted cigar, finally threw it out the window and, trying to keep annoyance out of his tone, asked her what she was humming.

"Wagner, Armand. Do you know this music at all?"

"Can't say that I do."

"After tonight maybe you will become good friends with Wagner," she said, flashing him a lewd, companionable smile.

They pulled up into a thickly wooded pine area. The headlights picked out a cottage in log-cabin veneer and with latticed windows. Keeping the headlights fixed on the door, Frigga stepped out of the car, proceeded in grand processional to frame herself in the spotlighted doorway and raised her arms to welcome her hero to Valhalla. The hobbled hero strove to stumble forward to the excit-

ing apparition that was the gloriously illuminated Frigga.

Goff was reaching unbearable excitement as he feverishly clattered closer—but already a gnawing thought began to mar the purity of his pleasure. He began to worry about the car's battery running down—and in these secluded woods.

Goff cursed his Jewish anxieties. What the hell made him start worrying about the battery running down? Out! Out! he commanded.

And as that worry was extinguished, a new one was already waiting in the wings. Here was this dazzling blond luring him into a Hansel and Gretel cottage. Would she turn into a hag-witch and lock him in a cage to take him out only when she wanted him to screw her? Would she shuffle up to the cage every day and command in a cackle to hold out his *cockle*?

"All right, dearie, hold out your peter through the bars so I can feel it." And the sharp talons would pinch his wee, timorous Jewish prick, and she'd curse, "Drat it, still too skinny and scrawny. We'll have to fatten it up some more, drat it, drat it, drat it!" And she would bring him platters heaped with potato latkes and blintzes, squawking, "EAT, EAT, EAT! You've got to get your *schmekeleh* fattened up, drat it!"

And he *would* eat, eat, eat and get pudgy and fat all over except for his

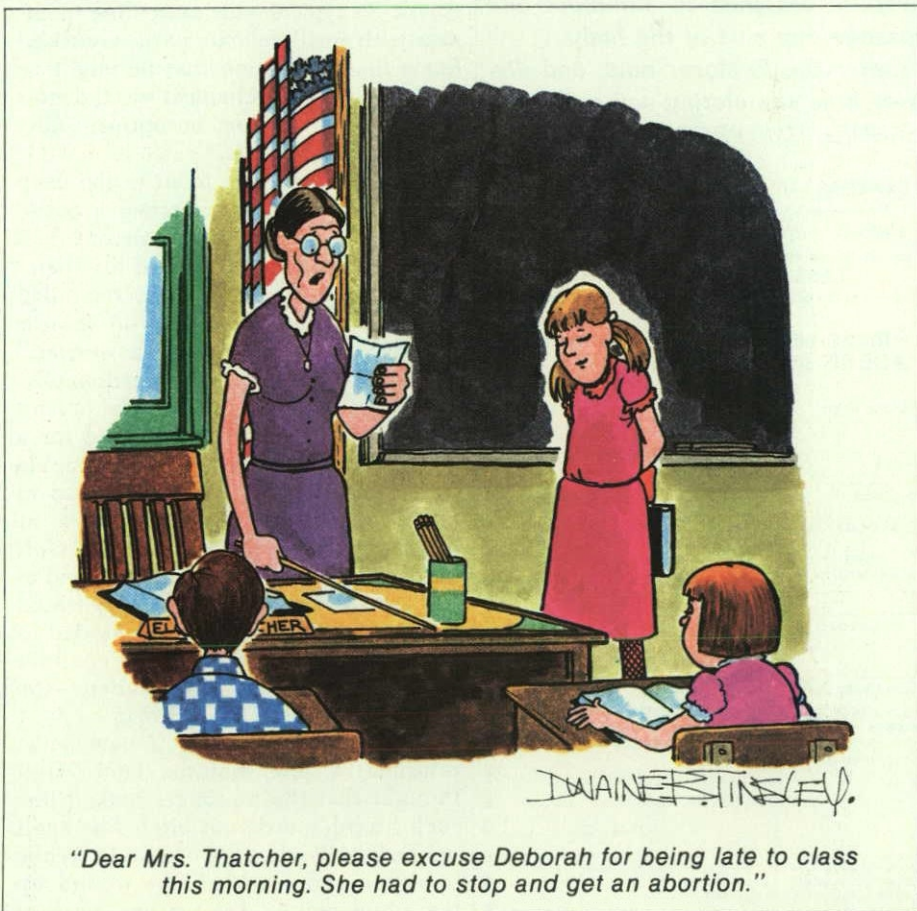
schmekeleh, which stubbornly continued to remain skinny and puny.

But wasn't that what he wanted—to thwart that witch? He was mixed up. Hadn't his motto always been *Nèver* duck a fuck? The witch wasn't *that* old. What a conundrum.

Suddenly Goff was in Frigga's arms. She kissed him ardently, and he returned her ardor in full measure, clinging to her with tremors that surprised him. He wanted to be protected. He clung on, and they kissed and pawed and slobbered over each other touchingly. Nazis are, after all, also people, thought an inflamed and infatuated Goff. They were both panting furiously when suddenly Frigga broke away. "We must wait a little more, darling."

Goff asked whether there were lights in the cabin. Frigga thought there were some candles, but couldn't find them. Using a flashlight, she found, however, a Coleman lantern and asked Goff to light it while she brought some things in from the car.

He had seen a Coleman lantern only once before, at night field exercise, but he had paid absolutely no attention to its method of operation because he had been teamed up with a guy named Murphy from Montana who knew all about lanterns, half-hitches, slack, lashing, lean-tos and all that great outdoor goyish stuff. A Brooklyn boy would



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that kind of nonsensical thrill. And what about how drafty it was on the floor? With the way she had soaked up his ear, he was a prime candidate for a draft getting in there and bringing on a bad inflammation. All because his crazy Nazi wouldn't settle for sensible, civilized fucking.

Come on, Frigga, he thought. Enough. This is Armand, your wild mountain lover. We don't need all that crap. Let's just fuck, Frigga baby. You're lovely and beautiful and have the sweetest Nazi pussy this side of heaven, and I don't give a shit about how you hate Jews. You know, I bet I could make you see things differently. I'll marry you, Frigga, I really will. I'll tell you the truth about myself. Oh, you stubborn Dutch squarehead. Please—let me put it in now! Fuck Wagner! Now! Please! I'll hail Hitler for you—howzat?

Frigga finally felt the time was ripe. She bolted up, threw off her clothes and hissed at Goff to take his off. She then ran to the fireplace again to throw another log on the fire, snapped on the Victrola and rushed back, clambering breathlessly onto a nude, shivering, crazed Goff.

And Frigga took charge. She conducted him through the whole of Wagner's *Prelude to the Third Act of Lohengrin*. It took exactly 11 minutes 20 seconds. Considering he was a novice, unacquainted with the music, she conducted him masterfully. She brought him into the lyrical passages, the somber swayings, the sudden stayings, the crashing crescendos and subtle diminuendos.

In grim control, hanging on like he was riding a wild roller coaster for most of the piece, Goff finally succumbed to the intensity of the performance—got himself carried away, but regrettably reached his finale before Frigga's baton called for it. Frigga synchronized herself perfectly with the recording. And, surprisingly, when the music reached its final cymbal bang, the adroit Goff was there together with his inspired conductor—he having faked the last two minutes manfully.

Frigga sprawled blissfully on the rug. Goff felt clammy after his sweaty Wagnerian fuck; he was beginning to feel the tricky little floor drafts swirling and licking around his moist unprotected balls. His predominant impulse was to jump up, get as close to the fire as possible and get dressed, but Frigga in sweet spenhood wiggled next to him to convey to him silently that she was cleanly sated. She hoped she had brought him equal fulfillment.

Goff wondered how clean the rug was beneath him. How many guys had she given a Wagnerian screw in there?

What moldy corruption lay imbedded in that rug to cause him skin infections? He resigned himself to remain for a few minutes. He owed it to her, he guessed. Frigga wasn't such a bad broad. Such blond and angelic repose in her clear-skinned, blissful face as it rested on his shoulder.

"Was it good for you, Armand?" she finally whispered.

He assured her it had been glorious. She smiled and nodded, eyes closed. "There's nothing like Wagner to elicit the highest response of lovemaking."

"I swear I won't ever be able to do it again without Wagner."

"You are teasing, Armand. But I'm sure there is some truth in it."

"A hell of a lot of truth. I will never be the same again." Again she smiled and purred contentedly.

Goff felt expansive and had an impulse to test out the truth—to tell her about the Basque crap. Would she still react badly if he told her he was a Jew?

Or would she rise up in a consuming wrath, whirl herself around seven times and turn into a pile of salt? But then where would he ever find such a piece of ass again if he happened to be in Columbus, Ohio? So he decided to take no foolish chances.

Seven hours later, in the cold, gray dawn, Goff huddled in the car. When the motor caught, he relaxed and considered that he had also had a memorable night. He had notched up some very fancy fucking. She hadn't steered him wrong. They had gone at it a second time with Wagner, and a third time without—in a bed, civilized, for the last. He had to admit, good old Honus definitely made a big difference. The music grew on you. He was converted and he had learned fast. He had succeeded in pacing himself with her to a grand, synchronized finale—to come with his conductor.

As the car started to move, he patted her on the knee appreciatively for her fine fucking. He then shut his eyes and thought about how good a steaming-hot, soap-sudded-scrubbed-balls needle shower would feel. He'd cleanse himself completely of all that cum, sweat and cheese that had crusted into his skin and pores.

He shipped out and never saw Frigga again, and he never forgot the Wagner. Years after the war he learned that the composer's name was Richard, and he would rarely miss the chance to point out familiarity and appreciation of Eudora Welty and Richard Wagner. If challenged about his competence or intimacy, he might back down on Welty, but never on Wagner. 🍌



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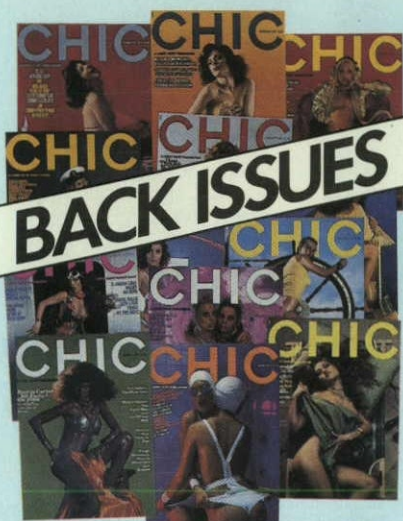
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